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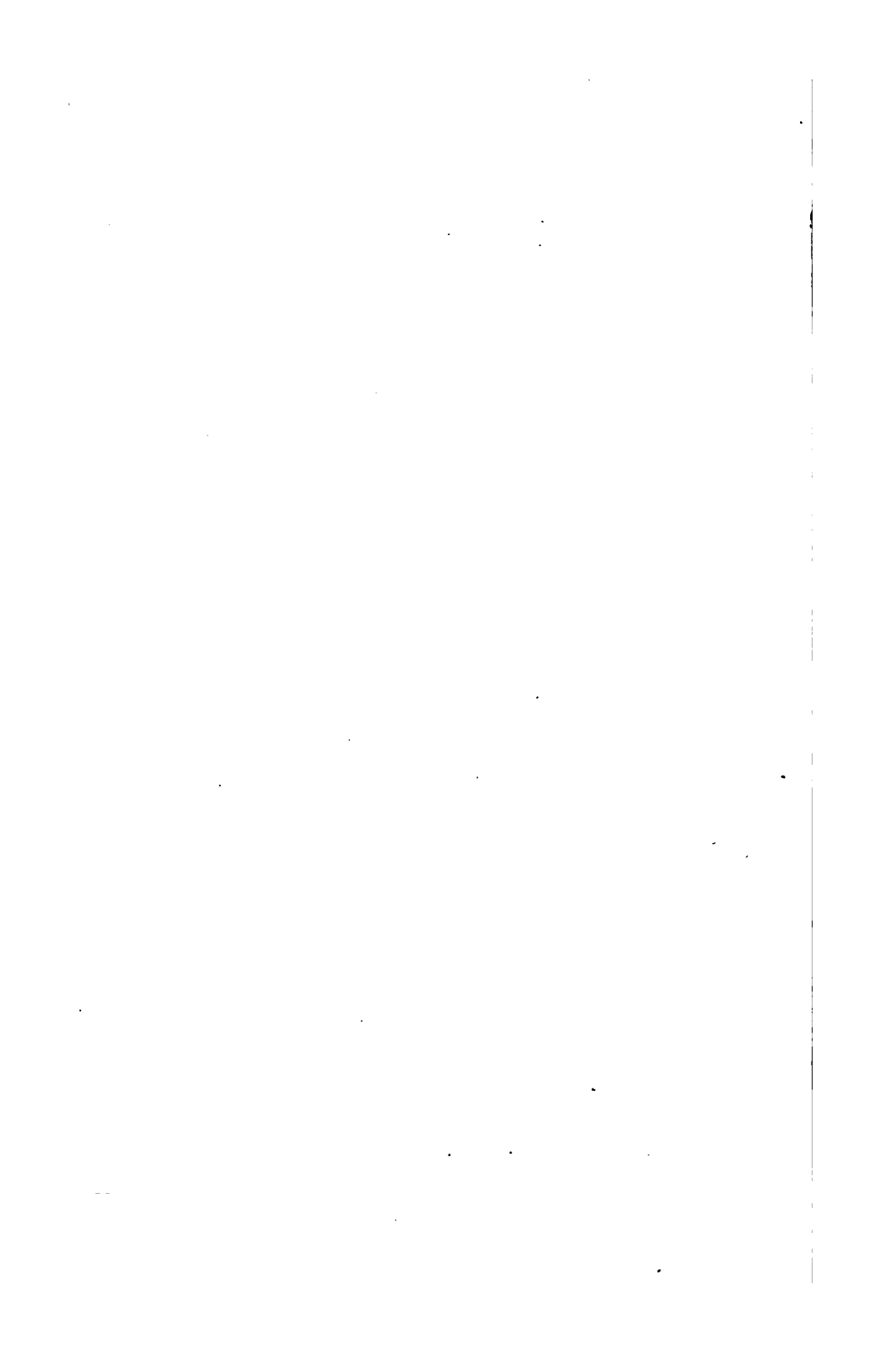
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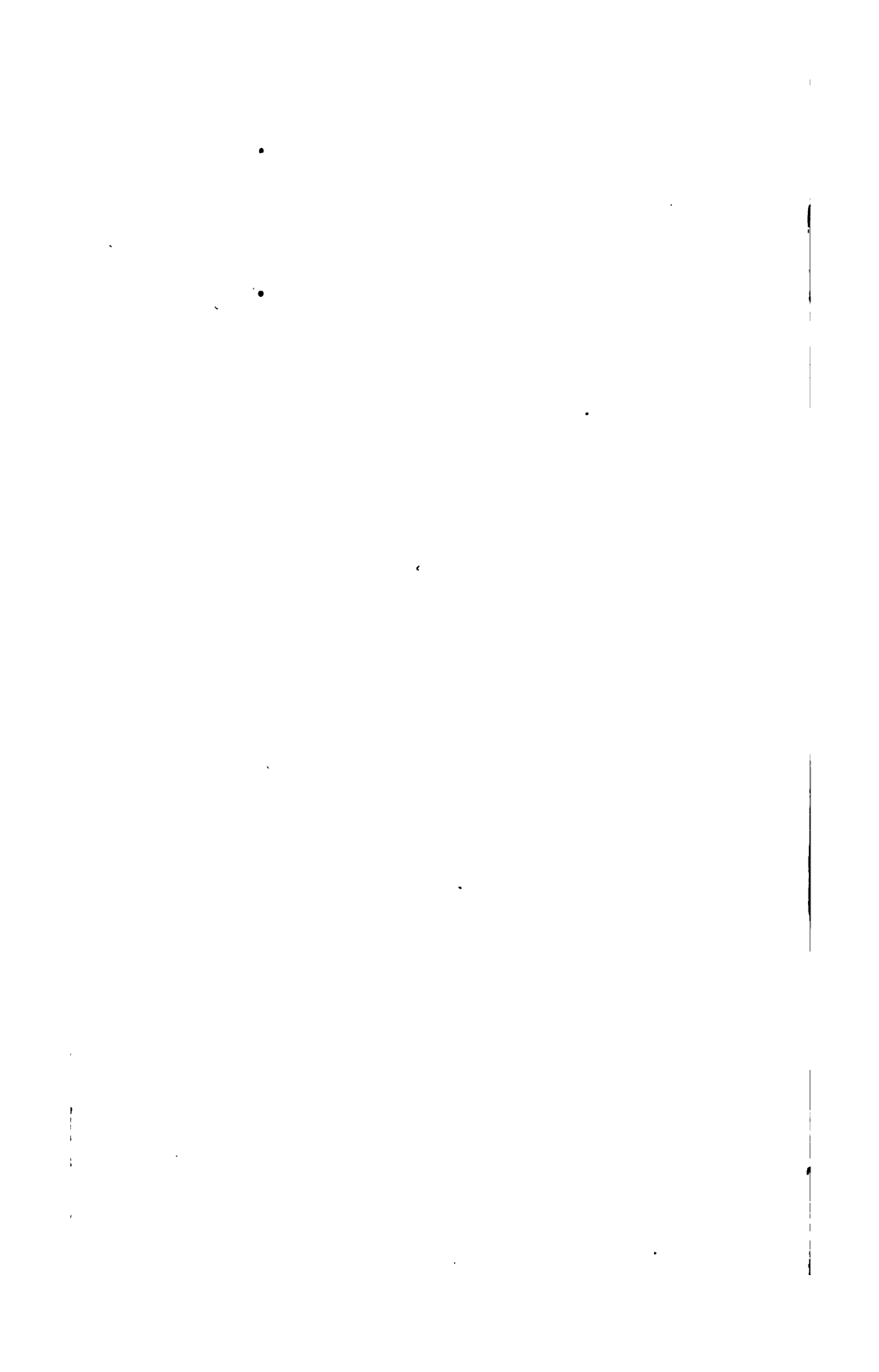


THE CANTON CHINESE.





THE CANTON CHINESE.



THE
CANTON CHINESE,



OR THE
AMERICAN'S SOJOURN
IN
THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

BY
OSMOND TIFFANY, JR.

BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE:
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

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TO

MY BROTHER,

WILLIAM SHAW TIFFANY,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

P R E F A C E .

THIS book has not been written as a history of the Chinese, or as an elaborate essay on that great nation.

In May, 1844, I sailed in the barque Pioneer for Canton, and after a tedious passage arrived at Macao on the 22d of September following. It was uncertain how long we should remain, but thought at first that our stay would occupy a very few days. We at once went to Canton, and as I had little or nothing to do connected with the vessel, my time was my own, and I soon found that it was amply employed. Desirous of studying, as far as lay in my power, the aspect, manners, customs, habits, and ranks of Chinese life, I determined to come in actual contact with the people, instead of remaining in the hong and obtaining all my information from the numerous books which had been written on the Celestials. In this spirit, day after day, I went about the streets, into all kinds of shops, passed much time on the densely peopled river, and made acquaintance, as far as lay in my power, with the various ranks of the inhabitants.

I studied intently all that passed before me, and was rewarded for any trouble undertaken by the knowledge gained of the most extraordinary people, the only unchanged representatives of antiquity to be found among civilized beings. The observation of one day was carefully compared with that of the next, and the result of my researches submitted to the decision of gentlemen, who had lived years in China, with the best opportunities of becoming acquainted with the natives.

Finally, I referred to works of established merit, and adopted nothing until I was fully borne out by unquestionable authority. In this manner (our stay being protracted for several months) I became intimately acquainted with the inhabitants of Canton, who differ only in slight peculiarities from the great mass of their countrymen.

But as I visited no other great city in the empire, I have called my book the "Canton Chinese." I determined before engaging in this work to treat of nothing that did not come under my own observation, and so my range of subjects is limited. But the reader may rely on the truth of the volume. I had several reasons for adopting the course that I have pursued. I considered the Chinese so wonderful a people, and so unjustly underrated, that I was desirous of bringing them to the more intimate knowledge of my countrymen, as far as could be effected by my feeble efforts. Thus I preferred to work out carefully a cabinet picture, rather than attempt a great historical painting.

In the second place, my stay in China was limited, and

though ample time elapsed to glean all that is contained in the following pages, yet it was not sufficient to study Chinese history and polity. Therefore I have said nothing of dynasties, governments, laws, language or literature. Nothing that I could have written on these heads would have possessed the least interest or weight, and would have been mere plagiarisms.

Lastly, my utter ignorance of the Chinese language, without which no one can of himself study Chinese history, held me firm in the course I had chosen.

A few of the leading chapters were originally published in the *Baltimore American*, but they have been much enlarged, and are now presented to the public in an improved form.

I shall be happy if my humble efforts are the means of inducing my readers to turn a portion of their attention towards the Celestial Empire ; and the further they pursue their researches, the more will they find to praise in the peaceful energy, industry and ingenuity of the most enlightened of orientals.

BALTIMORE, MD., August, 1849.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE — JAVA — THE CHINESE SEA 1

CHAPTER II.

THE RIVER POPULATION 15

CHAPTER III.

GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE 40

CHAPTER IV.

SHOPS, MANUFACTURES AND ARTS 59

CHAPTER V.

A CHINESE MUSEUM 89

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT TEA HONGS 108

CHAPTER VII.

WHAMPOA	130
-------------------	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ENVIRONS OF CANTON	145
----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER IX.

THE OPIUM SMOKERS	169
-----------------------------	-----

CHAPTER X.

THE BUDDHIST TEMPLE	180
-------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XI.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS	192
------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XII.

EUROPEAN LIFE IN CHINA	212
----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

HONG KONG AND MACAO	247
-------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHINESE AS A NATION	264
-----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XV.

THE FAREWELL TO CHINA	267
---------------------------------	-----

THE CANTON CHINESE.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE — JAVA — THE CHINA SEA.

VOYAGES are proverbially tedious, even from the days of Columbus, and every commercial traveller who now-a-days embarks in a Liverpool packet, never fails to inform his friends or the reading world in general, how long the passage seemed, how often the sails of the ship flapped wearily, who composed the party in the after cabin, when he cast his bait for a shark, saw a suspicious sail, and threaded a deal of seaweed.

Tiresome as all such experience is to the voyager, his ennui cannot equal that of his readers, from the simple fact that like long yarns have been heard a thousand times before, and the devoted victim, who has piously made up his mind to wade through "A foreign tour," because he is expected to feel the deepest interest in its author, cannot help wishing that the

first chapter, written "at sea," had never been permitted to appear on dry land.

I will merely say, that we had flown through the Indian ocean, with all the sail that a strong south-east trade wind had permitted us to carry, and one fine afternoon in August, 1844, we heard the first mate sing out "Land!" as Java Head loomed majestically over the dark gray waters.

We deemed it prudent to lay to that night, as no one on board knew the perils of the Straits of Sunda, and we had good reason to hope, that the morning would see us safe past Angier Point, and hurrying for the Java Sea.

But we were not so fortunate.

The morning dawned and the sun rose almost simultaneously, for the brilliant equatorial climes know not the romance of the twilight hour, the wind blew, we made sail, came abreast of Princes Island, caught a glimpse of the noble scenery of the straits, when the clouds gathered in quick as a storm among the Alps.

The wind chopped round, the tide turned strong against us, and thus in the face of sea and sky did beat for seven days, along the great headlands of Western Java, and at length, weary with reverses and ill luck, anchored in Anjier roads.

It was pleasant to ride at quiet anchor after tossing for months upon the ocean, to hear the soothing sound of waves break with a distant roar upon the shining beach, and to look upon scenery as beautiful as that around us.

On one side the length of Java extended for many miles, its headlands and mighty mountains towering

into cloud, while its rich valleys shone in the sunlight as green as emerald.

Vast trees, thick grown along the shores, gave deep shade to the huts of the natives, whose long narrow boats with latteen sails, dotted the sparkling bay, and the bungalows of the Dutch residents, and the white walled fort glistened brightly.

To the left, the magnificent peaks of scattered islands rose from the waters, covered to their sharp summits with the dense quick vegetation of the sunny tropic, and dim in distance on the southernmost point of Sumatra, upreared the mighty Rajah Bassa, half veiled in shade, like the majesty of an eastern despot.

Scarce had we been anchored five minutes, when we saw a long proa full of men, pulling directly for us. We had heard from childhood awful stories of Malay pirates, fellows who cut your throat more readily than your purse-strings, and we had had all our armament ready, ever since we entered the Straits of Sunda.

Our two six pounders were run out of their port-holes, our muskets loaded for the crew, and the supercargo and I had put our Colt's revolvers into our pockets, firmly determined to astonish the natives only as a dernier resort, when pacific measures should be totally unavailing.

But we took courage, as we saw that there was no long gun in the bow of the boat, and actually smiled when we could not detect small arms among her crew; she carried a Dutch flag, and only bore a peaceful envoy. He was a Malay mail agent, sent out by the Resident, to ask us accidentally on pur-

pose if we had any opium on board, and to take our letters for far distant America.

He bore a capacious leather bag, and it was a pleasure for a quarter of an hour to tumble its contents about on the cabin table, to spell out the high and low Dutch directions, for "Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Schiedam, and all the other dams," and to place our own bulletins among them.

Malays may be children of the Sun, but a more wretched looking set I had never dreamed of. The post-office factotum's crew were probably picked men. Fancy twenty fellows each about four feet and a half high, some with a hat and coat, minus pantaloons, and others with only a waistband; imagine their long strait hair utterly uncombed, their sinister and cunning countenances, their teeth filed down to the sixteenth of an inch from their gums, and black as ebony from chewing betel nut, their lips and tongues of the brightest scarlet from the same cause, and several of the party deprived of one organ of vision; and you have as good an idea of a boat's crew of Malays as I can furnish.

In a few moments we had the deck full of traders, with cocoanuts, bananas, shells, rice, and curry; the opulent of the party had large bags of paddy and yams, while the needy could offer only perhaps a parrot, or a Sumatran monkey.

After months of salt provisions, after our pigs had all been slaughtered, and our sheep become so thin, that we thought it cruel to kill them, we congratulated ourselves on the forthcoming day's prospects, of fried chickens and vegetables, and at once fell to bartering in the most approved fashion, albeit it was the Sabbath day.

A scantily clad fellow, took a fancy to an old blue calico coat of mine that I had brought with me, and which was soaking in a wash tub at the moment of his visit. A bargain was struck for a hat of outlandish fashion, and an eastern umbrella; the garment was taken possession of and instantly donned by the fortunate ducky, on whose back it clung most affectionately.

Two individuals of the party deserve especial notice; the first clad in an old naval coat given him by an officer of the St. Louis sloop of war, was a native of portentous consideration, who universally styled himself Mr. Penn.

The other was a taciturn being, who had obtained the cognomen of Muddy Sam, and who, in the simplicity of his heart, exhibited certificates of his own good name, written by waggish voyagers, and which were about as apt as the lucubrations in the travellers' books at the Falls of Niagara.

Penn seemed to wish it understood, that he was very wealthy, and desirous of testing the truth of his assertions, I questioned Muddy Sam, who replied with something between a sneer and a leer; "No very rich, he hab got sixteen or seventeen dollar."

On one point, however, I found Penn quite a philosopher. Though polygamy is sanctioned in Java, he clung affectionately to his only wife, and said that two women "makee too muchee bobbery."

Every English or American traveller must notice the universality, among all these people, of his native tongue.

Rude as it may seem spoken by the debased people of these glorious isles, yet it conjures up a vision

of friends and fireside joys, like the sound of familiar bells, which legends say are sometimes musical in the ear of the mariner, though half the wide Atlantic is spreading between him and his village home.

Though the keels of many nation's ships have tracked these waters, though France's and mighty Russia's savans, have sounded their depths and noted their dangers, though Holland's frigates scour them ceaselessly, and Holland's people bear absolute sway over the Malay, though the bold Portuguese first braved and doubled the Cape of Storms, yet the language of none of these is heard, and English, only English, greets the ear.

It is an eloquent tribute to the might of Britain, that in far reaching territories, hers is the only foreign tongue known to the unlettered savages; that in Hindostan, her gothic graft of speech has flourished widely with the parent stem; that so in China, all the sons of that vast enlightened empire, who through commerce come in contact with a paler race, have in some degree studied to syllable their words, and here in Java, long after English domination has voluntarily yielded again to the Hollander, the pliant Asiatic still clings to the Anglo Saxon, and will not be taught his taskmaster's tongue.

The morning after we anchored, the wind was still adverse, and much to my joy we determined to go on shore. We dived to the bottom of our sea chests, to find wherewithal to decorate our persons, and having accomplished a satisfactory toilet, pulled ashore.

The boat was rowed around Anjier Point, and

pulled into a beautiful little cove, into which a stream from the mountains found its way.

On one side of this rivulet was the fort, with a Malay guard at its entrance; a little bridge crossed the stream and touched a path that led to the resident's house on the other.

The day was blazing hot; and we found a native servant appropriately clad in a heavy black and orange livery, with a sword girded on, sent to receive us at the bridge.

Long extending avenues, lined with the huts of the Malays, and bordered with enormous trees, and thick grown with luxuriant grass, led from the landing place in various directions, and our sable guide, after making a low salaam, showed us along one of them a few steps, when he turned into the resident's garden.

The most splendid flowers were in full bloom; we saw gigantic specimens of palms, whose sickly growth we had known in our own hot-houses, and the whole atmosphere seemed laden with the warmth, the perfume, the almost overpowering odors of a conservatory.

The resident's bungalow was of a single story, with a long deep porch in front, and walking thereon, we saw a gentleman of about fifty years of age, in a military uniform, and with an orange colored complexion. This was the High Comptroller of Finance, an officer of distinguished birth and station, who had lived nearly thirty years in Java, and who was visiting Anjier, and about to return to his native country.

He was very gracious, more so when he found us

Americans; and we could see that he bore no great liking to the English, from his distant manner towards a party of them from another ship.

The servant in the uncomfortable livery obeyed his nod instant, and summoned the proprietors of the mansion, a very large, good-natured lady, and her thin, wiry, choleric husband.

The porch, owing to the heat of the season, was used as a parlor; there were mats and couches spread about, a swinging lamp hung from the ceiling, a coil of perfumed cocoanut fibres burned slowly on the table, the servants placed chairs, and I tried to fancy myself surrounded with oriental splendors.

The lady resident was quite alone in the little village, save her nervous husband, and an officer commanding the fifty Malay soldiers of the fort, but she had no female friend.

She wished to hear the latest news from America, and told how much she had been amused, a few weeks previous, by hearing a genuine down-easter repeat some of his queer Yankee yarns.

We sent on board for our spare books, for which she was very grateful.

We were seated a few moments, when the English party aforementioned came up, ladies and gentlemen, some ten in number.

The Londoner is the same unvarying individual all over the world; one of the number was a fat man perspiring freely, but not sufficiently to smooth out the creases of his tight city dress coat; his rubicund countenance was relieved by his enormous shirt collar, in one hand he bore "James's last,"

the other inclosed two numbers of his favorite Punch.

There were two missionaries from Oxford, going to enlighten the Chinese on the thirty-nine articles, and two or three young merchants, going to win golden opinions among the Hongs of Canton.

The captain of the ship was a fine specimen of an English sailor, who had a pretty widow in tow, going to the Hong Kong market.

We were seated — the resident with true Dutch hospitality had filled up each a brimming rummer, though the hour was early, when we suddenly heard a noise of gongs, drums, fifes, and shrill voices, and the lady resident told us that we would have the pleasure of seeing something of a Malay wedding.

A troop of some fifty men, and the like number of women, making the horrible noise and surrounding a gaudy palanquin, wherein reclined the bride, and a caparisoned poney bestrode by the groom, stopped for a moment at the gate, till the happy pair dismounted, and then the whole troop, male and female, approached the verandah, singing not in Rubini's most approved manner.

The retinue halted at the porch, and led by a dusky lady manager, who had herself been married at ten, and withered in her teens, the youthful pair ascended the steps, and kneeling for a moment, the resident gave each a little piece of money, and said a few words as in ratification of their proceedings.

They then in perfect silence occupied two chairs for the space of five minutes, during which I had time to study their dress, and learn a little of Malay marriages.

The state costume in Java is quite *au naturel*, for the groom was naked to his waist, and his garments consisted in nothing but a pair of bright pantaloons, and a gaudy vestment resembling a petticoat, into which was stuck a handsome creese.

The bride was rather more fully clad, and the heads of both were greased to the last degree, and decorated with wreaths of powerful fragrance; their faces were smeared with the brightest yellow wash, even to the tips of their eyelids, and on the fingers of the girl were displayed several splendid brilliants, which I learned were handed about from bride to bride, and probably belonged to some of the mountain chiefs.

This noise of drums and shrieks, this painting, this junketting, continues for three entire days, and then the fortunate man is not put to the expense of taking a house in a fashionable square, and furnishing his parlor with the French lounge and the glittering mirror; but he packs up bag and baggage, reverses the order of things, and quarters from the date of his honeymoon, to his last sigh, or his second marriage, on the partner of his pleasures.

I thought of writing, and do now recommend to all the spendthrifts of my beloved city, to all those fine gentlemen, whom, having dissipated handsome fortunes, are too delicate for exertion, too proud for beggary, and generously force their wives to open the select school or the exclusive boarding house, to betake themselves with all due speed, to the hospitable caresses of the Anjier ladies.

We went on board ship to dinner, and towards the sunset hour returned to the shore.

We found his orange-colored highness smoking in the verandah, and accompanied by a deferential secretary in blue and silver uniform; the comptroller clapped his hands, and the ubiquitous servant appeared with wondrous speed; his master murmured, "Casi Manco," and the slave, with the rapidity of thought, brought the delicious tea. We declared it excellent, and found none better afterwards in China itself, and indeed that of Java is to a great extent cultivated by runaway Chinese, of whom there are some thousands scattered over the island.

After the meal, his excellency invited us to take a walk with him.

The way led through one of the beautiful roads, green under foot, and lined with luxuriant hedges; all the plantations were in a state of the highest cultivation.

We paused a moment at the apology for the Anjier hotel, its sign-board was the stern carving of some dismantled or plundered ship, and a ruinous billiard table stood before its door.

We looked in, descried some familiar prints, purchased a few little articles, and scraped acquaintance with a shrewd Malay boy of six years of age, who offered us bottled porter for a consideration, and knew but two English words; one was beer, and the other, of course, was — money.

That most active of all servants, the indefatigable fellow in variegated regimentals, trotted on behind, with a coil of cocoanut lighted, for the convenience of cheroot smokers.

The comptroller was very polite and communicative, spoke English and Malay as fluently as his own

Dutch, showed us beautiful plantations of coffee, tobacco, cocoanuts, nutmegs, &c. and led us several miles over those blooming hills and valleys. We wound along by an aqueduct leading to the mountain springs, and were regaled with some of the luscious fruits pulled from the trees. In various spots, we saw clumps of spontaneous palms, those most graceful and significant types of orientalism; and as the sun went down, beheld troops of laborers returning from the fields, and each and every one made low obeisance to his powerful excellency.

We passed the monument erected to the memory of Earl Cathcart, who died in the Straits of Sunda, while on his ambassadorial way to the Celestial Empire, and returned to the resident's house, just as the full moon was rising, and had shed its silvery splendor over the dancing waves. We kept company for many days with the English ship, and the tedious passage up the China Sea occupied us nearly thirty days.

Occasionally we varied the monotony of our existence, by visiting the beautiful vessel, where we were most kindly received, and in return invited some of her passengers to dine with us. We rummaged the small stores, and brought to light our long treasured preserves and brandy fruits, we boiled our best ham, cooked our yams in the most approved fashion, offered a Maryland dish of chickens, uncorked our finest wines, and spent a few hours delightfully.

We compared notes as to the voyage, and comforted each other with the prospect of an approaching typhoon.

Indeed, the weather boded it; it was hot, clear, dead calm most of the time, and the helm, that conscience of a vessel, could no more sway ours; the ship went spinning round and round, in crossing currents, beneath the blue glare of the overarching firmament, and the pitchy seams of the decks, even beneath the spreading awning, yawned as if with thirst.

The sun would wheel flashing up the sky, and pour upon our little speck of a bark, lying supine upon the waters, the fiery strength of his beams, and as the hour of observation came, it seemed as if we could read in his merciless splendor, that day after day brought no change, and that we were still powerless, motionless, battered down upon the same burning spot of the salt sea, without a handbreadth of friendly vapor visible, wherein to look for a breath of air, save near the horizon, dead, windless, coppery clouds, as stagnant as the still element below; — and in such an hour, giving no sign of his coming, save by the faithful glass, rushes the avenging typhoon on the mariner, who, but an hour before, had cursed the calm, and invoked the tempest, and it smites with the rapidity and malignancy of Smyrna's plague.

But at last the gentle breeze came, and blew us happily along the smooth sea, and in a few days we saw at a distance the strange sails of China's junks.

That night the wind freshened; we made the land at early light, took a wild Chinese half naked pilot, passed the Lema and Ladrone Islands, and were

requited at last for all the idle hours in the China Sea, by being obliged to shorten sail, and thus, with stretching canvass, we went flying into Macao Roads, and into anchorage.

CHAPTER II.

THE RIVER POPULATION.

WE were anchored; the good wind that had brought us into haven had not died away; but we could not use the ship's cutter as a sail-boat, fearful that if we took the men ashore, they would celebrate their hour of liberty by getting drunk. So we determined to accept the services of one of the little naughty boat women, who were paddling their sampans about the bay.

A boat of the larger class was tossing under the vessel's quarter; a bargain was struck with its disinterested owner, who assured us that we would get "wet tocking" if we ventured with any one but himself, we tumbled into his queer craft; he hoisted sail, and we steered for the old curious city of Macao.

Up to this moment I had not seen the Chinaman proper. The pilot taken outside the harbor was an outlandish specimen of human nature, who did not at all give a fair specimen of the Celestial; but on the deck of this little boat were congregated a crew of genuine sons of the middle kingdom.

Their dresses consisted mostly of blue cotton; an upper garment resembling a wide shirt, and enormous pantaloons disclosing a good portion of muscular calves, completed the equipment of the elite of the party.

Some few had divested themselves of their togas, and, as their heads are always exposed to sun and storm, and their backs only about half the time, by consequence their faces were baked much browner than their bodies.

For the first time, too, I noticed the peculiar features of the Mongol race; their long narrow eyes, their brows turning upwards to the outer extremity and the nose a little flattened. Their shaven heads were kept in as truly orthodox a manner, according to Chinese fashion, as the old regulations enforced upon the pumpkin heads under the blue laws of Connecticut.

The skipper of the passage boat was somewhat better off. He possessed a wife, a spyglass and a chart of the river, all of which were kept on board forever. He wore blue cotton stockings and good shoes; and having secured his queue from the influence of the wind, by sitting down upon it, he entered into conversation.

His better half was unable to make herself intelligible, excepting by signs, so she could not look indignant, when we asked her husband her age.

Rude as this crew was, I could not but notice their kind manner towards the woman; and living as they did with her in this little boat year after year, she had in a manner softened them, and extorted more than I had looked for of that respectful deference, regarded as a female's due in polished nations, and so generally denied in China.

The water grew shallow, and we could proceed no further in the passage boat; so we hailed a dozen

of sampans, and instantly a commotion arose among them.

Each lady owner of one of these little boats put forth her strength and pulled for us with all her might, shrieking at the same time, "Come in my boaty," "come in my boaty."

The little girls were mostly quite pretty, and had taken care to arrange their heads in the most fascinating manner possible. Down their backs their hair appeared braided into a queue, which is never gathered into a knot, until the nuptial knot is also fastened.

On their foreheads a little portion of their hair was brought down nearly to a level with their eyebrows, and cut off square at the end, after the fashion of some tribes of our far distant Indians.

A sampan is more like a child's old fashioned covered cradle than any thing else that I know of.

It is propelled usually by two women. One pulls an oar at the bow, and the other works the heavy scull at the stern, nicely balanced on a single iron pivot, and their joint labors drive it through the water with considerable velocity.

And so with one mighty twirl of the scull Miss Aming Hoy, or whatever her name was, sent us high and dry on the beach, and we stood on Chinese ground.

Macao in general characteristics resembles Naples. The same beautiful bay studded with green islands, the same gently curving beach, the same rising hills on either side, and the houses and buildings of every description towering up the slope that stretches from the pier; but it wants the lovely Villa Reale and the

gay equipages of the European city. But in the views, the aspect of the whole place, the sense at once of mysterious decay and romance, with which this paradise of the China-Portuguese fills the mind, there is nothing of common-place life or activity.

There is romance connected with its history and its situation, with its growth under the once powerful Portuguese, now dwindled to a despised and feeble maniple of people, with its former condition as the sole foothold for Europeans during centuries of barely tolerated existence, with the banishment, the songs and the glory of Camoens, with the Catholic and silvery sound of convent bells, and even yet with the half forbidding half enticing wide garden courts of the old family residences, and their dark green latticed verandahs.

But reserving Macao for a future visit, our great object was to obtain a pilot for the river, and proceed to Whampoa as fast as possible. We were stared at in the most ferocious manner by the Portuguese custom-house guard in the little four gun battery in the middle of the pier; so much so that we wondered if Americans were included in their protective tariff, and only admitted upon payment of heavy duty. But finding that we had no trunks with us, and were not stuffed corpulently with contraband goods, they allowed us to proceed, and even ventured to point out the way to the gentleman's house we were seeking.

The Chinese bear no very good-will to these fellows, who, mostly transplanted from Goa, have evidently brought a spirit of the Inquisition with them. One of our party some time after, about the

period of the American Presidential election, asking Shingqua if he knew what a Locofoco was, the vindictive native answered, "I speck he one Portuguese soldier at Macao."

We took our pilot, a boy about eighteen years old, with a full suit of fine grass-cloth, and a countenance as broad, if not as luminous as the full moon, and getting under way at once we sailed rapidly up the river.

We saw in the offing ships of various nations; fishing boats, always in pairs in case of accident to either one; mandarin boats, to prevent the smuggling of opium, or to smuggle it themselves, as is most convenient; and clumsy war junks to terrify barbarians. Vessels of various shapes and sizes were visible in such numbers that they seemed like bees swarming around a hive. Through a glass their decks were seen crowded with human beings, busy in trimming sail or closely engaged at work, making a pleasure of business and not a business of pleasure.

We towed the pilot's cockle boat merrily along. In it were his wife, his child, and a second lady. His baby was not more than able to sit up, and was tied to the boat with a float fastened to its little back. This did not look like infanticide; and, indeed, I believe the reports of child murder among these poor creatures are for the most part monstrous lies, at least I never, at that time or afterwards, saw an infant corpse upon the stream.

A little rice and tea taken several times a day, and a few biscuits begged as a perquisite, seemed to suffice the pilot's domestic bliss. He gave no great trouble

except in sometimes bawling port and starboard, to show his qualifications as sailing master; and once his sagacious counsel drove us through a barrier of fish stakes stretched across the channel.

We came in view of the Bocca Tigris. Nine distinct ramparts could I make out, all strongly fortified. In one of them I counted, I think, one hundred and thirty cannon in a single row. But the thousand guns of this narrow passage could not prevail against a few of England's cruisers, and probably caused much more havoc among the workers of them by bursting and knocking an occasional squad into atoms, than they inflicted upon the enemy.

Now we entered the river proper and had a fair view of the Canton province. Presently we descried the unique and exclusively Chinese towers, the pagodas, such as we had seen in picture books; and we hailed them as old friends and familiar.

We flew on, and, submitting to the bar-boat squeeze, saw joyfully beyond the clumsy junks with their latteen sails, the tapering, graceful masts of European ships. But we passed along, leaving the mighty Indiamen like so many seventy-fours in Blenheim Reach, and scudding still higher up the stream, hoisted the American flag, and dropped anchor at last near the foot of Whampoa Island, among a number of our country's vessels.

As soon as we swung round with the tide, a good fat specimen of our nation, the captain of one of the most beautiful of her ships, came on board to bid us welcome. He was clothed from top to toe in white linen, with spotless canvass shoes, and a white hat, made of the lightest kind of cork, covered with cot-

ton. Such is the dress that alone is tolerable in that raging climate, even in October and November. The ships, too, around us, were all built over with thatched roofs, like the arctic voyagers, only that here the cold was intended to be kept in and not out.

We were introduced by our fellow-countryman to a native, known to all Americans as "Boston Jack." He had been to Boston many years ago, spoke English quite fluently, and seemed to consider himself the internuncio of Whampoa.

Engaging what is called a "dollar boat," manned with six or eight rowers, we pulled away for Canton, some ten or twelve miles distant. Nothing is more pleasant in the way of passing time upon the water than to be thus gently pulled along. The boats themselves are shaped much like the gondolas of Venice; a platform stretches out in front, on which the men sit and work their oars, while on the rising stern stands the master at his heavy scull. You descend a foot from the level of the bow, and are in a pretty apartment with seats on three sides of it. Here you can lie down, and with your head pillowed upon a little slope at the end of the seat, look out upon the busy scene without the slightest fatigue more than of raising the eyelids.

The little room is often decorated with pictures of birds and flowers, with carved work, or gilded sentences of Chinese lore. It has glass sashes to shield off the wind, and green blinds to hide the sun. You hear the heavy scull grinding on its pivot with a monotonous sound, have a sense of passing along a beautiful river with banks sown with waving grain, or planted with orange groves, see the thousand

boats hurrying by, the smaller sort all worked by women, and every now and then pass a little canal opening from the stream, conducting to some distant village in the fields. Such is the hour spent in the pleasure boats, gliding along with a gentle undulating motion.

All is soothing after a long voyage, and all is strange; stranger even than we thought it would be.

There is no spectacle in the world more wonderful to a stranger's eyes than the river population of the Celestial Empire. He who has been accustomed to see vast territories in America uncultivated, and almost unknown; who has seen its mighty rivers dotted with scattered sail, and its forests still unexplored; or who has threaded the streets of European capitals, and thought them crowded, learns, perhaps, for the first time, in sailing up the Canton River, how far the multitudes of other continents yield to the teeming millions of Asia.

In almost all countries population is confined for the most part to the shore. But, it is no fiction to say, that in China there are millions who, from the hour of birth to that of their death, have their only homes upon its waters, dwelling in some frail bark just big enough to breathe in, the gifts of parents, who had nothing else to give.

We have passed Whampoa with its thousands of inhabitants, but considered a mere village; we have passed the nine storied pagodas, that a thousand years ago stood, where they now stand, on gentle eminences, embosomed in trees, the most picturesque of towers; we have left the barriers thrown across the river during the British invasion; and now see

the stream covered with boats, and float between fields green to the edge of the water.

We have seen thousands of natives, men and women, toiling under a blazing sun in meadows rich with heavy harvests, yet not more than enough to preserve life in the mass of creatures who garner it; we have seen other yet more pitiable objects, searching the banks of the river for reptiles to feed upon; we pass again fortifications as extensive nearly as those at the mouth of the river; but we shall see something more wonderful "than this, than these, than all."

An immense hill upon the right now attracts our gaze, for on the one side of it are scattered villages and emerald meadows, and on the other a hazy cloud, like the dense atmosphere that overhangs an enormous city.

We pass now rows of fish-stakes driven into the bed of the stream, reaching from bank to bank, with narrow passages for boats, and now we float between large trading junks from Singapore and Siam, and the northern ports, shaped like a Chinese shoe, and their high sterns decorated with gaudy paintings. We mark their huge wooden anchors, their grass cables, mooring them at both ends, and their immense sails of course matting.

Some are laden with bamboo furniture; some have quantities of lanterns hanging over the side; and some bring the highly prized sandal wood and precious drugs, and return laden with the productions of the looms, workshops, and gardens of China, its silks, its porcelain and its tea.

There were two vessels near to each other, that

had come long distances with different purposes; the one was an English war steamer that had left Hong Kong to compel the payment of the indemnity money, or to throw her shot into the narrow streets. The other was a Siamese ship humbly coming as of old, to lay tribute at the feet of the Emperor.

We soon arrive among the larger class of vessels, employed as men-of-war, and more highly decorated, — some most elaborately carved, painted and gilded. Vast numbers of junks are passed swarming with life, loading, discharging, repairing, sampans are flying to and fro, and Indiamen's boats, pulled by Lascars in gay dresses, forming one of the most lively and crowded scenes imaginable.

Here is a mandarin boat coming down the tide, with perhaps forty oars on a side, covered with a matted house, to shield her crew from the sun, armed with one or more cannon or long swivel guns, and decorated with brilliant flags and lanterns.

But what means this loud noise and sound of rejoicing, proceeding from one of the boats gay with streamers, scarlet paper and gaudy inscriptions? Some are burning paper, and others beating merry gongs, for a gentleman has taken unto himself a wife, and is entertaining his friends to the best of his ability.

And here, in a large and beautiful green and golden barge, is the sound of music, and between the silken curtains we may descry some of those painted Jezebels, from whom no soil is free.

We have passed through several miles of boats, and have not seen the quarter of them. It is, indeed, impossible to give an idea of their number. Some say,

there are as many as seventy thousand of them at the city of Canton alone. But let us be content with forty thousand. Then fancy forty thousand wild swan closely packed together floating on some wide pond, and mostly restless, you would say they might cover many acres of their element. Now by the enchantment of imagination convert the pond into the roaring Pekiang river, the swan into boats of every shape and size, the notes of the birds into the yells, the shrieks, the piercing noises of the river people, and you may have the actual scene before you.

And all these boats, miles upon miles, from border to border, are densely packed with human beings in every stage of life, in almost every occupation that exists upon the shore that they seldom trespass on; and there they are born, and earn their scanty bread, and there they die.

The boats are moored side by side in long reaching thousands, so that the canal they form stretches to a point in the distance. In the Shaneem quarter, above the foreign factories, they form vast squares and avenues. Forty thousand floating tenements would, under any circumstances, be considered a singular sight, but here the swarming occupants give them the appearance of a mighty metropolis.

Let us take up the course of a human being, nursed in one of these river-rocked cradles. He is born, and his mother, in a few days recovering from her maternal throes, straps him tightly to her back, and toils, as usual, at the oar. As soon as the little fellow can stand, he, in his turn, is put to the scull, just where his tiny hands can reach it, and is made

to go through the motions. Thus the knack of working his passage comes to him theoretically long before he can put it in practice.

As soon as his cranium is sufficiently covered with its natural growth, his hair is shaved off in front, and plaited with difficulty into the tail,—the pride of his life,—which he is taught to cling to more pertinaciously even than to his integrity. Then follows his initiation into the mysteries of chopsticks, the fragrance of tea, the chink of money, and the abhorrence of foreigners. He learns just as much English as his parents happen to know, and as much Chinese as will serve his purposes. In time he comes to paddle his own sampan with the best of his compeers, and to carry a fanqui (foreign devil) to Whampoa.

Perhaps, in manhood, he may ship on board a junk, to see something of the world. He sails up the coast of China, or to Manilla, Batavia, or Singapore; but wherever he goes, he becomes morally convinced, from the authority of old navigators, and from his own clear, unerring judgment, that the Celestial Empire is the favored of heaven, the centre of the earth, which is itself flat and square, not at all the round orange that lying barbarians have tried to maké him believe it is; that the sun goes around the world, for he sees it; that the English are savages from a little island in one of the four corners of the earth; and that America, if he has ever heard of such a spot, is about as large as Macao. He returns with a deal of wisdom, gleaned from foreign travel, and felicitates himself that he is not one of the Yahoos he has met in his wanderings.

He may have managed to pick up a few dollars, so he takes a wife, and quietly holds the tenor of his way until he is gathered to his fathers.

The woman's lot is harder. She is a poor, patient drudge, who from infancy to age has little to break the monotony of her toil, — her everlasting passage up and down the river, — unless it be an occasional fee from a foreigner, or a lusty bamboo fight with a rival boat-girl.

But, however ridiculous the ideas of a Chinaman in aught relating to his own country may seem to a European, he belongs not the less to a mighty nation. That spectacle of a river, covered for miles with boats swarming with two hundred thousand people, ever industrious and active, could not be unless in the midst of a powerful, densely populated kingdom. China alone of the nations of the earth cannot find sufficient space in her broad territories to herd her millions of offspring, but must banish many to the scanty subsistence to be gleaned on her waters.

A classical reader will, in reading of the junks, bring to mind the triremes of the ancients, and indeed they bear some resemblance to those stamped upon old coins. — The two ends of the vessels rising high above the water are painted with ferocious dragons, if for war; the sterns are decorated with five or six brilliant flags, and gay streamers flaunt from the masts. Along the quarter galleries are ranged the heavy pikes shod with iron, and over the sides hang the round shields, conspicuous as that of Milton's Lucifer. On the bows is painted the eye, and it is a remarkable coincidence that in some of the ancient Egyptian tombs are painted representations

of vessels having not only this same peculiarity, but corresponding in their general shape to the junks of China.

The rudder is of enormous weight and size, pierced with holes at regular intervals, to allow it to swing more readily, and, by means of ropes and pulleys, can be hoisted entirely out of the water. The sails are of matting, stretching on bamboo poles at equal distances, and, as every thing in China seems to be exactly opposite to every thing in Europe, they are let down on to the bulwarks to be furled instead of being lashed to the yards above. The bow and stern are round at the water's edge as the old models of a Dutch galliot, and the Chinese, never in a hurry about any thing, but accomplishing all they do by patient industry, are quite contented to sail at the rate of four or six knots an hour, and to go up the coast during the prevalence of one monsoon, and come down again with the other.

The mandarin boats are the most beautiful of all the Chinese shipping, long and sharp, sitting upon the water gracefully. They are about as useful as Uncle Sam's pleasure boats, the revenue cutters, and every part of them bears the same rakish appearance. A long gun in the bow is worked in case of emergency, and heavy swivels, looking like magnified muskets, turn on pivots along the sides. They are heavily manned, and the numerous oars, rowed with a regular stroke, pull the boat along with easy swiftness. Underneath the slanting matting, supported by a long ridge-pole, (going from bow to stern, and admirably fitted to protect her crew from the scorching sun,) sits in the chair of honor the fat,

lazy, betel chewing mandarin; and when he sees on the river a good opportunity of plundering his country people under pretence of looking to the revenue, he grapples close to them, and extending his greedy talons, squeezes the poor devils.

They say the pirates employ the same kind of vessels. I was so fortunate as not to see any, though at the time of my visit to Canton, a little American schooner was attacked and taken by these worthy descendants of the Ladrões. The captain, and one or two of his hands, barely made their escape by jumping into a bread locker, concealed behind the curtain of the mate's berth. The fellows, after stealing all they could lay their hands on, and frightening part of the crew overboard, went off in a hurry. Those who cleared the schooner's side, only fled one kind of death to meet another; for woe to the best swimmer that ever breasted the waves of ocean, if he encounters those of the Pekiang river. The muddy-colored whirlpools suck him down their ravenous spirals in a moment, and if he ever comes again to the light of day, it is only as a corpse caught on the barbed hook of the iron drag.

The freight boats are heavy, clumsy leviathans, stowing good things away in their capacious recesses, like the stomach of an alderman. If it be calm, they are propelled with becoming gravity along the stream by the crew, who walk five or six together on the planks at either side, pushing with long bamboo poles against the river's bottom. The tides run so strongly that it is almost impossible to stem them. Hence if the current turns while one of these freight boats is on her way down to the ships waiting for

her cargo, her crew, instead of swearing after the fashion of other nations, quietly anchor for hours, and play cards and eat rice without the least idea of being in a hurry.

The passage boats, — such as the lower Chinese use in their frequent journeys to Macao and Hong Kong, — afford an illustration of the swarming nature of the Chinese population. They are literally crammed inside and out with specimens of the human form divine, laughing, talking and amusing themselves, — as they always can, — for a Chinaman is never worried at the speed of the vessel, thinking one day too much like another to be considered a serious matter.

They all start from one point at the upper part of the city; regular passports are furnished by some petty government officer; each man takes up very little room, and carries very little baggage. Many preferring the open air, sit on the deck of the vessel under the shade of their broad umbrellas or broader hats, and smoke their pipes like philosophers, occasionally casting their eyes at the significant warning hung upon the masts, — a caution corresponding to “look out for pickpockets.”

The accommodation barges are the most commodious and splendid of the pleasure boats. Many of them are of great size, curiously carved and gilded, containing suits of beautiful and luxurious rooms. Many of the merchants coming down to Canton annually with their chop of teas, occupy these barges with their attendants, and live in a very elegant style. At the stern a kitchen is built, in which the good living of the gentleman is prepared, and the crew propel the

boat along the rivers and canals by means of the powerful scull and the bamboo poles. Sometimes at the beginning of the new year, — when all Chinese, having worked hard for the previous twelve months, give themselves up to every species of feasting and jubilee, — a dozen of the old staid merchants and pursers that one has dealt with in sober earnest and deemed incapable of levity, betake themselves to one of these flower boats — as they are called in Canton — not always with the most virtuous female society, and leave the city for a fortnight. They go far up the stream, fire shooting crackers, feed on delicacies, overrun with good humor, and get very drunk before bedtime; then they come back to Canton ready for work again.

Indeed, the river navigation of China is the most perfect in the world. The great law of necessity has taught these people not only to live on just next to nothing, but also to manage their craft with the most wonderful ease, avoiding accidents from collision or upsetting, and, in the face of adverse tides half the time, with a single long dexterous scull to thread the narrowest passages, to leave only a hair's breadth of space between surrounding boats even when propelled at full speed, and to whirl round at the sharpest angle to avoid a junk under full sail, or a canoe just even with the water's edge. Every man or woman on that river may be perfectly depended on to carry the stranger through the maze of boats, as a good lookout is kept not only for self, but for others, and the shrill warning cry is continually given.

The scenery on the river's banks, both above and below the city, is beautiful. Above the city the boat

sails among green and cultivated islands, the prospect is bounded by lofty hills, and the meadows intervening are dotted with villages and villas. It is pleasant to sail up the stream, escaping awhile from the turmoil below, and to gaze upon a country as beautiful as any in the world, — and yet from which the stranger is debarred. A quiet rural aspect characterizes this part of the river, and here the sun sets in splendor unobscured by the smoke of Canton.

Below the city the most interesting features of the landscape are the two lofty and graceful pagodas that stand upon the river's bank. They stand there so solemn, such impressive memorials of China's ancient greatness, that few and cold are they who can look upon them at any time without some degree of emotion. But when night comes on, and the broad sails are indistinctly seen, when the wind sighs among the long sedges of the banks, and the full moon rises behind the pagoda, bathing it in a flood of silvery lustre, I know that none can see it without a feeling of mysterious reverence, for its beauty has survived the memory of its usage.

The buildings along the river are mostly of wood, not of very elegant appearance, — scarcely more so, indeed, than Irish shanties, — but like them they afford sleeping accommodations to a vast number of people.

Here and there, however, is an immense tea hong of better construction, built of blue brick with steps leading down to the water. The most prominent features are the master's name painted upon the building, the large lanterns at the portals, and the boat moored alongside.

But there is such an appearance of life and bustle even in the meanest of these river cabins, that the eye loses the sense of squalid ugliness that they mostly present, and becomes awake only to the activity of the scene.

The fort of Dutch Folly, so called from some blunder of the phlegmatic Mynheers, is a circular fortification standing on a ledge of rocks in the middle of the stream at a little distance below the foreign factories. It is quite thickly surrounded with trees that lift their green waving boughs far over the waters, and form a beautiful landmark to one coming up the river, assuring him that he is near his place of destination; for winding so long among those boats, the passenger begins to doubt if the spectacle will ever end. Just beyond the fort are seen the trees of the English garden, and in the square bordering on the river, most conspicuous of all, appear the tall staff and ensign of America.

At all points along the banks the ready sampans wait obedient to the nod of the passenger, and as this class of boats forms no small portion of the floating throng, it may not be amiss to devote a paragraph to their exclusive commendation. Go to the bottom of the American garden, and at the foot of those granite steps placed with plumb-line accuracy by some zealous fellow-countryman, you will find several young women squatting down leisurely, but ready to be brisk enough on the first call for a sampan. I have likened these boats to a child's cradle, and under the wicker roof stands the female at the scull, to whirl her boat wherever you may bid. The sampan owner does not worry and spoil her temper, because she has

not a very extensive wardrobe. She wears neither shoes, stockings nor gloves, and yet a more cheerful being is seldom found. Her garments consist of the universal shirt and wide pantaloons of blue cotton. Her hair is the only part that seems to demand much attention; but the arrangement of that is somewhat complicated. A false piece is set into the back of the head, and confined to its place by one or two brilliant glass fastenings. The front hair is combed back like that of the Bourbon court beauties.

The narrow boat is her home. She is aroused early, for life on the river begins at the dawn of day. She is not anxious to select a becoming morning wrapper for breakfast; but forthwith scours out her sleeping and dressing room, her parlor, her dining room, her library, kitchen and church all in one; lights a joss-stick and fixes it into a crevice of the boat; that its smoke may show her gratitude to some deity; and then prepares her simple bowl of rice. Food enough to suffice for her daily wants, and a little patent chafing dish with oil to heat it, are kept in a small locker in the boat. She has a good appetite, managing her chopsticks with great diligence, and sipping her cheap souchong with as much pleasure as if presiding at a magnificent teaboard; and then is ready for the daily toil.

Perhaps, if she has a few moments still to spare, she industriously mends a hole in one of her garments, or polishes a glass bangle; for the poorest of the Chinese are not at all insensible to ornament. Perhaps she rubs bright and clear the glass that covers the little pictures given to her by some enthusiastic European; but all the while keeping a sharp

eye to windward, to miss no passenger. When one comes along, she grasps the handle of her scull with one hand, beckons with the other, and screams out lustily in mingled Chinese and English that hers is the only safe and swift boat on the river, and that all the others are "no good." If the individual is secured, she soon proves how valuable she can be. She makes the big scull grate rapidly on its fulcrum, whirls the boat about as if it were spinning on a pivot, and working

Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short, uneasy motion,

sends the sampan through the water with the ease of a shark skimming the seas in search of his prey. Thus at all hours of the day is she ready to pull for your gratification, always cheerful, busy and contented, thankful for a trifle of compensation.

But you have taken an unfortunate journey, if she carries you down past the Canton laundry, — that ledge of rocks near Dutch Folly, where daily may be seen a squad of washers dabbling foreign garments in the turbid stream, till from week to week their hue becomes darker and darker, and their texture more and more threadbare. There you behold to your horror how the nice pantaloons, jackets and waistcoats emanating at home from a stylish French tailor, and carefully marked by mamma or sis just prior to your departure, are dashed about and pounded with stones after the martyrdom of St. Stephen, and treated, in short, as if with the sole view of testing the virtues of indelible ink.

In all this wilderness of lighters, junks, pleasure-boats and sampans there is perfect order. No accidents ever take place. We seem to be running into a vessel — a touch of the powerful scull, and the boat shoots off into a long canal or sheet, that leads again to others.

All day long we may look out upon the stream and see the busy natives, whose hands must work, and diligently too. All day long the boats are flying and carrying cargo to

— “ rich argosies,
That overpeer the petty traffickers.”

And all day long we hear the sound of thronging multitudes forever toiling at the oar. There is no cessation from labor, no hour when the hum is hushed, none when the sharp cries of boatmen, shrilly calling and responding to each other, are not heard.

But in all this life and stir one being is seen forever lonely and forever shunned, dead to all the wide worlds' denizens. Not to shed splendor on his path, does the sun arise bringing so much happiness to millions of his fellow-beings; not to cheer and irradiate his lonely nights does the lesser luminary shine; not for his behests do ships go down upon the mighty deep; not to obey his councils do men assemble in daily conclave. The smile of woman he never enjoys; the prattle of innocent childhood can never send a thrill of joy to his heart. Banished from home, from kindred, yes, almost from human charity, the sun glares on him with an evil eye, and blazons his misery to all. He may not join in devotion or mirth, for his prayers are unheard, and

happiness has no home in his tortured soul. For no awful crime is he doomed to his life-long punishment, and still he is wretched as the murderer. He knows not the condition of former associates, and they reckon not of him. He was once, perhaps, rich, honored, and happy; health shone upon his cheek, and pleasure lightened his eye. But, as manhood was about to call all his faculties into strength, a change came over him; nerve left his limbs, courage his heart, his eye grew dim, his cheek pale, the blood stagnated in his body, his voice became husky, and his flesh as white as chalk. He staggered from his home, never more to cross its threshold. They who nursed him in his infancy shall not close his dying eyes, nor wrap him in his shroud. Henceforth a brand is set upon his brow, and he is doomed to lonely, unalleviated, unpitied despair. He comes, he paddles his little canoe, his house and coffin; his long beard waves in the wind, his soulless eye glances hurriedly round to see that he crosses no man's path, and such is the leper, longing to die.

But now a skiff appears, and in its single inmate, jingling a pair of shears as he passes, all who have heard the sound, recognize the wandering barber. Here is a sampan with a woman shaking a gourd-rattle, inviting all to purchase of her wares. There an old fellow of sixty, with a long, thin, white moustache, and a peaked beard quite Vandyklike in expression, steers round to peddle oranges and plantains. Then with the fierce tide, which whirls swiftly hither and thither, comes a large vessel, crowded with staring Chinese, going to Macao. Such boats may be known far off even at night by

the ceaseless motion of the ponderous sculls, working with a see-saw, see-saw, see-saw sound.

But towards sunset there is a change. Many then rest upon their oars, and moor their little barks in the accustomed place; the buzz of business subsides, and the inmates of almost every boat may be seen preparing their evening meal, or sitting down on the platform in the bow, with their bowl of rice, chopsticks and tea. Then the hong boats emerge from their hiding places with the merchants who wish to enjoy an hour upon the river; and the wherries, cutters and gigs of the young foreign clerks appear, leaving behind them the sampans as the thorough bred racer outspeeds the hack horse. And while the last hues of day show the barges below and their gorgeous flags, then arises from them the din of unnumbered gongs, and burning crackers are thrown upon the stream. Those whose idea of a gong is connected with a modern hotel, will have no agreeable recollections of it; but heard over the waters of China, at the distance of some miles, the sound is not unpleasing. But at evening their roar is tremendous, and so vivid is the picture of the river, that even when I close my eyes, that wonderful scene seems still real before me, and I feel an involuntary desire to shut my ears too against the unforgotten, deafening clangor of those far-sounding sunset gongs.

But night brings another change to the turmoil of this scene. If it be moonlight, hiding all defects and softening all beauties, the spectacle of the silent city is more pleasing than at any other time, for the shadowy vistas of sleeping barks are gradually lost

in distance, and have the same appearance as they would in some vast painting, where all is full of life, and yet where nothing stirs. Or, if it is a dark night, there is yet a pleasure in seeing the cheering rays of the lanterns glittering along the watery avenues, and twinkling like stars upon the rapid river. Sometimes the sounds of festivity for a while ring over the waves, but as the hours advance the voices die away, the lights go out one by one, and at midnight all those busy thousands lie hushed in quiet slumbers on the dark, rolling Pekiang.

CHAPTER III.

GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE.

AFTER those beings whose mode of life we have described, and who for ages have been debarred companionship and alliance with the more stationary population of the shore, we visit these last also and glance at their appearance, their manners, customs, dress, etc., which admit of more varied and no less interesting description than those of the river people.

We land at the foot of the American garden, and have a feeling of home come over us as we stand under the shadows of our country's broad and beautiful ensign.

Our trunks are lifted from the boat to the quay, and though we look in vain for familiar dusky porters to convey them to a fashionable hotel, we presently see half a dozen natives bent on the same good purpose. First approaches an old cooley belonging to Russell & Co.'s hong, who goes by the convenient name of Qui, a bow-legged specimen of his race, who, with his two sons and a few other men, take charge of the baggage.

They have strong elastic poles resting upon the shoulders of each two men, and our trunks suspended with ropes, swing clear of the ground.

The men stoop down until the weight is properly adjusted, and then at a certain grunt, indicating

ready, they rise and carry it off quite fast at a dog-trot kind of gait.

Qui has on a loose sleeved jacket of dark blue cotton, and wide Dutch-looking pantaloons beneath, exposing an ample portion of his stout, useful legs.

He is without stockings, but his feet display the national clumsy shoe, turning up at the toes, with immense soles of wood. His head-gear consists in a cap of brown felt, with the brim bent upwards, and when we observe that his jacket is buttoned over the right breast, and that his tail and moustaches are of a black and gray mixture, we shall have described him sufficiently. As it is a very hot day, some of his party have divested themselves of shoes and of jackets; one gentleman has quite imitated Cupid, and most of the set have wreathed their tails around their heads to get them out of the way.

We traverse the square, and diving into a dark vaulted passage, find ourselves in the hospitable quarters of Russell & Co., which for some months was my home, and where I always experienced the utmost courtesy and kindness from every gentleman connected with the house.

If we enter China street, we become at once sensible of the dense throng surrounding us wherever we go.

We pass along, threading the way between myriads of human beings, hurrying this way and that, carrying burdens, jostling each other, and prominent among them are numbers of itinerant tradesmen, vociferating the names of their commodities in a series of infernal yells.

We look up a street and see a long line of human

heads; in those coming towards us, we mark their shaven craniums, and unexpressive visages; and in those retreating, their dangling tails.

There is such a common resemblance, that at first we seem to meet the same man fifty times in a day, and mistakes of such a nature continually occur.

Vast numbers apparently have nothing to do, but these are unemployed for a short time only, and amuse themselves in leisure hours by sauntering up and down, looking at any thing and every thing, and principally at foreigners whom they class under the universal head of fanqui's or "foreign devils."

If we stop in the street for a moment, we are surrounded instantly by peering fellows, who make remarks and witticisms upon our appearance, and by taciturn companions, who will stare without moving or speaking as long as we stand.

For a great length of time they have been accustomed to foreigners every day, who yet seem never to be able to satisfy the curiosity of the Chinese.

If we enter a shop and the keeper for a moment neglects to close the little gates in front of it, the multitude will circle round the door, three or four deep, and fruitless are all efforts to stare them out of countenance. But the beggars, of all the natives, are the most persevering rascals.

They are furnished with little gongs, and standing at the door will bang and bang upon them without ceasing, until shopmen and customers are glad to be rid of the nuisance by throwing out a single cash, (about one thousandth of a dollar,) with which they depart perfectly satisfied.

The idle throng, however, is a mere handful compared to the busy multitude.

The same active disposition is to be remarked on shore as on the river, but in more confined spaces, and therefore we cannot observe so much at once.

The first day that I arrived and went into the streets, was one of withering heat, though in the last of September, and the people were still in summer costume.

Here rapidly around a sharp corner, came a number of coolies, almost naked, conveying, by the means of their long poles, burdens of all kinds and sizes; with this pole across the shoulder, each man is enabled to carry two very heavy chests of tea, or several boxes of silk, and all proceed at the kind of trot before mentioned. You hear a grunt behind you, and glancing quickly over the shoulder, see a dozen laborers in single file, bending under their weight, and making this noise to warn those walking before them.

If you do not get out of the way, the heavy boxes come against you with no slight shock. Long strings of these men are often seen, thus laden, who trot and stop simultaneously at this expressive grunt, like our North American Indian "ugh."

Then the people are seen dividing like waves before a vessel, and a covered sedan chair containing a female or big mandarin, comes down the crowded street at a swift pace.

Some of the thoroughfares are so narrow that a chair is often obliged to wait at one end for another sedan to pass it, or one is elevated and the other depressed, as fat men on a crossing manage umbrellas.

Then you hear a shriek at your ear, and a fish-monger brushes by with two tubs of fish swimming or killed.

The streets are merely alleys filled with shops, and look where we may, or go where we list, still we are in a dense crowd like that assembled at a public execution.

At some of the doors we see people packing away porcelain or lac ware, pasting over the boxes with papers, or sewing on matting covers, binding them securely with strips of rattan, and cooleys standing by, ready to receive and transport them to their owners.

As the people cannot very well shave their own heads, innumerable barbers are needed and to be seen at every turning.

I have read many interesting legends of Spanish barbers, but as I never was in Spain, cannot tell really if those of China resemble the meddling inquisitive fellows of Old Castile.

The Asiatic race seemed to me rather an important, dignified, and taciturn assembly, who went about the streets with the instruments of their craft, but not to seek employment, as if they considered shaving a serious matter, and that the professors of the art were quite worthy of being solicited to practise it.

The person undergoing the operation, has apparently something of the same feeling; for he sits down on the top of the barber's chest of drawers with a very resigned and subdued air. The drawers containing shaving apparatus, are suspended from one end of a pole, and from the other hangs a wooden

cylinder, with a metal bottom, containing hot water, and heated by a chafing-dish beneath.

The razor blade is a clumsy looking thing, nearly in shape of an equilateral triangle, which, however, cuts very well; the tonsor shaves the head entirely, with the exception of the spot of tail hair, the patient, meanwhile, holding up a plate to catch the shreds that fall; and it is a singular fact that this hair is always preserved, and in a state of decomposition serves, with other substances, to manure the land. Such is an illustration of one of the many uses of common things carried so far among the Chinese, whose habits of economy begin where those of other nations end.

The fine hair growing in the ears, and between the eyebrows, are shaved by these barbers, who also introduce instruments under the eyelids, thus no doubt, producing much of the blindness found among the people. They also comb out the tail, and plating it again with great exactness, so finish the operation of shaving and hair dressing.

The summer dress of the common orders is simple in the extreme; the eternal jacket is looped almost invariably over the right breast with little gilded balls, and the pantaloons being made very large at the middle as well as below, they dexterously wreath a portion around the waist, confining it by folds instead of following the barbarian custom of wearing suspenders.

These dresses are of blue cotton or a stuff resembling coarse crash.

Those who are thus attired seldom wear stockings or shoes, but in rainy weather they invest them-

selves with high-heeled slippers, that clatter on the pavement like the sabots of the French peasantry.

Their enormous summer hats of strips of bamboo, are six feet or more in circumference, forming a striking feature in the laborers' costume.

The females of the same rank wear them also, and at a short distance in the fields it is difficult to distinguish them from the men. But the dress of the laborer, however common or ugly it may be, resembles little that of the higher classes of citizens or civil officers. The great heat of six months of the year compels all persons to adopt as light a garment as possible, and this is no doubt one of the many causes of the general good health of the Chinese, their dresses admitting of a perfect development of their limbs.

A blue or brown silk gown, long and flowing, leaving the neck bare; short breeches tied at the knees; stockings and shoes, make up the ordinary costume. But think not, reader, that by stockings are meant those knit and close fitting articles of German or English importation, with which we associate the name of hose; oh no, those of a Chinese gentleman are of the woven cotton, gartered with blue ribbon, and set loosely in a series of graceful wrinkles. These are introduced not into highly polished boots, but thrust into clumsy shoes of cloth, or satin, or variegated velvet, with enormous white soles.

The fan is indispensable, for in summer the caps of the respectable portions of the community are doffed, and their bare heads would be unsheltered from the sun, were it not for the use of this graceful article, which is held in the right hand over

the head. Often it is elegantly embroidered, painted with figures and landscape, or inscribed with a maxim from Confucius. In the warm months the grass-cloth, for which the Chinese are justly celebrated, is also used extensively for dresses, and the light cool material appears to great advantage on the person of a gentleman.

One of the most elegant of the Chinese that I ever saw was a tea merchant, and from the style of his dress, its fineness of texture, and the polished demeanor of the man, it was evident to the most heedless observer that the exquisite existed in China as well as elsewhere.

Over an under-garment of figured silk, flowed this graceful grass-cloth toga, looped with gilded balls; and at the right breast was suspended a silk purse embroidered with pearls; a brilliant fan case hung at the left side, and as a counterpart, a watch and worked pouch appeared upon the right. A grass-cloth handkerchief, the finest of China's loom; was held in the left hand which was in itself beautified by nails of several inches growth, the other waved a gorgeous fan. The stockings were snowy white, and the shoes were black satin.

His face was remarkably handsome and more expressive than the general countenances of his race; the pointed jet moustaches were the admiration of all the foreign clerks of Canton; and his fine long tail, descending nearly to his feet, an especial object of envy to his countrymen.

The dresses which we have given a description of are well adapted for a burning climate, and are worn till quite late in the autumn.

But towards November, when in the square the broad ensign of America waves in the blast of the north-west monsoon, there is a universal and simultaneous change in the costumes.

The chief officer of the province puts on a winter dress, assumes the skullcap with its scarlet button, and all the inferior millions follow his example. The appearance of the lower orders is little changed, but in the upper the difference is very perceptible.

The loose gown is now drawn at the waist, by a sash with fringed ends hanging down behind; and over this is worn a large cape of figured silk or cloth, but usually of furs.

A mantle made from the skin of a lamb taken from its mother before birth, is very highly prized. Now it is, that the fan-case, watch, and purse, are seen to the best advantage, and the blue cap and scarlet button give that finish to the winter garments, which those of the summer require for beauty; as none but government officers wear hats during the hot season, excepting those laborers who are exposed to the sun.

The summer habits of the mandarins are beautiful. Frequently they wear a long gown of blue gauze drawn at the waist, black satin boots, and the decorated appendages before mentioned, which make altogether a very striking show; their hats are then of white braid, conical in shape, surmounted with a ball indicative of rank, and adorned with a falling plume of shining scarlet hair.

During the winter their state robes are stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Those of the highest mandarins are splendid in the extreme, being worked in

brilliant hues on superb silks of the finest texture. Their shoes are ornamented also, one of the principal figures being the imperial dragon.

On the back and breast of some dresses is the figure of a bird inclosed in a square, and the necklace of one hundred and eight large court beads of bright agate, quartz, or rare perfumed wood, always accompanies a state costume. The mandarin's winter cap is utterly different from that of the summer. It is usually of dark blue velvet, fitting close to the head, with a broad edge turning up all around, and instead of the hair plume, it is furnished with one of scarlet silk.

The ball, always worn except in case of mourning, is red, blue, white crystal or gold, according to rank, and these varieties with some other insignia, distinguish the nine grades of mandarins.

The peacock's feather is an honor granted for signal merit, and it is worthy of note that such marks of favor are seldom or never bestowed unless well deserved. The privilege of wearing a state dress may indeed be purchased for an immense sum, but this confers no rank or honor. The aristocracy of talent and not of wealth bears sway in China.

Judging from the few specimens of splendor to be seen in a city so remote from the court as Canton, there must be a vast deal of wealth and magnificence at the capital, and the accounts of old travellers as well as of later embassies, speak of state and pomp worthy of so immense an empire.

Never was there a country in which tailors have been as completely snubbed as in China. Not one of the class ventures to originate a fashion, for the

costumes of the nation are regulated at court by a board of officers from whose decree no one dares to dissent.

The common order of females dress much like the men, but the visitor who walks from the foreign factories towards the western part of Canton, passing through retired streets only occupied by the houses of wealthy Chinese, will often see ladies walking beautifully attired in rich silks, and with children or servants in company.

Their dress conceals the person entirely; the long gown or toga fits close around the neck, and has loose sleeves enveloping the hands.

Their heads are uncovered, and their style of coiffure is singular and usually thought becoming.

The front hair of unmarried females is combed straight back with the exception of the small portion hanging over the forehead.

The other portion of the hair is combed and braided into the tail like the men's, but no part of the female's head is shaved.

When married or shortly before, the whole hair is combed up, and a false piece set on the back of the head, fastened by clasps and pins of gold, or other less precious material, according to the wealth of the fair one. A beautiful ornament is sometimes worn by rich women, representing a bird with extended wings, which, formed of gold or silver filagree, studded with pearls and supported by light wires trembling with the slightest motion, seems to hover over the head of the lady.

What need of the long wide pantaloons of the Chinese ladies. To conceal their feet? They have

none for service, and hobble along more awkwardly than a child first learning to walk. Soon as the female child is born, its feet are inclosed with shoes and bound firmly round and round, so that no growth can ensue. Nature endeavoring to have its way, can only produce exquisite torture as each attempt proves useless.

How these females ever learn to stand or move is strange, yet, as we before observed, they may sometimes be seen in the streets supporting their trembling limbs with a staff.

Models in clay of the contracted feet, painted flesh color and set into shoes of the same size as those actually worn, are sold in Canton as curiosities.

The large toe fits into the point of the shoe, and the others, instead of being in their natural position, are jammed and driven into the side of the foot, appearing one directly behind the other. It is as though the foot was cut off just below the ankle joint and the stump sharpened to a point.

This custom is exclusively Chinese, and is not followed even by the Mauchou Tartars, who, being the last Asiatic conquerors of China, have adopted many of its customs, and whose emperor now wields his despotic sceptre over one half of the human race.

It would be a vain effort to attempt to describe all the scenes and individual objects of the streets of Canton. One might observe for years, see something new every day, in narrating forget to speak of many, and then for all his trouble be requited with, "What! don't he say any thing about so and so? Well then his book is 'nt worth much."

The manners and customs of the Chinese are in a

great measure peculiar to themselves; they had their origin long centuries since, they are unchanged, and are still unchanging. We see them in many respects the same as in the days of Confucius, and the historians of the empire can write of former ages with more absolute certainty than writers of other countries can treat of the shifting phases of society at the present day.

We Americans are so amazing smart, that just now all the little boys get ahead in the world much faster than former generations, and as a natural consequence know much more than their parents.

How much good would result if some of these precocious young gentlemen would take a voyage to China, and notice the reverential awe instilled into the child's mind by the almost absolute will of the parent. So far from age being disregarded, it is considered worthy of all respect, and honored with appropriate ceremonies at stated occasions.

Though women in many instances are slighted and disregarded, though a man may treat his wife unkindly, and no one takes her part, yet he is bound by every sacred obligation to pay devotion to his aged mother, to minister to her comforts, and follow her counsels.

One day, in walking about the streets of Canton, I wandered into Tonshing's hong. Yungcung, a person about forty years of age, entertained me very politely, and as I rose to depart asked me to come and see some of the preparations that he was making in order to celebrate with becoming splendor the birth-day of his mother, who was shortly to arrive at the age of eighty years. I at once assented, he led

me into another apartment, and showed me many presents which his friends had kindly sent him in aid of the jubilee. The old lady was to be decked in her chiefest apparel, and Yungcung and his friends were to have all the enjoyment they deserved, and by various acts of ceremony manifest their reverence for virtuous old age.

He pulled out and displayed to me all kinds of fireworks, squibs that would cut as many didos as harlequin, fountains that would spout jets of fire, and rockets to emulate those of Vauxhall Gardens. He had candles of vast sizes and different colors, and moulded into fastastic and beautiful shapes.

There were long scrolls of vivid satins printed beautifully with favorite maxims in gilded characters, which were intended to hang in the ancestral hall; he had splendid embroidered dresses in scarlet and gold, as well as immense pieces of tapestry worked in the same manner, and stiff with brilliant adornment, representing human figures in native costume, and also various animals.

This looked like child's play, and yet Yungcung seemed as earnest as if he was getting up this show to please his children, and I believe enjoyed it as much as his mother, for whom it was intended.

Any Chinese youngster who dared to criticise the cut of his father's habiliments and speak of him as "the Governor," so far from being tolerated in good society, would find himself quickly pounced upon, soundly bamboosed before a civil magistrate, and paraded through the streets with the nature of his offences inscribed on little flags fastened to sticks run through his ears.

The sexes in China live mostly apart. The women are uneducated generally. Some of the courtezans of the cities are well taught and skilled in luxurious and fascinating accomplishments, among others they sing and play upon musical instruments. Brothers and sisters after a certain age bid good-bye to each other, and though they meet of course, in the bosom of the family, they have little social intercourse. The Chinese husband goes out into the world and attends to his business, and amuses himself as he pleases, but the wife must stay at home and be contented to eat separately and attend to her children; or if her husband is rich, dress in fine style and make her female neighbors cry their eyes out with envy.

Polygamy is sanctioned, yet a man loses caste in some degree for every additional wife he takes, and should he venture on half a dozen his friends would cut him.

An old compradore was telling me once about his domestic felicity, he said I hab got one wife, one olo ting, good for noting.

Then why don't you marry another? I asked. Oh, said he, no two no good.

A great point in Chinese happiness is the number of children the fortunate man may boast of. The principle they go upon is, in the words of Shakspeare, "The world must be peopled."

A man with half a dozen sons is wealthy, but with the same number of daughters, his poverty is a general subject of pity. In speaking of his offspring one will sometimes say, that he has three children, and if you ask if any are daughters, he will answer yes, four, meaning seven in all, though he does not consider the girls worth mentioning.

Should his wife prove childless, he eagerly seizes the opportunity of putting her aside and marrying again.

The manners of the Chinese, those of the middling and upper classes, are very pleasing to a stranger. The low laborers are brutish enough, but among the better bred a gentility of manner is strikingly apparent.

When you meet a Chinese gentleman, he folds his hands and shakes them at you, saying, chin chin, words of the Canton-Chinese-Anglo jargon, signifying welcome, or thank you, or farewell, according to the occasion.

If your visit is one of ceremony, he is careful to keep his cap on while you uncover, and seats you of course on his left hand.

He is so courtier-like, that he will not touch the chair a moment before you, and if he perceives that he is doing so he instantly rises a little. Then, perhaps, he treats you to sweetmeats and tea. The tea is always delicious. It is not contaminated by cream and sugar, he would not condescend to such a barbarian custom. There are no saucers for the cups to stand upon, but you will see that they are on top of the cup, to keep in the aroma of the clear amber colored beverage.

And so in China you will see a hundred reverses to European customs.

I have spoken of the practice of keeping precocious youths in subjection, the Celestials fully appreciating the wisdom of Solomon if no other portion of holy writ.

A man dresses like a woman, and uses a fan even

more; he carries his watch on the right side, and instead of leaving his knife and chopsticks on the table, he puts them into a little case and bears them about with him; he uncovers his head in summer time; he begins to read a book at its natural end, he never cuts the leaves of it, he writes perpendicularly, he eats fruit first, and soup last, at feasts of ceremony.

He whitens the soles of his shoes instead of blacking them, he puts on boots, and discards shoes when he wishes to be extremely elegant in company, and old men play like little boys, and little boys look as dignified as judges.

On one occasion I saw an instance of Chinese contrariety that certainly put to flight any of the recreations of old men in my own country, for as some of us were warming ourselves in a cool November afternoon with the primitive and healthful sport of leap-frog, much to the delight of herds of Chinese, to our inexpressible surprise, we saw three grave citizens whose united ages were certainly over a century and a half, become so carried away by the spirit of the game, that they must join in it themselves. They were men of respectability, they were dressed in fine silk, and their beards and moustaches were combed precisely, and in a moment two of them stood at the prescribed distance from each other, and placed their hands upon their knees; while the third, a gentleman near threescore years, indulged in a flying run, and would have cleared his companion's head in gallant style, only his long gown took such firm hold of the other's back that both came to the ground, like horse and rider in a steeple chase.

Not at all disheartened, they continued the game for half an hour or so, and though falling at full length five times out of six, expressed themselves as highly pleased with such novel and invigorating exercise.

In the mean time several urchins looked on without either daring to laugh or join in the pastime.

There is a great deal going on in the open air to attract a multitude of loungers.

One old man in China street was always surrounded. He had a little table with a cage containing two canaries, and also a pack of cards. He would cover the cage completely, allow a bystander to choose any card, and then shuffle it with the pack so adroitly that it was impossible to follow. He would then open the cage, the little bird would hop out and select the card at once, never failing to pull the right one. I never could detect the slightest collusion between the bird and the man, who was one of those minor jugglers so frequently seen in Chinese cities and villages.

We see in the very streets proofs of the general diffusion of the common elements of education, judging from the number of the lowest cooleys who stop to read the chops or placards pasted upon the walls of the houses, and who congregate around a vender of books who sits upon the ground with his little collection before him, offering, showing, and explaining.

Near the end of old China street, a number of poor women may be observed at any time sewing and mending clothes.

They nearly all have small feet, and it is an error

to suppose that this beauty is confined exclusively to the upper classes.

As the rich women are not expected to work much, and go out but little, they universally follow the custom; but as the poorer females toil like men, it is absolutely necessary that their limbs should be unrestrained. These seamstresses wear enormous spectacles, giving them an owl-like appearance. And that old fellow opposite to them looks more owl-like still, as he wears them while tinkering upon a broken lamp shade.

He has the art of riveting glass, or earthen ware, not understood by a barbarian, for he rivets the glass on one side only, broken crockery is so neatly mended that the cracks are hardly perceptible, and the metal fastenings are visible only on the back of the plate.

He drills a number of little holes half through the substance, hammers in the tacks, and lo! the broken article is sound again. So neatly does he work, that the fragments of the crystal of a watch may be joined.

Close by are a squad of gamblers gambling for confectionary, and a vile bigotted looking Buddhist priest is watching them with intense interest.

So after passing through the cat market, where numbers of doomed grimalkins are howling piteously in wicker baskets, we go to the factories, and ponder upon our first glance at the Celestials over a cup of aromatic ouloong.

CHAPTER IV.

SHOPS, MANUFACTURES AND ARTS.

SHOPPING in Canton is not like that pastime, which ladies in search of the picturesque are so fond of pursuing in our own good cities. A stranger in China may go from one store to another every day in the year, and never meet a female face in any of them. Men, none but men, he sees at every turn. This might seem excusable in a tailor's stall, but it is too bad when carried into every trade.

The streets, as mentioned before, are extremely narrow. A broad one is no wider than a common alley, and a narrow one might be choked with a single dry goods box. On entering a street, one is completely at a loss to know where to find what he wants. The shops are uniform in size and appearance. They have no broad plate glass windows for the tempting show of goods "selling off at cost," and besides, the extreme similarity of many of the dealers themselves is not a little puzzling. We can tell what commodities are for sale within, only by peeping in at the open doors in a very suspicious and burglar like manner.

The shops are all built upon a line, principally of wood, sometimes the lower story is of blue brick, and with the doors raised a single step from the street. Not unfrequently the river, which at its

mean level is only a few feet below the street, rises and inundates all that part of the city fronting upon its banks. Then the sampans drive a profitable business. Every avenue is converted into a canal, every pedestrian into an amphibious animal, and the foreigners, whose hongts are built in separate parts of the city, take boats to go from their bed-rooms to breakfast, and throughout the day pursue their business by skimming over the water, and floating into a silk or tea store, to make their bargains.

For the convenience of outside barbarians, who are unskilled in the mystic letters of Celestial language, the shopmen mostly have little lacquered boards to hang up on the posts on the side of the door, with their names and professions in English written thereon. Some few of the lowest, aiming to be facetious, assume such names as "Tom Boy," "Jack of all trades," &c., but such are not respectable dealers, and are generally confined to the pur-lieus of Hog Lane.

On entering a shop one afternoon, I found a good honest fellow, of whom I had made sundry purchases, surrounded by a crowd of admiring quidnuncs, and laboring at something quite out of the common way. He had tucked up his sleeves, squared himself over the counter, and with brush in hand was writing in "Angliss" a card for his sign-board. He prided himself upon his critical accuracy in the English tongue, and was showing his companions that it was well enough to know something even beyond the Flowery Kingdom. As far as the letters themselves went it was well enough, except that the middle of the words were decorated

with capitals, which gave them a slightly triangular appearance. At length the mighty work was done. He handed it to me with an air of complete satisfaction, and I read, "Tychong eaney think and steaks." The first word was his name; the second imported that his collection was complete, and the last meant that walking canes, or sticks, were added to the wonderful assortment. I told him that with one or two alterations it would do admirably, and spelling the words correctly, I offered at the same time to alter the structure of the sentence. But no; he was gratified at the interest I took in him, thanked me for writing his card properly, but would not have its syntax altered for the world. I begged for the original, and still keep it among my autographs.

The shops have generally a little roof over their doors to cast off the rain, and with the exception of the entrance are closely boarded, and almost universally painted green. They are lighted from the top, and are two stories in height; though the second floor has sometimes latticed windows. The skylight is of glass, with an outer covering formed of the laminæ of oyster shells, both coverings being managed by cords within reach of the shopman. The second floor is only partially laid, and has a gallery running round it, which overlooks the shop. In this story the walls are usually panelled with wood, decorated with carvings and painted monsters. In the lower story the goods are displayed on shelves or in glass cases on two sides and behind the shopman, who has his counter opposite to the door. There sits in state the little despot of his trade, and scrutinizes with a skilful eye all who approach. If

one comes in only to look at goods, and not to purchase, he is polite, but does not trouble himself greatly to open cases or come from behind his counter. He names prices carelessly, and says, "No likee, no occasion takee." But if one ventures inside who really carries purchasing in his looks, the scene is changed. The shopman darts like lightning out of his hiding place, calls his assistant, tugs violently at the window cord to show his goods to best advantage, bangs to the doors of his shop, and dives down to the very darkest corners of his cases, and shows every thing with the greatest good humor ten thousand times. Then he opens a big book on the counter, and sets down the mark which the purchaser gives him to put on his cases. Next he seizes his instrument of writing. His pen is not Gillott's Patent Steel, or the Richelieu Diamond. It is a fine brush ending in a point, and set into a cutting of bamboo, which he holds perpendicularly between his thumb and two forefingers. Then dipping a piece of India ink into water he rubs it upon a stone slab, which is always at his elbow, and which has a slanting surface, so that the black fluid runs into a little groove on one side of it. With this he puts down in a long column a list of the articles bought, annexing the price of each, and then sums up the whole with another instrument he has. Every shopkeeper has an abacus, called in Chinese a swanpan, or swungpan, consisting of a number of balls on wires, and set in a square moulding like billiard counts. These balls are indicative of units, tens, hundreds, &c., and with it any calculations may be made with perfect accuracy, and

as rapidly as a European can solve them with a slate and pencil. After the purchase is made, the shopman indulges in a little conversation not entirely connected with trade, and as this book may give a few hints to those about to visit China, it may be as well to offer an illustration of the Canton jargon, which every European * has to learn.

He enters a shop and is saluted with "Chin-chin," as good morning. He replies in the same words, and is then asked "No want chee something." He answers, "No have occasion now, bym by shall want-chee." Then says the Chinaman, "Hab got all no 1 tings, no 1 cheap. Missee — hab bye all of me, he hab takee home lasty years chow chow tings, come back Canton side dis year, bye alla me, no bye any one else." Next he asks whose house you stay at, and then says, "Missee Oliphant, Missee Wetmore, Missee Russell alla good; hab done muchee pigion (business) with me."

It is unnecessary to go farther with this nonsense; it is ridiculous in the extreme, and the natives of all other countries that come in contact with the English, speak much more distinctly than the Chinese. It is said that the structure of their own language conforms with this jargon. Here, as in Java, English is the only foreign tongue spoken, and I know nothing more absurd than a dialogue between a native and a newly imported Parisian, attached to the French embassy, which I had the chance to hear. He had been but a few days in China, and found to

* I use the term European for convenience, as applicable to all occidentals.

his horror that the language he had vilified in Paris was the only one that could serve him in Canton. Of course, neither could understand the other, and until I acted as interpreter, the Frenchman had thundered forth in his native tongue, as if speaking in the tribune of the National Assembly, and the puzzled Chinaman gave utterance to a "Hi Yah," and floundered in a slough of his own gutterals.

On parting after a bargain, the worthy dealer puts on a long face and says, "I no hab catchee muchee ploffit dis time," though the rascal knows he has. And, finally, he bows and orders the coolie to arrange the shop and pack the purchases. He reluctantly pulls open the doors, and then mounts behind the counter, where he sits chuckling at his success until another barbarian enters.

Any thing rather out of the common way these shrewd shopkeepers will insist comes from Nanking, and that it would be fruitless to seek another like it; while any thing absolutely unique and scarce comes from Souchow, that being the Mecca of Chinese imagination. They also do not like to alter any thing if they can help it, and a dealer of whom we purchased some fans gave us trouble in changing them. He always endeavored to throw the blame on his inferior workmen, when we rebuked him for carelessness. He would stamp up and down his shop, whisk about his tail, and pretending to lash himself into uncontrollable rage; burst forth with "I have speakee that man, I have speakee him, he one grand foolo; shall makee alla proper, can do, can do."

The intercourse with shopkeepers I found much more pleasant than I had anticipated. I do not re-

member to have been cheated in any article I bought, but I would have been willing to lose a trifle occasionally in preference to being debarred the pleasure of converse with the funny dealers. I found so much to laugh at as well as to admire; their queer ways of saying and doing things were a source of constant amusement; and their industry and ingenuity never ceased to excite my wonder.

I have spoken of the shop doors being closed when a customer comes in. This is almost invariably done, not only to shut out the idle rabble that congregate four deep around the entrance, as if a foreigner were a monster; but there seems also in Canton to be a jealousy between customers, and one does not like to make a bargain while his neighbor knows exactly what he is buying, and what he pays. This suspicious custom arises partly from the very small size of the shops, where two persons cannot at the same time purchase without mutual observation. But in the exclusively Chinese streets, where no English is spoken by the dealers, there are no doors at all to the stores, the whole front is open to view, and the Chinese themselves being no object of attraction to their countrymen, can buy without molestation. This apparent invitation to thieves is obviated by the streets being cleared shortly after nightfall, and closed by strong gates at either end, which are sometimes guarded. As soon as twilight asserts her reign, those busy avenues, all day the highways of thronging life, are utterly deserted; no knot of brawlers disturb the peace, and every one seems to have vanished like a shadow.

Let us enter New China street at about ten o'clock,

the time of Chinese breakfast, though they rise and work for hours before. We pause in front of Chongshing's variety store, and observe that the shop-doors are put to, indicating that business must yield to the pleasure of eating, and that the inmates have not the slightest idea of being disturbed at their meals. But for once, we will violate the rules of etiquette and go in. Chongshing and his sons are about sitting down to a circular table, and do not seem disposed to pay us much attention. We hear a sound of something hissing, and presently a servant from the back room brings in half a dozen or more bowls filled with hot boiled rice, or fish prepared in some simple way, or vegetables; tea is served in little cups; the chopsticks are pulled from their cases; and the battle begins. Chopsticks to a European are one of the seventy times seven wonders of the world. They are from six to eight inches in length, perfectly round and smooth, and about the size of ryestraws. Held between the thumb and two forefingers, they would seem, at first sight, about as useless as knitting needles, but one no longer doubts their efficiency, when he sees the prodigies of devastation performed by their aid. So dexterous is the Chinaman, that he can pick up a grain of rice between their rounded ends as easily as it can be lifted on a knife blade; but he does not usually stop to eat in such delicate, lady-like style. Chongshing and party wash down their meal by such unnumbered cups of tea, that Johnson himself would be put in the shade. They drank it without sugar or cream; they would spoil its flavor.

Now the breakfast is almost over, each has seized

his last bowl of rice, and this is the moment for the painter. Each bowl is elevated to the mouth, each head thrown back, each tail hangs straight down, and into the distended jaws the nimble chopsticks shovel the rice in the most marvellous manner. Then, as the bowls are emptied, above each mouth appears a little hill of the white vegetable, a gurgling sound is heard, and the rice hills sink out of sight as if swallowed by a quicksand. After this feat the party come to, and setting down the bowls look into them once more, sign profoundly, and all at once become aware of our presence, jumping up from the table, ask if we too have had breakfast, and being wide awake to chaffer on every article.

Sometimes I would enter a shop while the respectable proprietor was playing the host to a circle of friends. They would be talking, as I suppose, on the current events of the day, but as politics are not discussed in China, they never fell into disputes about the tariff or the sub-treasury. They would make way very politely for me, and go on smoking their pipes, and uttering their wise saws in the alternate grunts and sharp notes of which the Chinese language seems composed.

Their pipes are many in variety of shape and size. The most common kind are made of bamboo, with an ivory mouth-piece, and a bowl so small as to disgust a lover of the meerschaum. The squad of smokers replenish it from the tobacco pouch suspended at their belts, and when they have done, deposit their pipes in a square wooden box that stands on one side of the shop.

Among the knot of assembled worthies, the for-

eigner is often surprised to find the master of the establishment himself taking a quiet whiff, not at all distinguished from the rest of the party, while the lively, bustling salesman, whom he has always addressed as principal, turns out to be only next to headman. There seems to be little of that vanity which often prompts persons in this country to push themselves forward and show off with the assumed dignity of a bank clerk or a steam-boat captain, while at the same time they have sufficient self-respect, and if you make a purchase, and a bundle is to be carried home, though the shopman may accompany you, yet his cooley carries the package.

I do not know that the tradesmen are any more religious than their representatives in other countries. Indeed, the Chinese seem to be people of a convenient and easy faith, they do not mortify themselves by long fasts, or disfigure themselves by long faces; but in almost every shop you find a shrine quite Catholic in its aspect. A niche, large or small, according to the taste of the worshipper, is usually in the upper or lower story. Sometimes it contains a painted image of hideous deity gaudily vested in gilded splendor. Around the edge of the recess are sentences of a devotional character, and before the image are lamps constantly burning.

The shops in Old and New China street are those in which Europeans principally deal, and here one finds almost every article produced under the Chinese sun. Here he may pick and choose among fifty names, such as Cumchong, or Ahtong, or Lunchong, or Lungshing, or Ahning, or Mahning,

or Wingshing, or Howqua, or Tinqa, or Luequa, or Hipqua, or Gouqua, or forty others, "too numerous to mention."

We will begin at the right hand side of Old China street, at Cumchong's procelain shop. It is a small place, about ten feet square, but a great deal of business is done in that little spot. Cumchong himself is an old gentleman, quite advanced in life, and does not attend to the customers personally. He has a purser of about sixty, with a white beard and moustaches, who is very assiduous, and will take down every piece of China ware on the shelves if you seem inclined to buy. As to the manufacture of porcelain ware, I can say nothing as I did not see it. The factories are mostly in the north of China, remote from Canton, so that a dealer, if he cannot supply an article, always has the excuse that he must send to Nanking for it.

China vases are very conspicuous, and are many in shape, size, and diversity of decoration. There are usually three sizes; the smallest are about two feet high, and cost from sixteen to twenty dollars; the second are three and a half feet high, priced at fifty dollars; the third are monsters, as high as a tall man, and valued at two hundred and fifty dollars. They are usually circular with small necks, terminating in a trumpet shape, with ornamental ears on either side. Sometimes these pendants are formed in shape of dragons clinging to the vase, or birds to be found in no naturalist's collection. There is a great difference in the texture, if I may so speak, of the ware. The best sort is pure white, and rings with a clear sound, and the painting is laid on with

great care. They are ornamented with scenes of battle or court life in brilliant colors, or there are birds, butterflies and flowers, and the imperial dragon. The hues are enamelled on the surface of the vase in some cases, and stand out in perceptible relief. Vast numbers of the vases that come to America are of ordinary workmanship, but the finest varieties may be found by hunting with some care.

Those of the second size, which display large isolated figures, male and female, in the gorgeous costumes of ancient China, are very beautiful. Many of the common kind are too crowded with figures to look well. Six-sided jars are very elegant and rather uncommon. On two of the faces are depicted scenes in gardens or halls, and the other four are covered with brilliant insects and flowers, very gracefully arranged.

Cumchong's great business is with the super-cargoes of foreign vessels, though he seems as anxious to sell a single cup as a hundred boxes of chinaware. He knows exactly the requisite pieces for different sized dinner sets, he suggests that they should be large and complete, thinks there will be more profit than in small ones, and inquiring the length of the ship's stay, says all will be ready "inside six week."

There are two kinds of China ware used for dinner service. The more common is known as the Canton stone china. The plates are small and thick, and the pattern seems to have a blurred appearance. There is always a tree with leaves upon it like cherries, growing out of the top of a temple, and three men passing over a triangular bridge, with both ends in the water. But it is nevertheless a

very excellent and useful description of ware, and is exported in millions of sets. The other kind is much more costly, known as the Nanking stone china. This is of a beautiful pattern, generally in blue and white, with sometimes a gold edge, and is very extensively used. There are also sets in gold and colors, for desert and tea, which are extremely beautiful without being as costly, and as the Chinese keep a sample or "muster," as they call it, of every pattern ever made, the like may always be obtained. When ware is purchased of Cumchong, he has it carefully packed in boxes filled with straw, and marks each with the owner's initials, beside having the boxes firmly nailed and bound round with slips of split rattan. It is then sent to the hong, and there put on board the chop boats and conveyed to the ships.

One would wonder how Cumchong could fill so many orders, for his store would hardly hold a thousand dollars' worth, but he one day invited us to go and see his large packhouse on the edge of the city. He sent his purser to guide us, and we followed him for upwards of half an hour, through a labyrinth of alleys, and at last came to a warehouse that looked respectable in point of size. Here he had vast quantities of chinaware, stored until it should be wanted. As it came in from the north, it was deposited here, and the shop was only like a counting room with samples of the articles he dealt in.

The flower-pots in China are often very handsome. They are usually six-sided, painted in a lively manner, and highly polished. Some of them are made of great size, large enough for orange trees.

A very handsome ornament for a hall or garden is the porcelain seat. This is either like a barrel or hexagonal, and is white and blue, or white and green, or gold and variegated, as the taste of the owner may fancy. It is perforated on the top and around the sides with small interstices.

Toilet sets, fine enough for a princess, are also found at Cumchong's; Tantalus' cups, with a very good image of the baffled prisoner; boxes for perfumery; mugs with gay pictures to please children; little nests of cups that look as if they were intended for the different sized members of a large family; cups with saucers, according to custom, to go on the top and not underneath; flower stands and allumette stands; mighty punch bowls, splendid with ornament, deep enough to drown care, and so beaming as to warm the heart of a misanthrope; and teapots so snug that a bachelor or old maid would fall in love with them. Cumchong and his purser are both honest old fellows. They come to "chin chin" you at new year, and make you a present at parting, if you have bought of them. When I came away I asked for the dealer's autograph, which he obligingly gave me, together with my own name in the best of Chinese calligraphy.

On the other side of the way is a jeweller's shop. This is a dingy place; the entrance is narrow; the dealer looks suspiciously at us as we enter; he pulls out his gems with caution. We see no very valuable jewels, but he has beautiful samples of agate, and semi-transparent stones which he says are from Bombay. He has also a clear blue glass with gold fused into it, which he pretends is of immense rarity.

It is like the Venitian manufacture. He can cut and set gems very beautifully, and his gold is far more pure than that of Europe. The workmanship is of superior order, and cheap in comparison with foreign competition, for labor in China costs little.

A silversmith's is near by. This, too, is rather a dark spot, but does not have quite so much of the Shylock appearance as the last named place. He can manufacture any article, from a salt spoon to a service of plate, in the most elegant manner. He will line a pitcher with its coating of gold, or produce a favorite pattern of forks at very short notice. The silver is remarkably fine, and the cost of working it it is a mere song. Its intrinsic value is of course the same as it is in Europe, but the poor creatures who perspire over it are paid only about enough to keep the breath in their bodies. Filagree baskets or card cases seem to be favorites with these silversmiths. It is much cheaper to have a splendid service of plate in China than in any other country, and many Europeans send out orders through supercargoes.

Connected with these craftsmen we may mention the Sycee, the purest medium of exchange in the world. It contains ninety-eight per cent. of pure metal, and is shaped more like a Chinese shoe than any thing else. It is quickly oxidized on the surface, and looks like a lump of lead. But when it is to be proved, a shroff or assayer hammers an iron point into it about half an inch, and it is bright enough below the surface, like a cheerful temper hid under a grave countenance.

Those shroffs are the keenest detectors of counter-

feit dollars to be found on earth. Any one in the hongs hearing the chink of money, may look out of the windows and see them. If ten thousand dollars are to be counted, these fellows squatting down in a heap have full baskets of them brought to judgment placed on one side, and on the other empty baskets stand destined for the genuine and the doubtful shiners. Then clutching a handful, they clink one piece against another, and in a wink separate the chaff from the wheat with unerring accuracy. A hundred thousand dollars are often thus counted and scrutinized in next to no time.

Here at the corner of the street is a money changer. His stock in trade looks prodigious, but does not amount to a great deal. He has an enormous pile of "cash" on his table, and he changes and sells them, always looking for a premium.

Cash are copper coin about as large as a cent, rudely stamped with two or three characters, and with a square hole cut in the centre of each one. Their value fluctuates, but generally averages one thousand to a dollar, and they are strung together in long rows. Sometimes one will see a cooley bending beneath the weight of them, though their amount may not be over five dollars. I once was present at rather a funny scene. A gentleman resident was walking with me, and was importuned by one of the poor outcasts, all filth and misery, that meet you at every step in Canton, and as he had no money with him, he picked a string of ten cash from the board of one of the brokers and threw it to the beggar. It was not more than a cent, but the shark who owned it insisted on being remunerated, and

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held the gentleman's umbrella as security until we reached the hong, and obtained the requisite number of cash from the compradore.

The ivory carvers form a numerous and prominent class among the artisans, and their work is fully deserving of the high encomiums that have always been bestowed upon it. It is a proof of the jealousy that actuates the Chinese, that their mode of working ivory is just as much a profound secret now as it was five centuries ago. The oldest residents have tried to bribe the workers, but in vain; they are true to themselves. Many persons imagine that the carvers have some method of softening the ivory; but if this were so, chemistry, which in Europe is so generally applied to the useful arts, would point out the method to skilful workmen, and the carvings of China would soon be rivalled. From what I have seen of Chinese skill, I do not believe that the material is softened at all, but that it is cut into with sharp instruments, and the art handed down from father to son has become perfect. The chessmen are often elaborate, and much finer specimens than are ever sent to this country are to be found in Canton. A set which brings twenty or thirty dollars in the United States, may be obtained in China for eight or ten, and from this one may judge of the magnificence of a set, which was in the possession of Mouchong Gouqua, and for which he asked one hundred and fifty dollars. The men were as usual white and red, all clothed in the ancient dress of China, one half in position and attitude of attack, the others standing on the defensive. The largest pieces were a foot high, and every one was carved

in the most wonderful manner; there was even the expression of fierceness and surprise visible in their features. Old Mouchong was very proud of this, and had been in vain solicited to sell it for one hundred and twenty dollars.

Ivory boats also, are seen in the shops, the hull, the masts, ropes, men, and every part complete, in the white material. Then there are splendid card-cases with scenes in social life cut upon their sides, and flowers and animals around the borders. Fans of the most exquisite and delicate work, that look when spread like the finest lace; draughts so beautiful that you hesitate to play with them, every piece cut with a different pattern on each side; boxes worked as minutely as the carvings in the Alhambra; napkin rings in every stage of ornament; and balls, red or white, sometimes as many as seventeen in number, one within the other, each carved on its whole circumference.

Centric and excentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.

And even in other materials, wood for example, there are no such carvers in the world as the Chinese. In their houses, their furniture, their temples, and especially in the stands for articles of vertu, one is astonished at the intricacy, the beauty, and the caprice displayed. A cup of bronze or horn, which terminates almost in a point, is so nicely balanced on these carved stands, that though it looks as if a breath would upset it, yet it remains poised in safety.

A little further on we come to a store where mat-

ting is sold. This looks more like home than any that we have seen, for the long rolls put us in mind of darkened parlors in summer time. If you are a supercargo and wish your ship to fly home lightly, Manhing, whose shop this is, will take you to his packhouse, containing a hundred thousand rolls of matting, and let you choose to suit your fancy.

Here, close by, fans of every description are brought from the factories for sale. The most common kind are of blackened oil paper stretched on the fibres of a slip of bamboo, split where the handle joins the paper; costing only about half a cent apiece, and packed in boxes containing five hundred, they are sent away much thicker than the leaves in Valombrosa. Others are of feathers white as snow, with ivory handles and silken tassels. Others, again, are made of silk stretched upon a frame inscribed on one side with Chinese characters and on the other with groups of figures, their dresses formed of various pieces of colored silk, and their hands and faces of painted ivory.

Here at the corner of the fish and crab market is Chyloong's preserve shop. Wampee jelly and dry sugared ginger or in syrup, oranges, limes, young shoots of bamboo, delicious to the taste, and pot pourris of good things are spread on his shelves.

Who Yune's grass-cloth shop is at your elbow. We go up stairs and look at his nice goods, and hang fondly over the long dress patterns which are as fine and soft as linen cambric. If you buy of him freely, he sends his cooley round to the hong, and begs your acceptance of a dozen pocket handkerchiefs.

At a little distance off is a shop where caps are sold, and you may buy the most comfortable smoking head gear, or be fitted with the summer and winter covering of a mandarin of the first class in less than five minutes.

We make one or two turns through narrow suffocating alleys, called by courtesy, streets, (for there is not much room to throw away in China), and we hear the sound of hammers and the grating of saws, smell camphor wood strongly, and find ourselves in the carpenter's square. Three or four streets, joining together and forming a sort of parallelogram are wholly occupied by these artisans. Here they are making every variety of furniture, working well and cheaply. The most conspicuous articles are the camphor wood trunks, so admirably adapted for keeping woollens secure from insects. Ahning has a large establishment comprising four or five shops filled with workmen, and when you order a big trunk, he pulls out his rule, says "Hi Yah," and sends the trunk smooth, varnished and fragrant, round to the hong, punctual to the moment.

I might go on much further with a description of the various trades and shops, but the limits of this chapter will not allow it. It is necessary, however, to speak of the silk manufacture, of the furniture, the lac ware, and the arts of the Chinese.

One bright Sunday morning in November, I set out with a party of gentlemen, including several members of the French embassy, to visit such silk manufactories as were worthy of notice. The Frenchmen, inquisitive in the extreme, stopped to look at any thing and every thing, and to make

notes of nothing at all. We proceeded till near the city wall, and suddenly turning about found ourselves in a shop with silk just from the loom, and three or four of the most prominent silk merchants waiting to receive us.

Nearly the whole of the raw silk of China is produced in four provinces, cut by the thirtieth parallel of north latitude, about four hundred miles from Canton. We saw many rich varieties of silks, and were made aware of the fact, that the greater part of the finest goods are never sent out of the country, but are kept for home consumption. Rich natives will pay enormous prices, more than could generally be obtained in foreign countries.

The embroidery of the crape shawls is worked solely by hand. One of them there making was ordered by a Chinaman, and he was to pay five hundred dollars for it. Instead of the usual flower pattern, it was embroidered with landscape, boats, houses and pagodas. We also saw for the same individual a counterpane of straw-colored satin ground, worked in variegated silk, valued at three hundred dollars. Their damasks are always splendid, and occasionally by good chance a roll of it brought from the northern provinces may be found, which is of far richer texture than the Canton work. It is doubtless true in China, as in all other parts of the world, that the finest fabrics are found in the great capitals, and the richest silks must go to Peking.

The loom is strikingly rude and clumsy in its appearance. Two men work it, one shifting the woof, and the other throwing the shuttle. That

loom is like the policy of the Chinese government, seeking no new improvements, working on in the manner of bygone centuries, and weaving its wonderfully beautiful and harmonious fabric. The finest silks of China are even now difficult to surpass, and in any thing that has called forth the industry and ingenuity of its inhabitants, they have succeeded as well as people can, who are cut off from the rest of the world, without examples of excellence.

A few days after visiting the silk factory, we went to a different part of the suburbs up the river, to see a lac-ware workshop belonging to Hipqua, a jolly old fellow, who had followed the maxim, "laugh and grow fat." We paused at his shop in China street, and found him enjoying the air before his door. He had nothing on but a pair of pantaloons, and expressed himself as "no cold," while he complacently patted his comfortable belly. Prevailing on him to assume the toga virilis and go in our company, he led us through a wilderness of streets, in several instances over stone bridges, crossing canals, that run from the river into the city, with houses built along them, whose latticed balconies gave precisely the look of Venice.

We found in Hipqua's establishment about forty persons, little boys just beginning their trade, and old men, engaged on the best work. The ware is made of the wood of a kind of light fir. This is floated down the Pekiang from the forests, and vast rafts of it, with numbers of persons on them, like those that go down the St. Lawrence, may always be seen just above Canton.

The workman having brought the wood to the re-

quired shape of the article, and smoothed it carefully, lays on a coat of lac, which is the gum of a shrub, and may be tinged of any hue, the most common colors being brown, black, or red. It is at first poisonous to the touch, and the workmen are careful not to handle it until dry. Suppose a fine article being prepared, this first coat is very carefully smoothed, then the artist puts on a pair of magnifying glasses, and, faithfully scrutinizing every part, picks out with a sharp instrument the most minute grain that may have found its way into the gum without being perfectly ground; after which it is left to dry. It is then rubbed a long time with a smooth stone, and this process is repeated again and again until the several coats of lac are polished in the most perfect manner. It is now ready for ornamentation. A skilful hand pricks out the designed pattern on the black surface with a sharp steel point, and the delicate preparation of gold contained in little porcelain saucers is laid on with fine brushes. This being finished, the whole is once more carefully examined, and the article is ready for sale.

Nothing can exceed the splendor of the magnificent folding screens they make for rooms; large landscapes are represented, and scenes of Chinese gardens, which are always irrigated, and in which bridges and boats are necessary as well as ornamental. A fanciful taste occasionally colors the costumes of the figures, and the borders of the screen glow with brilliant flowers. But that lacquer work is most beautiful, which, not profusely gilded, displays large single figures upon a black ground. The effect is rich and striking. The large chess

tables have shifting tops, one side adorned with gilding, and the other, forming the board, of alternating lacquer and mother of pearl. So fine is some of the work, that a man was engaged for six entire weeks in painting a fan which I bought. His brush was pointed as a needle, and the gold was laid on line by line. In one apartment set aside from the rest of the factory, the very finest work was finished, and a kind of oiled gauze was spread around the walls and under the ceiling, to prevent the smallest particles of dust from falling upon the ware.

On our return we tried to get a boat, but it being very low tide, we could not cross the mud to obtain one, and were obliged to thread our way back through the lanes. To give another specimen of the Canton jargon of the English language, we asked the cooley who accompanied us, "Can go Hong water walkee?" that is, "Can we return by water?" The cooley answered, "Water walkée top side," meaning that the tide was running up stream strongly, and would retard us.

Hipqua brought us home through some of the most respectable streets, which were comparatively wide and quiet, and were occupied by the houses of rich Chinamen. We really saw some very pretty women. It was Sunday, but there was nothing to denote the day, no sign of devotion, no Sabbath stillness, no long trains of parents and children flocking to church at the sound of the bell. A few joss sticks smoked here and there, but they burn at all times. Here was the eternal throng forever busy; here a mandarin and officers dragging along a chained criminal; and here the roar of a street theatre.

The furniture of the Chinese is of two kinds, the bamboo and the rosewood. The first is exceedingly light, pretty, and adapted for a warm climate, withal very cheap. The stouter parts or framework is colored dark, and the ends of the stalks, tipped with ivory or horn. The young shoots of the plant are interwoven with those of stouter growth in pretty windings, and book cases, tables, sofas and chairs are thus produced at small cost.

The other kind of furniture is far more costly, and is very heavy and solid. It is made of a kind of rosewood that is susceptible of high polish, and handsomely carved, looks well. One end of an apartment has often a deep alcove, with an enormous sofa filling up the whole length and breadth of it, and as this is in some cases made with very short legs, it is elevated on a platform. On this sofa a table, about a foot high, is generally placed so as to enable those reclining at full length to help themselves to tea or sweetmeats.

Some book cases are very strangely divided in accordance with whimsical taste, into shelves of unequal length and height, so that volumes or curiosities do not appear in line. This is so in some of the shops, where cases are seen for goods displayed in the same manner.

The tables have the sides and edges carved fancifully, and they are either entirely of wood, or set with a marble top. In these tables the stone, which is also used for the seats and backs of chairs, is variegated like verd antique or Sienna marbles.

The painters are a numerous class in old and new China streets, and are certainly much better than I

expected to find. I mean those artists who have learned to paint in the English style; though the genuine artists, who practise in the native fashion, are very good in their way. The portrait painters, who work after the manner of their forefathers, produce rude pictures, totally devoid of shade or background, and very stiff in execution. In every artist's studio are to be found the paintings on what is called rice paper, though it is really made from the bamboo. This is very brittle and delicate, and nothing can exceed the splendor of the colors employed in representing the trades, occupations, life, ceremonies, religions, &c. of the Chinese, which all appear in perfect truth in these productions. Every thing enacted in life, from the highest pageants of religious ceremonial down to the lowest scenes of shameless debauchery, are given in the paintings. Not only the proper colors, but the exact attitudes of the figures are worthy of admiration. Then there are landscapes, boats, birds, animals, fruit, flowers, fish and vegetables, and all may be obtained for a very reasonable sum, in boxes, or bound up in books. They cost, for the usual class of excellence, from one to two dollars a dozen; which is not high, when we consider their truth, the time spent upon them, and the variety of colors employed. Or you may order a set comprising the emperor, empress, and the chief mandarins, and court ladies in the most magnificent attire, and finished like miniatures, for eight dollars.

Then there are marriage and burial ceremonies, punishments, military shows, and mythological personages, and as these are all (except perhaps the last,) true to nature and custom, he who studies

them has a better opportunity of seeing things as they actually exist in China, than if he stayed there ten years, for he would miss half of them. Occasionally in the tea hong's I found etchings of fights between the Chinese and Tartars, and these outlines, in an artistic point of view, are about the best of their productions, and seem to be highly prized.

The Chinese artists also paint miniatures on ivory. The prince of Canton limners is Lamqua, who is celebrated throughout China, and is indeed an excellent painter. He takes portraits in the European style, and his coloring is admirable. His facility in catching a likeness is unrivalled, but wo betide you if you are ugly, for Lamqua is no flatterer. I might repeat a dozen stories of his bluntness, but they have probably all found their way into print. He sits in the upper story, and is very glad to have you come and look at his paintings, and talk over the fine arts. His walls are decorated with his own copies of English paintings, and he possesses the engraved works of several British artists. His admiration for Sir Thomas Lawrence is profound. Seated in the large room are a number of his pupils and assistants, copying for foreigners, or painting on the bamboo paper. Lamqua's portraits of Chinese mandarins or hong merchants are scarcely to be excelled. He not only gives the dress and face, but throws a perfectly characteristic expression into the countenance, and introduces as an accessory a Chinese landscape very successfully.

In connection with the painters, as well as with the shops of every sort, we must mention the manner in which goods are packed for transportation.

This is as much a curiosity as the articles themselves, and is worthy of all imitation by our own shopkeepers. The smallest article that you buy, if it is only an ivory seal, is placed in a neat little box conformed to its shape, and lined with rose colored silk without extra charge. Their ingenuity in packing, is more noticeable in the silk goods, because they are folded in the soft bamboo paper in such a manner, that once undone, no foreigner can restore the bundle to its pristine shape and compactness. And the large shawls are so nicely folded, that the fringe is not disturbed in the least, and wrapped in the soft paper, are put into boxes of the exact size.

The lacquer ware is packed with the greatest care in soft delicate paper clippings, so that it cannot be moved or rubbed in the least. Then the whole box is varnished, to exclude the air, and over the edges long strips of coarse paper are pasted, the maker's name in English appearing on one of the pieces. Thus safe and sound, they may go round the world without danger.

Some people, who know less about the Chinese than they profess to, say that they are not an inventive, but merely an imitative race. What nation have they imitated? Are they not the originators of almost every art they possess? Are they not adepts in some arts, that no other nation can attempt? They were the first who made silk, introduced into Rome through Persia. Theirs were the earliest discoveries of the compass, of gunpowder, and of printing. These three inventions have exercised the greatest influence upon the human race, and any

one of them may entitle the Chinese to very high rank as originators.

Their printing is done by means of wooden blocks, with the characters upon the surface, and the paper used, being thin, it is printed on one side only, and the fold is on the outer edge, so that the leaves do not have to be cut. Their books sell for a very small sum, and may vie in cheapness with the professedly cheap editions of the United States, for all those millions of people enjoy the pleasures of literature.

Music and sculpture are at the lowest ebb in China. The tunes are childish sing-songs, and their instruments sound like hurdy-gurdies. Statuary does not exist, except in some of their temples, and then it is very rude and ugly.

Their gunpowder and artillery are nearly useless, for warlike purposes at least; for from the Tartar conquest to the English invasion, a period of two hundred years, they have been in profound peace, and their cannon have not been of much more service, than to be stuck in the ground, and fired three at a time for the arrival and departure of fat mandarins at official stations.

Their compass is but a philosophical toy, and the reason is obvious; their commerce has been invariably restricted. In inland navigation alone, have they arrived at perfection, and even in that their models have been given them, with a veto on change.

The great wonder is, that the Chinese, under all circumstances, should have progressed so astonishingly far. For ages, while other nations were sunk in barbarism, have they been, we might almost

say, enlightened; for ages have they been acquiring those habits and customs, that now render them so singular; and ages again must elapse before they can change and become as Christianized, liberal people. But they have been vastly under-estimated, and while industry and ingenuity are regarded with favor, they must hold rank among the nations.

CHAPTER V.

A CHINESE MUSEUM.

THE cheapness of labor in China, is one great reason why so many strange things in the way of curiosities in articles of vertu, are there met with.

At first sight, it would seem that men must be paid enormous sums for such articles, as would be the case among a scattered population; but vast numbers of Chinese driven to want, have been forever inventing rich and strange expedients for support. Their minds, having no interest in the great topics of government or politics, are forced into the direction of the strange and fastastic; and as pay is scarcely more than enough for daily subsistence, every little root or stone becomes an object of value, if it can be turned into a wild or rare shape to hit the fancy of a virtuoso.

In the same manner, the upper classes delight in the purchase of these things, and the more outrè their appearance, the higher are they valued, and kept as heirlooms in families, as plate is handed down in other countries.

First, the antique porcelain comes under notice, but the genuineness of all this ware, I do not vouch for; some of it undoubtedly is ancient. It certainly differs from the modern article, and the Chinese say that the art of making porcelain has degenerated,

and at the present day, that as good as was made a thousand years ago, cannot be produced for love or money. We know that porcelain was manufactured more than ten centuries ago, and that bottles bearing inscriptions, which at this day can be read at a glance by Chinese scholars, have been found in some of the Egyptian tombs.

In Curiosity street, the enthusiastic visitor will see large handsome shops, open to the streets, filled with innumerable articles, arranged on shelves, the whole having the appearance of a museum; but he will be rather checked in his desire of buying, when he learns the exorbitant prices demanded for every thing.

Some of the vases are of large size, but usually they are small, and seem to be of very fine grain. It is impossible to procure a pair alike, each article being represented as unique.

Some are of bright yellow, with ribs and seams running a thousand ways, and relieved by blue and scarlet flowers, and others are of every mingled shade and hue. Those about a foot high, and of uniform hue, are most prized, and a single figure of a mandarin or lady is usually found on one side, and ancient Chinese characters on the other.

These are of very graceful shapes, and the ears are formed by animals or birds clinging to the sides.

One of the house of Rothschild, sent to Canton when I was there, for two vases of this description, which were found after some trouble, and cost him a good many pounds sterling. He might have bought specimens of the modern ware of much larger size, for a third of the money.

Some varieties of jars seem worn by time, and if this is a deception, it is a very wonderful one. Others are purposely cracked all over the surface.

The old porcelain is semi-transparent, so that held to the light, the figures show through. Little long narrow necked bottles are made with characters, and even landscapes cut inside of them, in the most unaccountable manner.

These specimens may often be seen in the houses of wealthy men, and after the war articles of vertu, such as had never before been seen in Canton, and which were probably plundered from ruined families, were exposed for sale in that city.

The Chinese display great variety and ingenuity of design in their porcelain tea-pots. A friend of mine purchased one representing the section of a branch of a tree; a little twig with leaves, formed the spout, and another the handle, and in order to add to the effect, a bug or small reptile was introduced, gnawing its way through a part of the bark. There are plates, saucers and cups, each of different patterns, and little nests of cups, the outer one not bigger than a thimble. Then there are teapots of white copper, inclosing an earthen one, and how these are made, no one can imagine. These look very much like fine silver, and they are often chased with figures, flowers, &c. The white copper is peculiar to China. It is an alloy, but takes a fine polish, and is greatly used in decorating and inlaying cabinets, dressing cases, &c., and in contrast with the dark rosewood, makes a very beautiful ornament.

In the porcelain line, one may find pillows made into the form of comical boys, doubled into queer

postures, seats with ugly demons supporting their arms, and model pagodas ten or twenty feet high, which would look well in a garden. There are also small figures, such as lions, dragons, and ladies with very long fingers, and sharp claws made of snow-white porcelain, without speck or stain, and which seem to be held in high favor.

In the curiosities are many which are singular from their carvings, cut deep into the substance, with two or three ranges of decorations one behind another. There are stands for porcelain or copper ornaments, which would rival the far famed work of Grinling Gibbons; and from boxwood the most beautiful ornaments are made in the form of large broad leaves, with all the intersecting fibres plainly visible, which would serve admirably for card plates. Sandal wood is used in immense quantities, not only as incense, but for all kinds of ornamental boxes. This is costly, and gives forth a delicious and inexhaustible perfume, and is very much in demand. Cups for allumettes and cassolettes, carved minutely, are made, and the carver will introduce your own initials on the box, should you desire it. Models of boats, entirely composed of this precious wood, may be obtained. Fans too, as light and delicate as those in ivory, are among the articles which sandal wood is used for.

In Curiosity street, for in Canton whole avenues are sometimes devoted to one branch of trade, is found rare and expensive furniture of polished rosewood. Some of the tables and chairs have slabs of marble set into them, and very strangely many are so happily variegated that the forms of birds, au-

imals and figures are seen on the surface of the marble.

The shopkeepers will say that these eccentricities are natural, but they are merely skilful deceptions.

They have the appearance of being so shaded "accidentally on purpose" (if I may use a cant phrase), for they look as much like chance as design.

The same colors run through the entire stone, so that if the face of it was cut off, a precisely similar picture would be seen beneath.

The Chinese have an art of removing the coating of leaves so that nothing but the fibres remain, and these being covered with transparent varnish, which fills up the little spaces between the intersections, are dried thoroughly, and then painted upon in glowing colors.

Mythological figures seem to be favorite subjects for these paintings, but any representations look well, as the varnish forms a good colored background.

The dealer in curiosities will pull out of his shelves more oddities than you can look at in one morning. Among other things, he has a number of puzzles.

One of the best known of these is the ring puzzle, which is in extensive use in the United States; it consists of a number of rings, which are attached to each other by wires, and slip on and off the other part of the puzzle by an ingenious though at first sight an apparently impossible method.

Another enigmatical toy consists in three or four

hollow tubes of ivory, closed at their ends, but perforated along their sides by various little holes. Through these holes are run small silk cords, and the tubes can be moved on these threads backwards and forwards. The mystery of the thing is this. Between the two first tubes are four threads, between the second and third but three, and between the third and fourth tubes only two cords appear. Then take hold of the second tube and move it to and fro. As you move it towards the third tube, the four cords are elongated, and the three shortened, and *vice versa*. Now how the four cords are resolved into three, and then into two, by moving the two middle tubes, and each time the three cords growing no larger than the four, or the two than the three, is to me utterly unaccountable. I have dwelt on this puzzle at some length, because I do not think it is generally known, though it is difficult to describe exactly without the aid of a diagram.

Another consists in six or seven little sections of box or sandal wood, each one different in shape, and a book is usually sold with them, containing several hundred permutations through which these blocks can be carried. A third, less a puzzle than a curiosity, is a fan, which, opened in one direction, comes into a dozen parts, and moved back the other way it is whole again.

From the north of China are brought many articles of greater variety than are found in Canton. Among these are pictures of myths, on strips of paper about a sixteenth of an inch wide, and put together lengthwise and crosswise, exactly as cotton is woven.

Cups of rhinoceros' horn, which put one in mind of "Vathek," are worth the attention of the collector. These are very hard, and susceptible of high polish, and must naturally be rather scarce, as the beast has but one horn generally, and is not found in immense numbers.

A section of the horn is cut, and worked out into the proper form. It is of a purple hue, the outside is embellished in high relief, and the cup is set upon one of the wonderful carved stands before mentioned.

Then there are screens which set into a frame, and which seem to be composed of a kind of mosaic and Souchow lacquer ware, the like of which the shopman swears can only be produced in that most celestial of all cities. This is usually scarlet, consisting of boxes, and trays, and cabinets, every part fitting in the most exquisite manner, and carved to the last degree of perfection.

What is erroneously called a sceptre, but is the joo-ee, is found among this ware. This is nearly in the form of the letter S, and is used by people of high rank as a present, and is sometimes borne by an official at scenes of ceremony. It is made in some cases in a very costly style, having superb cameos inserted in the ends.

A very favorite ornament is the variegated agate, polished and set into a frame of carved wood, and placed upright on a table. An old hong merchant pointed out to me one of these large slabs, which he seemed very proud of, and said that it came from America. Such articles are often the only ornament of a room, as in Europe a beautiful picture or rare

statue is occasionally the sole decoration of a cabinet.

Among the many excellencies which the Chinese display in their curiosities, and which Europeans buy in large quantities, are the little clay figures of subjects in all ranks of life; these are about a foot high, and nothing can be more true to their prototypes.

The cooley is represented half naked, with his wide pantaloons, and his tail wreathed around his head, an instrument of labor in his hands, his hoe or his pole, and cords for carrying weights. The merchant with a box in his hand, the lady with small feet, the common woman better off with feet of the natural size, and the mandarin in fine silk, and with velvet cap and fan. Every part is accurately colored, and the countenances are miracles of modelling. The expression of the faces is lifelike, and so minutely are all parts represented, that the shaven hair on the head and chin is not forgotten.

Copper ornaments, the curiosity shops seem particularly to abound in, and the workers in this metal display great skill.

There are cups and vases, and vessels ornamented in high relief, and the handle of the covers are figures with the draperies managed with much grace.

There are enormous tripods used in burning sandal wood, which diffuses a delicious odor. Some of these are in elegant taste, not inferior to Etruscan patterns, but generally are fantastic.

In the Buddhist temples, vast numbers of idols, made of copper combined with other metals, display no ordinary workmanship, and sacred vessels deco-

rated with votive sentences, and containing sticks of incense, constantly burning, stand before the shrines.

The Chinese possess an art of soldering copper not known to Europeans, and another of mending cast iron without remoulding. This might give employment to a wandering Celestial, and make him exceedingly popular among old women who have broken pots and kettles.

The metallic production of the Asiatics, which is best known, is the gong. This is shaped precisely like a tambourine, is about the color of dirty brass, has a round black spot in its centre where it is struck, and is capable of making more deafening noise than the great bell of Moscow.

It is struck with a wooden mallet, a round ball covered with leather.

The Chinese use it at all hours, without the slightest regard for their own or for others' ears. A servant in one of our hotels is drilled into tapping it lightly, but when a Chinaman takes hold of it, he bangs away with all his force, and it booms and rattles like cannon and muskets combined.

If a building is finished, the carpenters celebrate the event by beating gongs; if a man gets married, his serenade is aided by these vociferous instruments, but above all, in any religious exercise, the gongs peal forth their due portion of praise, and the effect is absolutely stunning.

Connected with the religious uses of the gongs, may be mentioned the penates of the Chinese, the little wood, stone or copper josses which are exposed for sale.

Those in stone offer the sole specimens of statuary to be found; the name of Joss stands for God or gods of any faith, and these little representatives of deities are hawked about with no shadow of reverence.

They frequently represent old men with flowing robes and long beards, and are curious as specimens of portable idolatry.

The mirrors of glass and metal must be noticed; the Chinese have ordinary looking-glasses as we do, and some others which are quite remarkable.

Some of glass are perfectly globular, and the silvering process on the inner surface must be a matter of some difficulty; they are suspended by a cord which is knotted into a small hole in the top of the ball, and are not used excepting as curiosities. Their magic mirrors are of copper. They are circular and slightly convex, and on the back have a knob with a string tied in it to hold them by.

Figures in relief are plainly seen upon the back, but not a line upon the face, nothing except your own sapient or vacant visage reflected, but held in the sun's rays an exact imitation of the figures on the back of the plate are seen upon the wall, or wherever the rays of the sun are thrown from the mirror. In Davis's *Observations on China*, Sir D. Brewster's explanation of this mystery is given at full length. He supposes that the figures on the back are repeated on the face so slightly traced, and so highly polished, as to be imperceptible to direct vision.

An idea of this may be given by the modern daguerreotype; we know that at certain angles the intense reflection of the plate conceals the picture,

and it is only when the rays are thrown from us that we see the object. These mirrors are placed in carved stands of great beauty, the round edge of the plate fitting precisely a small crescent in the top of the frame.

In the heterogenous collections of the Canton curiosity shops may be mentioned remarkable kites that the old men in China, as well as the little boys, are fond of flying. These are made of very light but strong paper, stretched on the smallest fibres of the bamboo, and are so nicely adapted to their purpose, and so truly balanced, that they float off with the lightest breath of air.

They are painted in gaudy colors, and are formed into dragons, birds, beetles, and butterflies, very naturally, and their great superiority over other kites consists in the propensity they have of rising without placing those in quest of sport in danger of losing their breath by running violently.

It might seem proper to apologize for the confused manner in which these rarities are mentioned, but it is impossible to give more than a catalogue of such as are worthy of notice, and to skip from one to the other just as they come.

The wealthy Chinese are pleased to possess an aviary containing birds, remarkable for their beauty or ugliness, it matters not which, so that they are uncommon, and a flourishing trade is driven by the bird fanciers.

One of these in Old China street styles himself "Young Tom Birdman," and has his shop full of the pretty songsters, as well as the more staid and quiet members of the feathered race. Superb phe-

sants with splendid plumage, may be seen at his door, macaws, cross and handsome, mandarin ducks in pairs, cackling and loving, inconsolable in mourning, pot-bellied pelicans, white as snow, with voices like speaking trumpets, and large cages with gregarious sparrows, as well as creatures of humming-bird size, that make the whole air resound with their trillings. The prettiest little birds in "Young Tom's" collection, are the "averdevats," (I do not know if I have spelt the name correctly,) which are the most winning pets in the world. They are red when in full plumage, and seem to be sociable and cheerful in the extreme. They have a little shrill note which they all the time indulge in, and never engage in bickering beyond a little harmless pecking. A long bar runs through their cage, and on this they huddle close together, and frequently one at the end of the line, though in possession of ample room, hops along the backs of the others, and squeezes himself between two, like a fellow who crowds into a full seat in the pit of a theatre.

Young Tom has them all in wholesome subjection, stops quarrelling by whipping all the parties concerned, and is prepared to furnish birds, cages, and food at any time.

The Chinese seem to be naturally fond of birds, and the cages they make are of great variety and beauty. They are of bamboo, stained and ornamented with ivory, and in the shape of houses, temples, or boats, finished in the most beautiful manner, curiosities themselves. Some of them are decorated with paintings on glass, and fitted with different apartments.

In some shops a collection of arms may be made, swords, shields, bows and arrows. Mandarins wear the sword on the right side, and two blades are frequently inserted into one case, the handles of both occupying the same space as if of one blade, and these are clashed together while advancing to the attack. The shields are of tough bamboo, circular, and capable of resisting a sword or pike. The bows and arrows are yet used in war, fire-arms not having entirely superseded them.

Flower stands, or pots of ornamental character, are made by some of the lower Chinese workmen, and the sharks and scoundrels that feed upon sailors in Whampoa, sell many of them to captains of vessels. They are made of common pottery in the form of mounds and hills, with little grottoes, houses, and figures upon them. In several parts of them are receptacles for earth, in which seeds are planted and the shoots grow freely and overshadow the clay ornaments.

Even the tangled knotty roots of old trees in the hands of a Chinaman become curiosities. Some are overgrown with fibres, and if the most distant resemblance be found in them to any thing "in the heavens above or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth," the ready tools of the artist shape it to the required form, leaving these long fibres for the hair and beards of old men, and for the manes and tails of dragons.

But the jade stone is of all curiosities the highest prized from its rarity, its hardness, and from the exquisite polish and smoothness given to it by the artisan. It is usually of a bluish green hue, ap-

proaching to the diamond in hardness ; the sharpest steel instrument will not produce a scratch upon it, and like the diamond, it must be worked with its own dust.

Cups are made from it resembling the flower of the sacred Lotus, (*Nympha Nelumbo*.)

It is the task of nearly a lifetime to work out this adamantine mineral to its graceful shapes, and to give every part its wonderful finish. Sometimes a huge lump is carved into a mountain; trees and gardens are there, houses and temples of true Chinese architecture, and men engaged in occupation, or social meeting, and to the most minute fragment, all is perfect. One of these mountains exhibited in Curiosity street was valued at five hundred dollars, and I am certain that out of China no man would have consented to have made it for twenty times that sum. Small pieces are made into clasps, or into little amulets minutely sculptured, and worn around the neck.

Mandarins of rank, also, wear it in their caps and dresses, and in large thumb rings while using the bow, as protection against the recoil of the string.

Japan ware, which is often ignorantly confounded with lacquer ware, and which even the Chinese cannot equal, is highly valued and enormously expensive. The Japanese, as jealous of their Celestial neighbors as of most other nations, permit some trade, and their lacquer ware is introduced into China, and purchased as a luxurious acquisition by the rich natives.

A short time before I was in Canton, one of the

two Dutch ships which trade annually to Japan, sustained great damage on the coast of China, and was obliged to seek Macao harbor, where part of her cargo was discharged and sold. Quantities of this splendid ware was thus offered and eagerly purchased.

It is far finer than the Chinese work, and in fact is a different article.

It is generally black, hard, of mirror-like polish, and has mother of pearl so skilfully inlaid, that the finger may slide over the surface without feeling the slightest roughness, any more than the colors of a rose leaf can be felt; the eye cannot detect the lines of insertion, the pearl seems to be part and parcel of the ware. From small card racks to enormous cabinets of palatial magnificence, every article may be found in this ware which the Chinese manufacture in their own.

The Japanese are more singular than their tea-drinking rivals. They will hold intercourse with no one; a few junks trade between the two countries, but there is no cordiality. The Chinese have several times endeavored to conquer them, but have always been soundly beaten by this warlike and fierce people.

The Portuguese, some two or three centuries since, had quite a foothold in Japan; but Jesuitism, like a coiling serpent, attempting to fasten on the people, was for once baffled, and the foreigners were slaughtered, the priests driven out, and Christianity formally anathematized and abolished.

Of Europeans, the Dutch were henceforth alone permitted to visit the country, condemned to undergo

the most degrading ceremonies, and confined to the one port of Nangasaki.

They are to this day allowed but two ships a year in trade with Japan.

Report has said that the Hollanders were compelled to trample on the cross, which they consented to do every time they visited the country for the sake of making money; and that their sails, compasses, charts, and rudders, were taken away until such time as their cargoes were complete, and their hospitable entertainers thought proper to let them go.

Whether or not these severities have been modified, it is impossible to say.

The empire, like China, will one day be fully open, and will present wonderful attractions to the traveller.

A visit to Picture street will amply repay the curiosity of the foreigner.

You go through one or two narrow, crowded, blind alleys, turn to the right at the end of the street leading to the curiosity shops, and find yourself in a quiet broad avenue, with a number of large shops in it, where are exposed for sale all articles of glass manufacture. Among these are found paintings on glass in extremely brilliant hues.

These represent figures of actual or mythological beings as well as landscapes, and some of the demons of the Chinese religion. The paintings are generally set upright into frames, and may serve admirably as screens. In these shops are also sold the fine glass lanterns in rosewood settings, and elegantly ornamented with crimson silk tassels.

One might as well go to Newcastle and hear nothing about coals, as visit China and say nothing about lanterns. They are absolutely necessary to Chinese existence; a Celestial deprived of this luminary, would lose part of his identity, he would feel lost himself.

There are no street lamps in Canton, and so it is necessary to carry a light if one ventures out at night; added to which it is a protection against robbers.

There are numberless kinds of lanterns; they are made of paper, silk, glass, or horn, the most common being made of tough oiled paper, and they are seen in every boat and before every hong.

If you wish at night to visit another hong, you send to the compradore, and he orders out a coolie with the indispensable article; he is to show you the way, and to wait patiently, if it be two hours, until you are ready to return.

He carries a cylindrical lantern formed by fibres of bamboo interlacing, and over these is stretched a thin gauze, just sufficient to prevent the wind from extinguishing the candle within.

Lanterns may be had of any size and cost, the cheapest are not more than a cent or two in price, while the magnificent state lamps are worth hundreds of dollars. People of every rank indulge as far as their means will allow in the luxury of illumination. The poor boat people have their paper, and the better classes their silk and glass lanterns at periods of rejoicing.

They are used as door-plates are with us, the name of the occupant being brightly emblazoned in the

wriggling characters of the language. The sedan bearers carry them suspended from the poles of the chair, and the rich use them as ornaments in their houses.

The silk lanterns and those of painted paper are often embellished with figures and flowers, and when a bright light is introduced, the effect is beautiful.

Some are made to open and shut in a very ingenious manner, on the same principle that the umbrella is made.

The glass lanterns are not inferior to any in use among our own people, and it has been rather a matter of surprise to me that they have not been more generally introduced and used as hall lamps.

They are square or hexagonal, the glass either plain or painted, and set into richly carved rosewood frames.

At each angle are placed crimson silk tassels, the cords knotted as intricately as the Gordian tie of old, and the fringe is of the finest quality.

When purchased, every component part of the lantern is so accurately marked, that though taken in pieces and packed, the buyer is never at fault in rearranging the lantern. Other varieties are globular, and composed of different colored glass, fused together, and the effect is indescribably beautiful. The most singular, however, are those of horn; this, by some process, is laminated and so nicely joined, that it looks as if it had been blown in one mass like the retort in a glass-house.

These are sometimes colored scarlet, and are rendered nearly transparent, so that they shed a rich splendor.

They are also made in the form of fish and animals, accurately painted, and all shapes in nature are represented during that extraordinary festival, the feast of Lanterns. As I did not happen to witness this jubilee, I shall say nothing about it.

It only remains to mention the universal bamboo to bring our catalogue of rarities and curiosities to a close. It is as necessary to the Chinese as bread fruit to the Sandwich Islanders.

Suddenly deprived of it, the nation would almost be annihilated. It is used for boats and for buildings, for theatres to amuse the populace, and scaffolds for executions, preserved it tickles the appetite, and dried it tickles the backs of bad boys; it is the instrument of justice and of torture; it is made into furniture, into baskets, into paper, into weapons and peaceful pipes, and into curiosities.

It is made into rules and boxes highly polished and carved, and into cups, in which we will drink adieu to the manufactured rarities of Canton.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREAT TEA HONGS.

THE mighty store-houses, stretching as they do for miles along the Canton River, filled during the busy season with hundreds of thousands of chests of tea, and employing armies of operatives, bear witness to the immensity and importance of the tea-trade.

In these ware-houses, the tea is stored after coming from the country in which it is grown; here it is assorted and sold, and finally put on board the chop-boats, and sent to the ships at their anchorage ground at Whampoa.

The two varieties of the black and green teas are grown in different countries, and in fact differ materially in species, the leaf of the black tea plant being darker and stouter than that of the green, and also rather shorter.

A low alluvial soil is not favorable to the growth of tea. There is little or none near Canton; the climate there is also too warm, and the shrub only flourishes in a more temperate climate, and thrives best upon the sides of the hills.

Great care is requisite in its cultivation, and though it has been brought hitherto only from China, it is now grown to some extent in Luzon and Java, where there are several thousands of runaway Chinese, and it has been found to succeed at St. Helena.

So universal is the use of the plant, that one can scarcely enter a house, or a boat or shop, but that he sees the tea-pot and little cups standing ready.

The black tea country is nearest to Canton, being from two to five hundred miles distant, and the green tea country from seven to fifteen hundred.

The crops are gathered in the spring, and the length of time required for teas to arrive at Canton is somewhat immense, and exemplifies the primitive mode of travel and transportation still existing in China, and which the earliest travellers describe as if they wrote of it to-day.

The plants are cultivated by tea farmers, who make contracts with merchants, and deliver into their hands the leaves dried and partly prepared for market; the merchants pack them, and then they find their way slowly down the long canals in boats, and over the hills and mountain passes on the backs of men. Many a sun rises and sets; there is many a change from boat to boat; constant exertion is necessary to propel the heavy barge with poles along the waters; the costumes of various provinces vary as the boat goes on, the dialect of each is strange to the ears of the boatmen; the heat of the sun grows fierce, it shines no longer on the temperate regions, but glares on the ripened crops and verdant luxuriance of a tropical soil.

And soon the wide meadows around Canton, the haze of the city, the busy boats on its river, the river winding into distance, the villages and graceful pagodas afar off, promise the boon of rest to the crew, for their destination is won, and the crop

gathered in its native province in early spring reaches the great emporium in middle autumn.

Of the two teas, the Chinese drink the black altogether, neglecting the green entirely, excepting some of the finest kinds used as presents between persons of wealth and rank. The best varieties of either hue are picked earliest in the season, and the coarser kinds later.

Of the black, the flowery pekoe is the best, with an exquisite flavor, and consists partly of the buds of the plant mixed with the tender young leaves. Next to the pekoe is the souchong, which is also a fine tea of the second picking, and the best of this is packed in papers containing about half a pound each. Congo and bohea are the two lower grades; the last is strong in flavor and coarse in appearance, and part of the stems are always mixed with it; the first is sometimes of very good quality. The names of the greens, beginning with the lowest grades, are hyson skin and twankay, hyson, young hyson, gunpowder, and imperial. The twankay of the greens corresponds to the bohea of the blacks.

Hyson forms the great bulk of the green tea cargoes, and the best of it combines the two qualities of strength and delicacy.

Any one who takes the trouble to examine green and black teas, will not only note their difference of color, but that the green leaves are rolled closer and firmer than those of the other. Great trouble is required in its preparation; it comes from a more distant country, and therefore bears a higher price than the other.

There are two stories that many persons believe,

namely, that the green and black grow upon the same shrub, and that the greens acquire their hue from being dried on *copper*. Now the two tea countries, as we have before observed, are remote from each other, the leaves differ originally in size and hue, and the teas of all varieties are dried on *iron* pans, each one over a small furnace. The Chinese acknowledge, indeed, that the two teas may be produced from either plant, by artificial means, in coloring &c. ; and a few years since, when there was an immense demand for greens in the United States, the common blacks were made to serve their turn at the Island of Honam, which is opposite to Canton.

It is generally believed that the hue of the green teas is aided by coloring matter, for the finest qualities used by the rich as "cumshaws" or presents, have a yellowish tinge as if simply dried.

Each foreign house employs a tea inspector, or taster, whose business it is to examine samples of all the teas ; and the process of tasting, though very necessary, seems to a stranger rather a ridiculous piece of business. For instance, a taster has a certain lot of tea to examine.

Several samples selected from various chests are placed near him, and first of all he takes a large handful, smells it repeatedly, until little dots of the shrub decorate his red nose. Then he chews some of it, and records his opinion in a huge folio, wherein are chronicled the merits of every lot that he examines.

With all due deference to the importance of inspection, once or twice, when the taster did not exactly know what to say of the sample, the book would

bear witness that the "non-committal" parcel had "a decided tea flavor," an opinion resembling the fiat of a connoisseur in wines, who occasionally hits upon "a decided port flavor," when questioned as to the merits of a doubtful bottle. The East India Company's tea tasters were occasionally of eminent service in detecting frauds, and the negotiations for tea cargoes are always conducted through the inspectors.

The hongs front upon the river, stretching back into the suburbs.

Fancy a building twelve hundred feet long by from twenty to forty feet broad, and in some portions of it fifty feet high, built of brick, with its floor as level as a rope walk. These hongs are of one story, in some places open to the sky, and so long that at the end of one of them the human form diminishes, and we see beings engaged in occupation, and we hear no noise, for they steal along like shadows.

Here are immense scales for weighing tea; here are tables placed for superintendents, where the light falls in through the roof; far from these again are foreigners inspecting a newly arrived chop; at the extreme end is the little apartment where the tea merchant receives men upon business; and through the high door beyond, we see the lively river and a chop boat waiting, ready for the cargo.

In one part of the building a second story is added, for immense suits of beautiful rooms, furnished with costly elegance, and adorned with rarities and articles of virtue.

We wonder what all these chambers are meant for where no one appears, and we learn that they are

merely for show and the occasional reception of guests.

Here is a door that leads out on to the roof. Below us is the river, with its myriads of beings and boats; on our right the public square, with the standards of America, England, and France; opposite is the verdant island of Honam, with its villages, its canals, and its great temple.

On our left is another vista of river life, the fort of Dutch folly, and behind us the dense city. We descend and find in one of the pretty rooms that some servant, who has vanished, has placed the most aromatic of tea for us upon a superb table.

It is always the custom after three o'clock in the day to offer tea to strangers at all the honges, and perhaps the merchant wishes to make a good impression, and trusts that foreigners will be induced to purchase from him.

As we are about to depart, in comes a gentleman of lively bustling appearance, who hopes we are well, and is so very polite that we can scarcely get away from him.

This is Shingqua, the Chesterfield of Canton, and we must devote a special paragraph to this obsequious celestial.

Shingqua is as well known probably as any of the Chinese worthies from his sociable and easy manners, and from the interest he takes in every one at first sight.

Introduced to him, he asks your name, and then suddenly remembers to have seen you before, or some uncle or cousin in whom he claims a staunch friend; he hopes you will come and see him, and

talks of inundating you with cards; he claps his hands, smiles all the time, laughs at every observation you make, as if it sparkled with the wit of Sheridan, and half an hour afterwards forgets your face and name, reinters your old relations, and goes through with the same rigmarole the next time he meets you.

We were on the top of his house, enjoying the breeze and the prospect, and one of the party was sketching the scene of boats.

Shinqua came up, and though the paper presented only the faint outline scarcely discernible, he fell into ecstasies over it.

He held the office of purser (or foreman) for Pontinqua, a mandarin of rank, who was a large tea merchant at the same time.

Alas for Shinqua. Since my return from China the revulsions of trade have overtaken him, and always inflated, he has finally "busted."

The visitor will form some idea of the tea trade when he visits one hong after another, filled with tea, and sees cooleys bringing in chops, and sorting cargoes, packing, making leaden canisters, filling chop boats, and labelling the chests.

One who goes a short distance down the narrow street, behind the foreign factories, crosses the stone bridge that overarches the canal bordering the English garden, threads the carpenter's square, and takes two or three turns, will come to Samqua's hong, which is one of the largest in Canton.

A heavy gate, with brilliant figures painted on it, and adorned with enormous lanterns, swings yawning open and swallows you up. Just inside sits a

gatekeeper, at a little table, and he keeps count of the cooleys as they enter with chests of tea, and sees that they do not go out with any unless for good reasons.

Look down the length of the inclosure, and a busy scene presents itself. It is crammed almost to suffocation, with big square chests just from the tea regions, and piled up to the ceiling. Presently a string of cooleys, stretching out like a flock of wild geese, come past, and on some part of the hong set down chests enough to cover half an acre.

This tea, which arrives at the city in outlandish-looking boats, is unloaded in an incredibly short space of time by these half naked fellows. There are so many of the cooleys to be had for whistling, that a cargo of tea is nothing in their hands.

They work like bees, and fifty, or even twenty-five of them carrying, by the aid of their shoulder-bar and ropes, two chests of tea at each effort, will soon unload a boat.

“Reader, didst ever see a cooley — and for fear
That you should not, I’ll tell it you exactly.”

A cooley is a laborer or underling of every sort; he is an ubiquitous animal; he works at the scull of a boat and in a tea packhouse, he learns a trade and sweeps out a chamber.

His ideas are as limited as his means, and nearly as much so as his clothing; he works all day, and never grumbles at his lot; he is cheerful, and seems to enjoy life, though he lives on a few cents a day, and he sleeps soundly at night. Passing through a hong one day, I was forcibly impressed with the

apparent misery and the real happiness of the cooley's life. On the sides of the building, at considerable elevation from the ground, were some twenty or thirty shelves, intended for beds, arranged like the berths in a steamboat, consisting of rough boards with square wooden blocks for pillows. Each was inclosed by a coarse, blue mosquito netting, suspended on bamboo poles. A ladder was placed for the accommodation of the cooleys, and here they slept from January to December.

They were not bothered with nightgowns; they are never bewildered with the mysteries of the toilette, and have the advantage on arising of being dressed for the day.

But the cooley "cares for none of these things;" he eats his rice with an appetite, reads a story book with tolerable facility, and when he has a little leisure, plays cards with his fellow-laborers, or goes to a sing song or theatre, unmindful of the dress circle.

He is an implicit slave to the person who employs him, only he seems to have a share in the emolument of his occupation, judging from the keen interest he takes in it.

The teas are mostly brought into the hong in large sized chests, and repacked and sorted into smaller, according to the fancy of the purchaser.

All the business appertaining to the hong seems to be carried on inside of it; it is not only a place to store and sell teas in, but the chests are filled, closed, papered and marked within its bounds.

You will see different parts of the floor covered with boxes, some large and some small, and into

these the cooleys are shaking teas. Each box contains a canister of metal resembling tin, but which is not heavier than pasteboard, and may be cut with a penknife.

The ordinary teas are poured loosely in, and the better sorts are inclosed in the soft bamboo paper, and stamped with Chinese characters, each package being half a pound or more in weight. These are placed in the canister, which is then closed with a lid, and afterwards securely fastened down by the top of the chest. The canisters are made close by. Look around, and a few rods off you will see three or four expert hands turning the large sheets of the prepared metal into shape.

The operators, knowing the required size, have a cubic block placed on the metal sheet, which, capable of bending like paper, is folded over the block, and assuming its shape, the edges of the canisters are instantly soldered by a second hand. A third, with the aid of a wooden form, prepares the lids, and thus a knot of half a dozen workers, keeping steadily at their tasks, will make a large number of canisters in a day.

The teas being sorted into the required sized chests, are placed on the ground in long rows, and though the weight of each kind is known, the purchaser has the privilege of walking over them, and any one that he thinks particularly full, he may select as an average of the whole.

The cooleys and other workmen about the hong, are not more busy than the proprietors themselves. The tea merchants are generally men of intelligence, honesty, and liberality.

Should a chest of tea turn out to be spurious on its arrival in America, the purchaser has only to send to Canton a statement of the fact, and another is furnished of good quality without hesitation.

The old hong system being broken up, the number of tea traders has increased greatly, and much difference is noticeable between the ancient merchants and those of new growth.

The Cohong consisted of twelve or thirteen men, and they were all bound for each other. Business was thus conducted with them very safely and pleasantly.

At the head of these was Houqua, a merchant of more celebrity than any other Oriental. Distinguished for his immense wealth, his liberality, and his many kind acts to foreigners, he attained a great age, and died five or six years since sincerely lamented by all who ever had occasion to deal with him. It is a pleasant thing to hear of Houqua in Canton, nothing is ever said excepting in his praise. There are a great many anecdotes told of him.

It is said that a gentleman who had lately arrived in China, wished much to meet him, and at length being presented, began a rather formal speech about the pleasure of seeing him. Houqua was always ready for business, and in the midst of his harangue, cut him short with, "Hab got price current?"

The visitor at Canton can often tell Houqua's buildings and hong's at a glance, from their superior neatness and regularity; every thing that he owned looks as if it belonged to a methodical systematic merchant.

But one of his buildings, a fort on the river below

Canton, has been undermined by the current and destroyed.

It stood upon a point of land where the river forks, and during the British invasion, the Chinese threw stones into the stream at both passages, to prevent the foreigners ascending. The current thus pent up, swept over the point, undermining the fort, which in a short time was utterly carried away.

The wealth of Houqua made him a conspicuous mark for the rapacity of the mandarins, and he was, according to an expressive term, well *squeezed* by them, and his credulity was played upon by those vilest of the clerical profession, Buddhist priests.

So much importance is attached to the rites of burial in China, that priests are often employed to look for a sacred place for interment, and Houqua being anxious that his father's bones should repose in holy ground, paid the priests for many years to search for the required spot.

Of course these worthy ministers were baffled in their search from year to year, as long as there was any chance that Houqua would pay. In this manner for more than twenty years the ashes of the hong merchant's father were kept above ground, and Houqua's son, with the same commendable but mistaken zeal, now fees the lying wretches, and the old man in his turn is still unburied.

But with all his wealth and influence, Houqua had less power than the lowest mandarin. He had the privilege of the state dress, purchased from the government for an immense sum, but this conferred nothing more than show, and at the beck of power he was likely to be stripped of it in an instant.

In China wealth is no avenue to power, and is always subordinate to talent; and any one, who by merit had risen from the lowest grade, had a better chance of filling the highest offices of the empire than Houqua by the aid of money solely.

One of the most beautiful of the American traders has been named after him, and a more rapid sailer seldom spreads her white canvass to the breeze.

Samqua, whose hong we have mentioned, is also quite celebrated, not only for his mercantile reputation, but for his handsome face and perfect moustaches.

He has been one of the most fortunate of the Canton merchants; he has managed to retire with a large property, and has entered public life, and received some post of honor in the north of China.

Linchong is another of well-earned reputation; he has not been so fortunate, however, having found out that hong merchants fail as well as less favored mortals.

About the season that the teas come down to Canton, the Chinese dealers come to the foreign factories with musters or samples of them, in nice little tin canisters, with the name of the owner written on paper, pasted down the sides, and you can approve and select such as you like; the hong is filled ready for your purchases, and you have but to name the quantity.

The business of all the hong is in great measure conducted through the pursers.

They act between the Chinese and the foreigners; they bring in the accounts to the shipping houses, and also receive orders for cargoes. One of the best

known of the Canton pursers is Punhoyqua's; he goes by the English title of Fat-boy, and answers to the name readily. Indeed he considers it one of honor, and has never heard of Dickens.

He is quite an amusing character, very sociable with foreigners, and never refuses a glass of wine if he happens to come in about dinner time. But give Fat-boy an order for tea, to have a certain quantity put up in small boxes within a certain time, and it is done even at shorter notice than the limit.

Go to Punhoyqua's shortly after the order has been given, and numbers of workmen are employed for you; some bringing in the small boxes, others filling them, and others again securing them firmly with rattans. Some are occupied in pasting on the labels, on which are printed the name of the vessel, of the tea merchant, of the tea, of the Canton forwarding house, also the initials of the purchasing house, and the number of the lot. These papers are printed rapidly, for they are cut by one set of hands to the proper size for the use of the others who stamp them.

The names of the Chinese merchant, of the tea, and of the Canton houses, are stereotyped, and only the initials, the ship's name, and number, are to be cut.

These are carved in blocks of wood, and the whole fastened into a frame.

Then in a little space, just large enough for work, a Chinese will sit down, snatch up a paper in one hand, and stamp it instantly with the wooden block letters, which are moistened with the coloring mixture used in printing.

The typographer has no immense establishment, with signs on the outside of "Book and Job Printing," but he and his materials occupy no more space than is absolutely necessary, and this is one of the many ways in which things are done in China.

The myriads of people aid each other. One set of men continually perform one part of an operation, and then their work passes to another set for the next step.

They have often been likened to bees, and the comparison holds well, excepting that there are no drones among the Chinese. Their most absolute law is work or starve.

When the teas are fairly ready to be conveyed to the ships, heavy cargo boats are moored at the foot of the hong, its crew prepare for the chop, and the cooleys within the hong stand ready to carry the chests.

Every box is properly weighed, papered, and bound with split rattan, the bill of the purchase has gone duly authenticated to the foreign factories, and the teas bid farewell to their native soil.

The word is given, the cooleys, place each his two chests in the ropes swinging from his shoulder bar, lifts them from the ground, and with a brisk walk carries them on board the chop-boat, where they are welcomed with open arms, and comfortably stowed away.

As each chest is carried out of the hong, a fellow stands ready, and as if he was about to stab the chest, thrusts at each one, two sharp sticks, with red ends, leaving them jammed between the rattan and

the tea-box; one of these sticks is taken out when the chest leaves the chop-boat, and the other by a hand when it reaches the deck, and as soon as one hundred chests are passed into the ship, the sticks are counted, and thus serve as tallies.

In the busy season the chop boats are seen pushing down the river with every favorable tide. The current runs like a mill-race, and the broad bottomed cargo lighters can scarcely do aught against it.

They start for the vessels at any hour of the day or night as soon as the water begins to rush again towards the sea.

The crew do not seem to care whether the passage to Whampoa takes two days or two hours, and wonder extremely why the captain of the ship is in a hurry.

Nearly every chop boat contains a whole family, father, mother, and children; all assist in working her, and sometimes an old grandparent is included in the domestic circle. At the stern of the boat the wife has a little cooking apparatus, and prepares the cheap rice, for the squad of eager gormandizers, who bolt down quantities, without fear of indigestion.

The family sit down on the deck, the men keep an eye to the wind and a hand on the tiller, the mother knots the cord that goes around the baby's waist into an iron ring, and feeling secure from fears of "a man overboard," chats sociably, occasionally enforcing a mild reproof to a vagabond scion, by a tap on the head with her chop-stick. They have but one dish, rice, rice, rice, and of a very ordinary sort and of a pink color, but they seem to thrive upon it. The meal over, the men smoke their pipes

of peace, and the mother washes her cooking utensils with water drawn from the muddy river, and then strapping her infant on to her back, overhauls the scanty wardrobe, and mends the ragged garments.

It is singular to see how accurately the chop-boat is brought alongside of the ship that it is destined for.

No matter how strong the wind blows or the tide runs, the sails are trimmed as occasion requires, and the big scull does its offices without fail. The boat runs under the quarter, scrapes along the edge, the ropes are thrown, caught, and belayed, and the crew prepare for passing the cargo into the vessel's hold.

The tea chests are handed in one by one from the chop-boat to the deck, and by means of slanting boards lodged in the hold.

The stevedores that load the ships are very smart active men. They have also good heads, and measuring the length, breadth, and height of the hold, calculate pretty accurately how many chests the ship will carry, and the number of small boxes to be squeezed into narrow places.

When the hold is full, the hatch is fastened down and caulked, as exposure to the salt air injures the teas.

The very finest qualities are so delicate, that they cannot be exported; as however tightly sealed, their flavor during a sea voyage would deteriorate.

As soon as the merchants who come down from the north with their lots of teas have disposed of them, they go back to their own country rejoicing.

When I was in Canton the Yekking chop of tea, which is considered the best that comes to market,

was purchased by Russell & Co. for a house in the United states, and as a compliment to Yeckhing, he and his suite were invited to dine sociably. The invitation was accepted with due thanks for the honor, and the august party came at the appointed hour.

The Chinese servant boys, who waited on the table, were especially unwilling to display to their countrymen their degradation in serving foreigners, and about dinner time, with one accord, left the premises.

But it fortunately happened that this came to the ears of one of the most energetic members of the house, who instantly threatened to "cuttee the count" of any boy who refused to serve the table.

Now in plain English, to "cuttee the count" of a Chinaman is to keep no longer an account with him, whereby he may derive pecuniary benefit, and this terrible ostracism is an affair of almost as much moment as having his tail pruned. So the boys with smothered indignation returned to their places.

Unable to speak English, the guest whom Russell & Co. delighted to honor was attended by a linguist, a gentleman who is supposed to be a scholar, but who only succeeded in torturing harsh Chinese into the ridiculous jargon called China-English.

The whole party were evidently pleased with the appearance of the entertainment, and in their turn afforded some amusement to the Europeans, by their awkward efforts in carving their food; they holding their knives and forks perpendicularly, and sawing furiously. They seemed especially to wonder at the raisins which appeared with the desert, and several

of them took a bunch, and carefully wrapped it in their handkerchiefs.

They drank very little wine, and only seemed to like the lighter kinds.

At length the gentleman at the head of the table rose, and proposing Yeckhing's health, made a little speech which the linguist translated into Chinese; and when the toast was drank, Yeckhing drained off his glass, and joined in the cheers which arose on all sides.

Shortly afterwards Yeckhing rose, and in his turn, made, in newspaper phrase, "a neat and appropriate reply," which was rendered by the linguist somewhat as follows:

"Yeckhing, chin chin the gentlemen alla proper. Yeckhing very much oblige to soup-carg, who have wantchee buy him cargo pigeon. He chin chin gentlemen good voyagee, hopee go home his country No. 1 good, and catchee many per cent."

The meaning of this was; Yeckhing thanks the gentlemen assembled, for their polite attention, and is very much obliged to the supercargo who bought his chop; he wishes him a pleasant return voyage, and hopes that he will derive a handsome profit on the purchase.

Soon the old man rose to go, and having shaken hands with every one in the most cordial manner, he slowly found his way out of the dining room in a series of almost everlasting bows. The spectacle was certainly amusing as a specimen of Chinese manners, and if he watched us as narrowly as we did him, he must have stamped us as thoroughly barbarian. For before he was half across the room,

it was quite useless to think of returning each bow that he made, and I for one felt somewhat as General Jackson, who became so tired at one of his levees with bowing and shaking hands, that at last he could only wink at the people presented; and as Jack Downing, who relates the story, "kinder reached around a hand, and shook for the Ginerel," so I should have been happy had a friend in need appeared and patiently returned the innumerable bows and scrapes of Yeckhing and his polite party.

The tea plant, so essentially the production of China, and as yet cultivated with complete success, no where else belongs in the vegetable kingdom to the natural order of Columniferæ, and has a white blossom.

The stem is bushy, with numerous branches, and very leafy. The plant grows to the height of three to six feet.

It is a mild narcotic, and in all probability perfectly harmless, as the Chinese universally drink it very strong, without sugar or milk. The tea shrub is a very hardy plant, growing readily from the equator to the 45° of latitude.

But in China, strange as it may seem, the cultivation of tea is restricted to five provinces, viz., Quantung, Fokien, Kiangnan, Kiangsi, and Chekiang.

Fokien is most celebrated for its blacks, and Kiangnan for greens.

It is only from these provinces that tea is brought for the great export demand, though it is grown in every other for mere local consumption. Tea is also produced in Japan and Cochin China.

It grows best in a hilly country, and great care and skill are requisite for its successful culture.

The climate that suits it best in China seems to be that of the country included between the twenty-fifth and thirty-third degrees of north latitude, and between the one hundred and twenty-second degrees of east longitude; the plants do not yield a crop under two or three years.

The tea trade has been carried on about two centuries, but for the first few years its progress was very slow.

In 1664 the East India Company imported about two pounds of it as a present to the king of England, and in 1667 they only brought home one hundred pounds of it. Since that period the trade has been steadily increasing, and now upwards of forty millions of pounds of tea are imported into Great Britain, and eight to twelve millions to the United States.

In the years 1844 and 1845, (the time of my visit,) the season beginning the 1st of July, the amount of teas sent to the United States to the 13th of January, 1845, was more than nine million pounds, and five months and a half remained of the season, and many ships remained in Whampoa.

To accommodate the increasing product of many years, the great honges of Canton have been built, and truly they present a wonderful monument of Chinese industry and method. They border on the river in continuous succession for more than a mile, all busy, all resounding with the noise of toil, and ready to pour forth their stores at a moment's warning.

And besides the hong^s that Europeans visit, on one side of the river and in one quarter of the city, are scattered vast store-houses on the Honam bank, and others above the Shan^{ee}m district, which, though in a manner shut out from European eyes, contribute to the great account.

Some idea of the life, bustle, and magnitude of the hong^s, the persons they employ, the capital they circulate, and the immensity and importance of the trade to which they are devoted, may be formed by those who have visited the bazaars of Constantinople, or the mighty docks of London.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAMPOA.

THE town of Whampoa is a sort of intermediate resting place between Macao and Canton. It is situated on a little island ten or twelve miles below the great city, and known as the anchorage ground of all the foreign ships. The scenery around it is pleasant, several islets are formed in the sinuosities of the stream, which are studded here and there with small villages, each crowded with swarms of population.

The town of Whampoa is hardly perceptible from the river, for it is placed in the centre of its island, and almost concealed from view by the lofty trees planted around its walls. The meadows that stretch to the edge of the water, are green, luxurious, cultivated, and irrigated with tortuous canals, and bordering one side of the island cluster the wretched huts of the poorest of the population, and which are often mistaken for the town itself.

The ships all lie below the town, the American and smaller English vessels in one part of the river, called Whampoa Reach, while the enormous India-men, like an imposing fleet of men-of-war, choose deeper water, and anchor still further down the river in Blenheim Reach.

The great pagoda forms a most conspicuous landmark, and may be seen for many miles from the deck of a vessel approaching anchorage. Another ancient and ruined tower stands on the summit of a lofty hill, close to the lower mooring ground, and has for many centuries looked down upon strange fleets of stranger nations, though the religious ceremonies to which it was dedicated were forgotten by the natives of the soil long before the first western bark cast anchor in those waters.

The foreign fleets form a sort of city in themselves; the life they display is quite peculiar, interesting, and agreeable.

The crews, of course, have but little holiday, and it is necessary that they should be kept steadily at work to debar them from mischief, but the captains while in port have a jolly time of it. They visit and dine with each other, sail boats, amuse themselves with the Chinese, and brag of their ships.

They are of all sorts, sizes, complexions, tempers, and dispositions, as various as the magnitude and rig of their vessels.

There are English, Danish, Dutch, French, and American ships, barks, brigs, and schooners.

The most conspicuous of all are the Indiamen. Some of these confine their voyages to trade between Canton and Bombay or Calcutta, and others sail around the Cape of Good Hope to merry England. These vessels have two or three tiers of gun ports, and go heavily armed. In time of war they are capable of being converted into perfect line of battle ships, and have occasionally done eminent service in beating off and capturing hostile vessels.

They require numbers to man them, and are usually worked by Lascars, the Indian sailors. These creatures are feeble, timid, and very sensitive to cold, but sail for almost nothing, live on a little rice, and are well fitted to endure the raging heats of Asia. They are commanded by English officers, who speak their Hindostanee language, and are for the most part treated like dogs; when their work is done, they stretch themselves on the open deck, and sleep in their clothes. Half a dozen of them will not equal in energy, strength, and fitness for duty one good Anglo-Saxon sailor.

An English captain, who came on board our barque of three hundred and fifty tons, learned to his surprise that she was worked by ten hands, and said that his brig of two hundred and forty tons was short-handed with fifty Lascars.

The Indiamen of large size are manned of course proportionately, and nothing can look more imposing than one of these three deckers coming down the river.

If the weather is calm, the crew are employed in kedging to the animated sound of a fife, and the decks are swarming with dusky turbaned beings.

One of these vessels, the Balcarris, so named from an English earl, was capable of stowing twenty-four thousand chests of tea in her hold, not a pound being put on her main deck. Her accommodations were unrivalled, her dining-room forty feet long, and all her interior arrangements for comfort and luxury thoroughly systematized.

Many of these ships are built of teak, which is almost as hard as adamant, and capable of resisting

the elements for a century, and excepting that East Indiamen are generally overrun with cockroaches, they are the most comfortable vessels in the world.

We took a sampan one day, and pulled around to the different ships; we went to the Indiamen, and were treated in royal style, and from them to an old Danish vessel that had been hogged in launching, and nevertheless had sailed successfully for twenty-six years. We were heartily welcomed by a rotund officer, who spoke in gutturals that smacked of Copenhagen, kindly enveloped in clouds of redolent tobacco smoke, and made half drunk by the continuous taste of "schnapps," as it gurgled into the same tall slender glasses that sparkle in the light of Teniers.

Then we saw an opium schooner, with her heavy guns run out inquiringly, a large crew of "rough and readys," and a commander with a firm set mouth and hair trigger eye.

We visited a genuine "down easter," a ship that had formerly been on the coast of Sumatra, cheating in pepper for Salem deacons. We found the mate in his shirt sleeves; he observed that it was "dreadful warm weather," called to the steward for an apple pie, to "take and make some lemonade," and said "the way these here Chinese doo smash round the tea-boxes you have no idee on't."

When a vessel arrives at Whampoa she is boarded by three sets of beggars, the compradores, the wash-women and the physicians. The first of these are respectable; they open an account, supply the vessel with fresh provisions, never cheat when they have the slightest fear of detection, and take the pigs

ashore occasionally, squeeze the young ones breathless, and then bring them on board to show that they died natural deaths.

The washerwomen only dye the begrimmed accumulations of the voyage with a deeper hue by soaking them in the river. They are poor, honest, amphibious animals.

But the doctors thrive in the general squallor of Whampoa. This is about as unhealthy a quagmire as China affords, for the immense banks of alluvial mud, left dry at low water, give rise to pestilent, fever-breeding exhalations. The practitioners have found this out; they call a sickly month a good season; they shower professional cards as thick as snow storms; they are so occupied in soliciting business, that they forget to deliver their letters of introduction till they are about to leave you; they happen in before seven in the morning, and kindly remain to breakfast; they kill immediately, or cure, in course of time; and, punctual to the last, bring in a bill as long as the ship's manifest.

Seriously speaking, I never elsewhere met with such a series of quacks as those who infest Whampoa. Sometimes vessels coming in will ship their cargoes at short notice, and again remain several weary months in port, and in this case the doctors are delighted.

If the stay is short, the captain looks dignified and important; has lengthened conversations with compradores, replenishes his small stores in a hurry, and goes to Canton and signs his bills of lading with energetic speed. It is usual to present ships with a new letter bag on taking leave. This is of snowy

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canvass, with the vessel's name neatly stamped, and stands with open jaws to swallow Jonah-like the letters, which writers deposit for friends half way round the globe. The last bill is signed, the bag shuts its mouth to further entreaty, the captain shoulders it, bids adieu, hurries to his boat, his ship weighs anchor, and makes sail unceremoniously.

But if the ship is destined to long anchorage, the master does nothing in a hurry.

If he escapes the fever, he is fortunate; he has his ship properly cleaned and painted from truck to keelson; coils away odds and ends of unsightly rope, and leans on his oars of patience till it shall please the supercargo to return.

Boston Jack may frequently be seen on board the American ships. This worthy derives his name from "the town of Bosting," and has most probably forgotten that he has a Chinese name, as he answers to the other so readily. He is a good specimen of his race, and quite a gentleman in his appearance and manner.

He has a small pen for a house, built on piles at the edge of the river, and several storehouses adjoining, where he keeps every thing that a ship can require, from spare spars down to India pale ale.

He manufactures chicken coops, and supplies food for the feathered bipeds, and hangs fondly over the pigpen. When due notice is given to him that the services of the porkers are once more needed on board ship, he puts them into a boat and pulls alongside.

At his bidding, a rope run through a block at the main yard arm, and terminating in a noose, is low-

ered to him, and passing the tightened cord under the projecting tusks of the animals, he beholds them in melancholy succession go aloft while the whole river resounds with their pathetic yells.

They sound to him like a requiem, for he has conceived an almost fatherly fondness for the grunterns, while they have been sheltered under his hospitable roof; and it seems like severing ties of affection when the hard-hearted crew enjoy the fun and recall his playmates.

Jack has an account book, and in justice to him keeps it honestly, and supplies the vessels with the best of fresh meats and vegetables every day; he makes a present to the captain as he is about to leave, and when the vessel is weighing anchor, he comes alongside, and puts into the hands of an urchin a pack of crackers to set fire to, as a chin chin, or farewell, or bon voyage.

The youngster mightily enjoys to hear the crackers fiz and bang, but he unites economy and thrift with pleasure.

He has the crackers suspended to the end of a pole, and a kind of net beneath them, so that any that may fall unexploded he prevents from going into the water and keeps them, through Jack's liberality, as a perquisite for his trouble.

Not the least heroic actions of the captains in port are the sharp lookouts they keep for river pirates. These fellows, though seldom seen near the vessels, hold a rod of terror over the peaceful Chinese, and plunder them whenever they have a good opportunity.

If detected and captured their heads are cut off

without the slightest compunction, and, during my visit, some thirty at one time were decapitated on the Aceldama of Canton.

The Ladrones, in old days, were formidable foes, and though they were finally overcome, their rascally descendants have the will, without the power, of cutting as many throats as their ancestors.

But it is time that we leave the ships and go ashore.

We may enter the town from Jack's house, and pass through a line of houses and shops of the most wretched description to reach it, and then must traverse several fields before we come to Whampoa proper.

The shops were mean and dirty, and their proprietors evidently very poor; they seemed to have nothing to sell beyond joss sticks, cheap tea, and ordinary rice.

In one shop we saw a fellow engaged in beating some kind of grain. He had a large stone basin and a heavy pestle attached to a board, and turning on a pivot, and supporting his hands by means of a bar resting on upright supports at the side of the basin, he, by means of treading on the end of the board, with each foot alternately, gave to the pestle a constant and equal motion.

It fell as regularly as a steam trip-hammer, and China certainly has no need of labor-saving machines when her dense population perform every act as well if not quite as rapidly without them.

The path we pursued was of stone, about two feet broad, leading through the beautiful meadows, and so it is all over China.

In the greater part of the empire there are no roads at all, and mandarins, bearing important dispatches, ride along these paths on horseback. They are of granite, which much resembles ours, and a little elevated above the level of the fields. There are so many people to a square mile in China, that there is little room to spare for public highways, and no necessity for them, as men occupy the place of beasts of burthen.

The fields also have no fences, and are divided by little trenches, irrigated, and not more than two or three inches broad, to occupy as little space as possible.

The public buildings in the suburbs of Whampoa are on a corresponding scale of magnificence with the shops, the principal one being a low, long, dismal custom-house for fixing duties on goods that never enter it, and in charge of a fat official who never has any thing to do.

The sign manual of his authority is a red flag-staff, with a sort of landing near the top, and an ensign above it suspended to a slanting stick. Beneath the shadow of this broad pennant the favored understrapper displays his dignity, and, like the publican, rejoices that he is not as other men are.

Whampoa being only a puffed-up village, of course has no great show to offer in officers of government, but such as they are they seem to evince the same grandity of spirit as their more elevated compeers in large cities; for, after traversing the fields, and being about to enter the town, which seemed to invite our attention, we were surprised to hear a

loud call behind us, and turning around saw waddling along a puffing officer, who, with an air worthy of an emperor, told us not to enter the gates by any means.

Finding that absolute commands were not precisely calculated to effect his wishes, he had recourse to entreaty, and said he was fearful of the consequences if we attempted to force our way. We yielded to his desires, and he seemed pleased, and, in justice to the herd of ragamuffins who followed him, I must say that they displayed commendable zeal in bawling at us menacingly as soon as our backs were turned. They had hesitated, while we stood in an attitude of parley, but at the proper moment showed their determination that the sanctity of Whampoa should not be disturbed.

We turned from the gates, which were strongly built in a stone arch with embrasures on either side for cannon, and struck into a by-path leading into the burying ground. It was a much more beautiful cemetery than I had expected to find in heathen China, and bore a favorable contrast to many of the ghostly grave-yards that appal the heart around our own cities.

The spot devoted to the ashes of the Chinese, who had made their home upon this little island, was sequestered and beautiful.

It was set apart from the fields, and occupied one side of a gently shelving hill, and looked as though no interments had taken place in it for some time. Gigantic trees were scattered at intervals, and threw a deep shade down upon the silent tombs. The grass was short and green, and the whole appear-

ance of the secluded place bore testimony to the reverential care which the Chinese bear to the last resting ground of their ancestors. It is the same in the remotest hamlet of the empire; the sire claims the willing affection of the son as long as life lasts, and when death shuts him out of the busy throng, the child, as an instinctive duty, pays the rites of burial his profound respect, and yearly repairs to the sacred grave of his father.

It is not that custom urges him to comply with the annual visit to the tombs; the yearning of filial piety looks beyond the portal of futurity, and though his ideas of another state may be vague and dreamy, he so associates them with life itself, that he would feel as if neglecting a living being dependent on him, were he to fail in his tribute to the dead.

Christianity teaches mankind the absolute necessity of a spiritual existence. Paganism cannot withhold from the heathen this essential truth, but does not instruct him how to prepare for it.

The burying-grounds, as I have observed in the former part of this chapter, are always on the side of a barren hill, and great care is exercised in selecting not only a favorable spot for individual interment, but for the cemetery itself.

A site that looks towards any expanse of water is considered a fortunate location, which was the case in the ground of Whampoa, it being almost in sight of the shipping.

The forms of the tombs are singular; they are precisely in shape of the Greek omega ω , appropriately signifying, as many writers on China have remarked, the end of all things.

• They are covered on the top with sodded earth, which is kept carefully neat and trimmed, and on either side of the door of the tomb are cut deep in the hard granite, a few characters. No pompous and lying inscription blazons to the stranger the virtues and the actions of the poor tenant within, but his age, his name, and that of his sovereign, appear instead.

The Chinese think as much of decent funeral ceremonies as the simple negroes on our southern plantations, and every family on the mournful occasion spends to the utmost of its power in paying ample reverence to the inanimate clay.

The corpse is dressed in the finest apparel; candles and incense are burned, and with Buddhists, the soul of the departed is especially prayed for out of purgatory or hell. The Buddhist hell is full of terrible punishments, and the representations of it on rice paper are often mistaken for genuine Chinese punishments.

These scenes of infernal vengeance may sometimes be found in Picture street in Canton, with every species of torture depicted that an inquisition could devise.

Some are divided into two representations, one showing the criminal brought prisoner before his judge, and made to behold every act of his life in a mirror held up to his gaze, and below are legions of demons ready to spit him before a furnace, or saw him into shreds with impatient glee.

Observances connected with death vary in different provinces of the empire; in some a hole is cut in the roof of the house, to allow the ghost of the

departed to quit the mansion with all possible speed, and the wailing of the females in a family is every where prevalent.

Music, which in other countries is entirely excluded from all except military funerals, is common in China, during the time that the body remains in the house, and in procession to the place of interment.

During the ceremony of burial, pieces of paper money are scattered to propitiate any demons that may be supposed lurking about, and representations of clothes, animals, and necessary utensils of diminutive size, formed of paper, are burned for the use of the defunct in another world.

Some of our Indian tribes were accustomed to have their horses, &c. buried with them; the Chinese count the cost, and are quite satisfied with the shadow instead of the substance.

The coffins used by the Chinese are peculiar in shape, and wholly different from those of western nations. They are cylindrical, resembling the trunk of a tree, and made of very hard, heavy wood, impervious to damp and insects.

Within they are hollowed to the required shape, and the sides are of immense thickness. They are made smooth, carefully sealed and varnished with a gum of such adhesive quality, that it resists the inroads of time, and prevents the remains from being at all offensive to the smell.

Canton is supposed to produce the best coffins in the empire, which leads some who have a choice of location to wish to breathe their last within its walls; but be that as it may, the manufacture of them is a very large and important branch of trade.

Every one who dies is anxious, or rather his friends are solicitous, that he should have as fine a coffin as means will permit, and thus the tariff of prices ranges from fifty to one thousand dollars.

As the rich are sometimes unburied for many years, as in the case of Houqua's father, it is a matter of some moment to have a fitting repository for the remains; and thus necessity as well as pride will dictate a large expenditure.

The coffins, even after they are carried to the cemetery, are not always put under ground; they are often suspended a foot above the surface from cross-sticks, and thus exposed to wind and weather, remain for years.

Several of those in the Whampoa grave-yard are thus situated, and the peculiar reasons for this mode of preservation I do not know.

There are no grave-yards in Chinese cities; the people always seek a sequestered spot, as they have a great horror of exposing or removing the bones of their dead.

The family of the deceased person set up a stone tablet in the house, inscribed with the name and virtues of the departed, and keeping lamps burning near, make a kind of shrine to which they pay their devotions.

Near relatives mourn several months; they allow their hair to grow, take the red silk out of their tails, and put in white, and put on white or gray dresses, the apparel of mourning.

To introduce a ludicrous anecdote on a grave subject, may seem profanation, but I cannot forbear to introduce again my old shopkeeper friend Chong-shing.

I met him one morning vested in the pale hue of grief. I asked him the matter, and he said, "My son have die, to-morrow I be very angry inside;" meaning, probably, that he should be very sorry on the day of the funeral.

When the mighty Emperor dies, his subjects as one man are called upon to mourn for him. No amusements take place for one hundred days, the people deplore him as a parent, even in the most distant hut of his dominions.

What other sovereign is mourned for at one and the same period of time by three hundred and sixty millions of his own subjects?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ENVIRONS OF CANTON.

THOUGH the liberty of the foreigner in Canton is almost entirely restricted to the reeking suburbs of the seething city, yet there are several spots adjacent towards which he may direct his steps, and enjoy a pure atmosphere.

The nearest and most attractive of all these points is the island of Honam, which is formed in the river directly opposite to the city.

It is several miles in extent, is covered with numerous crowded villages, beautifully cultivated fields, has numbers of heavy forts, and is distinguished above all for its enormous Buddhist temple, in which a herd of vile priests lead a solitary and monastic life.

We formed a party one afternoon, to visit the island; we were accompanied by Dr. Parker, a gentleman of distinguished attainments, and widely known as a zealous missionary, and who upon this occasion acted as interpreter.

We descended the stone steps at the foot of the garden, and found as usual a number of clamorous sampan owners, and selecting an old lady about sixty, squeezed ourselves, some eight in number, into her boat.

I never knew before the elastic qualities of a sampan; though in appearance only just large enough for two persons, four times as many, and the old woman added, making nine in all, were safely ferried over.

The swiftly running current forms a number of whirlpools, called chow-chow water, and it was a study to see how thoroughly the boat-woman understood the whole of these disturbers of the public peace, how she edged along some of the big dangerous fellows, and disregarding others, sent the rapid sampan directly through them.

As we approached the Honam shore, we descried several canals running from the river into the island, and the houses built along them had steps leading to the water as to a sidewalk, and balconies overhung the muddy current. The whole aspect of these canals, their narrow winding spaces, the glimpses of sky seen between the high buildings, the overarching bridges, and the sampans flitting to and fro, not unlike in shape to gondolas, bore a startling resemblance to Venice.

We landed at the foot of old worn stone steps, built in the bank of the island, and overshadowed by several gigantic trees, which among other uses formed a cheap tent for beggars to congregate under, and gave shelter to several dealers in confectionary.

The streets in this suburb were of the most wretched description. Narrow and filthy beyond any that I had ever seen before, they were swarming with the very scum of China's populace; the shops were dingy, small, and if we may believe that rascals

exist in the Celestial Empire, they seemed to be all congregated in them, so keen and ravenous did their keepers look.

They had evidently false balances to cheat in every way, and selling goods fairly was an indiscretion that they never committed in the course of their lives.

We encountered a coffin maker who was aptly placed on a corner, as if to remind men of the turning point in their lives, but he looked fat and cheerful, despite his grim occupation.

He had a number of workmen engaged in sawing the enormous boards into the proper shape, and going through every process connected with the business, and a number of the finished receptacles reposed on shelves. Close by was a dealer in the paper clothes, spoken of in the previous chapter; these were about large enough for a baby's doll, and colored according to the taste of the buyer, so that if a person, while on earth, was at all particular in the hue of his clothes, his wishes in that respect might be exactly complied with.

We left the houses and the dingy suburbs behind us, and stretched out into the country. We found that the flag-stone pavement of the street extended to the open meadows, and formed the foot-path, the sole species of road to be found in the south of China.

Our way led us along the bank of one of the canals; we saw the same life among the boats as on the kindred river; even this little Honam island, that in our own country would be left in the midst of its embracing stream utterly wild, had been

deemed worthy of being pierced with canals, and planted and peopled.

We saw numbers of people in the fields, and wherever we turned, at some little distance a cluster of dwellings glistened in the view.

We came in a little while to a man seated at a table before his house, and he was engaged in making pearl buttons from the shell; he was very expert, and with the aid of a few apparently rude, but in his hands, serviceable instruments, he was able to make several hundred buttons in a day. These are afterwards sent to Canton, and exported in considerable quantities to England and America.

We continued our way, and our attention was soon engrossed by another object. At the end of one of the common villages of the dead, covered with time-worn tomb-stones, we saw a fellow, a sort of priest, the keeper of a private altar, and whose noble profession it was to humbug his countrymen.

He had a little sort of shrine with a deaf idol in it, some smoking joss sticks and some magic slips of bamboo.

His victim, in this instance, was a woman, a creature of the lower class, who was poor, but not poorer than the hour she was born, and yet she came to this solitary spot to pray for riches. What the amount of her desires was I had no opportunity of judging, but she was evidently a fervent worshipper, though under the spell of the creature that batten on her necessities, and made her poorer still by stealing from her mite.

The owner of the shrine kindly invited us to go

away, lest we should frighten the woman from her devotions, and deprive him of his fee; but she, with a better feeling, declared she was not afraid of us, and begged that we would remain.

Presently she was joined by a female companion, and they both lit pieces of paper and threw them in the air, and then tossed up the magic bamboos, and interpreted their fate according as they fell.

They finally kneeled down and bowed their heads to the ground repeatedly, and uttered a kind of prayer.

When they arose, the one who had interceded for us, put into the hands of the speculator in prophecies his fee, from which the unconscionable scoundrel did not offer to deduct the smallest discount for ready money. Whether the old lady ever came into possession of her fortune is very doubtful, and the keeper of the shrine, like the proprietor of a lottery office, no doubt wished her better luck next time.

When the votaries had departed, the auger chuckled over his gains, snuffed out his joss sticks, and stood on the *qui vive* for another flat.

We proceeded unmolested along the flag-stone path, and every now and then came to a village, each exactly built, so as to filch from the cultivable land no more space than might just suffice for the crowded tenements. In every village seemed to be some spot a few feet square, with a flag-staff in its centre, and a dirty looking squeezing shop or government hole, with a greasy official in it, whose greatest amusement it was to come to the door of his den, and stare at Fanquis, as if he had never seen them before.

The people, too, and the women especially, with the inherent curiosity of the sex, would assemble in little select knots of eight or ten, and try to look us out of countenance; the children in arms were held up to see and imbibe a hatred of the pale devilish race that intruded, and the men were mostly too busy in the fields to notice us.

The day was warm, and the laborers were almost entirely divested of clothing, the meadows were swarming with them engaged in hoeing the earth around the vegetables, which bore evidence of the skill and care upon them. Never have I seen better specimens of the agriculturist's hand; the earth seemed to be as fine as if it had been sifted through wire work, and the plants were green and luxuriant.

In various places along the line of pathway, were pits for compost and manure of various kinds, among which, no doubt, some of the tonsors savings from the shaven craniums of Canton found their place, and these pits were kept dry by drains which went all through the fields, and allowed superfluous moisture to run down towards the low grounds of the island, and were further protected by coverings of straw.

They have also separate pits for liquid manure, of which vast quantities are used, and with which they moisten the plants themselves in preference to putting it into the ground before the vegetables have grown.

Along the same path that we were walking in single file, every few moments a laborer would come at his dog-trot, and by his grunt give us warn-

ing to get out of the way. Each one carried, by means of the eternal bar and ropes, two baskets of manure.

To carry a single one would be more inconvenient, so economy is united with labor, and the cooley, like John Gilpin, carries weight on either side.

The instruments of agriculture in use among the Chinese are more like those of other nations than might be expected; a heavy hoe seems to be the principal implement, and by means of it the laborer performs a great part of his work.

But the nearest resemblance of any article in China to one of European manufacture devoted to the same purpose, is the winnowing machine.

This is precisely similar to that in use in our own land, and in fact is the origin of ours. I was one day in a shop in Canton, and was surprised to see one, and still more when I learned that it was of *bona fide* Chinese work. The machine was in the first instance carried to Holland, thence was sent to England, and finally imported into the United States.

We saw in the fields men and women performing every part of the tillage, and only two or three specimens of the roughest buffaloes that can be imagined, constituted the live stock of the farms of Honam.

Human beings, though low enough in the scale of existence in China, are not yoked into ploughs, and these little buffaloes are kept for the purpose.

They are very small and strong, and pasture as they best can on barren waste lands, which the people do not care to cultivate, and they may often be

seen along the banks of the river endeavoring to gain an honest livelihood.

A great portion of the fields are covered with rice, of which there are two kinds, the white and the coarse pink, and the grain of each is somewhat larger than with us. All along the Canton river, for miles upon miles, the eye may sweep over vast areas of this plant.

The soil and climate of China is favorable for almost any productions; potatoes, for instance, are successfully cultivated near Macao, but the Chinese have not learned to eat them, and raise them exclusively for foreign shipping, and for the consumption of the Portuguese and other Europeans in that city.

Two methods of culture arrest the attention, and both of which are practised near Canton. The first is the terrace cultivation, erroneously supposed to prevail to a much greater extent than is actually the case.

From the anchoring ground at Whampoa the stranger sees a number of the hills terraced to the very top, and in the highest state of verdure, and is delighted to find that the accounts he has heard are verified by his own experience; but this mode of planting, he soon discovers, is limited in extent, and many hills, even between Whampoa and Canton, are left to their natural sterility.

The low, flat, alluvial grounds are those chiefly cultivated, and the hilly country, where the climate will allow, is generally occupied by the tea plant.

The other practice in agriculture consists in embanking the streams with earth, which forms a sort

of dyke, affording protection to the fields, and which slopes at an acute angle into the water.

Just within this dyke are planted groves of plantains and oranges and ornamental trees, which make the Pekiang river for miles one beautiful and blooming scene. The roots of the trees planted along the banks grow down into the soft, rich watered loam, and send continuous vigor into the trees. Nothing is more gladdening to the eye than that noble river foaming between its groves and gardens.

The fresh fruit, the bright oranges on its banks, may almost be had for asking, and by the barrier a boat-girl is often waiting ready to pour into your sampan a cargo of freshly gathered delicious fruit for a trifle of compensation.

Agriculture is naturally held in the highest esteem in China, and where so much is performed by human labor it is thought expedient to encourage it by example.

For this purpose the great emperor himself, who nine tenths of the time is concealed from view within the compass of his palaces, once a year, in spring time, assembling the high officers of his court, guides with his own hallowed hands, a privileged plough over a sacred field, to show to his subjects the honor due to agriculture.

Deducing from this circumstance, it is not strange, in a country where life in millions of instances is one continuous struggle, that human beings should be willing to perform work that in other lands is shouldered upon beasts of burthen.

Men who are so stinted as to be supported on a

few cents a day, and do without roads and even fences, will not be apt to quibble on degrees of labor.

And though life seems the merest existence among these people, few of them have any desire of changing, and probably would not care to, with a substantial Yankee countryman, even if he was able to smack his whip over a pair of fast trotters. The villages through which we passed seemed to be divided one from another by lines and boundaries, and so little are the Chinese accustomed to wander far from home, or especially to travel on expeditions unconnected with business, that it is an almost absolute certainty that the women we saw were confined to the villages for the greater part of their lives.

And, furthermore, the females of one village were so domesticated, that they never dreamed of sauntering to a neighboring one, and talking scandal over a cup of tea, but made themselves perfectly at home and stayed there.

There was much difference in the looks of the women; those accustomed to work in the fields had their pretty faces scorched brown, and baked very dark in some portions, so as to resemble the irregular coloring of a slice of toast. Those on the other hand, who stayed in the houses, were pale, and some were pretty, though they had gone on the other extreme, and lost something of their natural bloom, like plants kept for a length of time in the shade.

They were all evidently fond of dress, and their ears were decorated with showy and not very costly pendants, while around their ankles appeared conspicuous bangles, which are rings of various sub-

stances, and which slipped over the foot at a very early age, in a few years are incapable of being removed, from the foot increasing in size.

The women regarded us with peering wonder, but there was nothing insolent in their looks or tone of voice, as we found the case in some of the male laborers.

Our path led us through a beautiful scene of animated and varied scenery, and as I have before observed, along one of the canals that we had seen opening from the river.

Several of these artificial streams were very broad, much more so than in our own country; the banks smooth and hard, and the whole line of the canal planted on either side with immense and noble trees.

The boats on them were pushed along by means of the bamboo poles, which are always kept in readiness, but whenever the sails would draw they were hoisted, and the crew enjoyed a respite of a few moments.

These canals, even in this little island, went winding about so, that merchandise from any point could readily be shipped on board a chop boat, and this is an illustration of the fact, that although railroads and steamboats do not exist in China, and will not for many a day, yet the Chinese are a civilized people, and understand the facilities of transportation as well as many other nations.

Wherever it was necessary to cross a canal, the stone paths led on to a substantial bridge, so high above the water that the boats could pass under freely, and all parts of the bridge were cut and put

together in the nicest manner. Many of the bridges were not arched, but had immense stones placed from pier to pier, which served quite as well, not being employed for enormous weights, but the Chinese thoroughly understand the principle of the arch.

Several luxurious mandarins, in their sedan chairs, passed us, and as an evidence of their superiority to the common mass of people around, these officers contented themselves with glancing at us slightly, and never staring rudely, or, above all, uttering a word of derision.

The sedan chair is so comfortable that one may travel in it all day without fatigue, and foreigners highly estimate the pleasure of using it. Females of rank or wealthy men, who have occasion to cross the river, enter a boat with palanquin and attendants, are rowed safely over, and continue their journey without once descending from their pleasure carriage.

Several of the gates that we passed through opened to our view a different and as beautiful a prospect as the one we had just enjoyed, and the walls in which the gates were built, were used as they are often with us, for daubing over with all sorts of advertisements. Among these were placards of amusements, business cards, and quack doctors' puffs of panaceas, not the least noted of which were addressed to married ladies without children. All these were in large letters; they seemed to be considered public property, guarded by the principle of universal suffrage, and the hand of a captious landlord had not dared to stick up his veto of "Paste no bills here."

We had visited more of the island than we had

hoped to, and it being the first time I had had an opportunity of seeing real Chinese country, I was much pleased. We were three or four miles from Canton, and from our observation of Chinese tillage, we discovered that they were as perfect in agriculture as in other arts.

Whatever they have really turned their attention to, untrammelled by the despotic will of sovereign power, they have proved themselves nearly perfect in.

It was near the hour of sunset, and not wishing to thread the intricacies of the Honam villages and suburbs after dark without lanterns, and in the midst of fellows who would, according to their philosophy, consider it a Christian act to mislead us, we reluctantly concluded to return.

A few vagabond boys who had formed our escort, and created for themselves a fund of innocent mirth by bawling Fanqui until they were hoarse, evidently began to think that they had had enough of us, and that it was time for us to go home.

In the same spirit of pleasantry they gave us positive notice to quit by throwing pebbles into the air, and were mightily pleased to hear them patter on our hats, and at length encouraged by our forbearance, the gravel descended like a shower bath, and we beat a retreat.

The laborers were now returning from work, and seemed all at once to be highly indignant at our presence, and shouted Wyloe, "begone," whenever they met us.

We entered a shop to ask a few questions about the shortest path, but the patriot could not answer a

barbarian civilly, and intimated that he did not know the path, and was glad of it, and moreover, that he would not inform us if he did.

The crowd thickened and became more insolent, and at length, going through one of the villages, a party shut the gates on us and we were penned up.

The bolts of the gate seemed to be simple enough, but whatever way we would push them the inexorable doors remained closed.

At length one man, more civil than the rest, put his hand on the latch, and the barrier flew open. How he accomplished what we had failed to, I could not discover.

We very gladly found ourselves in the fields again, not far from the Honam suburb. The rabble bawled until we were at some distance; we had thus a specimen of the deep rooted hostility of the lower Chinese to foreigners. The Canton province is the receptacle for all the refuse population of the empire.

It is the most remote from the capital, and on the seaboard, so that the scoundrels may hold themselves in readiness to leave the country if pursuit is too hot for them. Besides, the climate is so genial, and life can be supported at so little cost, that the needy of every class pour into Canton.

Sometimes natives of the north of China have expressed their astonishment at the behavior of their southern population, and from this we may infer that the rascals of Canton hardly give a fair idea of the aggregate of the nation.

As we entered the Honam suburb, we found an

attendant who belonged to the factory, and who answered to the convenient name of Si, in waiting for us. The tide had fallen in our absence, and the boat had moved to another part of the bank, the faithful Si had been on the lookout for more than an hour, and he conducted us through a dirtier labyrinth than we had before traversed.

He led the way through alleys with meat stalls principally occupied, and I should judge from the appearance of the luxuries offered to the palate, that dog and cat meat of every quality could be found.

It is entirely erroneous to suppose that all orders of Chinese are omnivorous creatures; the upper classes are fastidious to a high degree, and seldom touch any thing common or unclean, but the poor feast upon a rat, and banquet superbly on a delicate puppy.

We were glad to reach the boat, and over the river enjoy a little air, and quiet seat in the square before the factories.

Another point of some interest to the stranger, and particularly the botanist, is the Fah-tee garden. This lies about a mile above the hong, on the Honam side of the river, and is in fact divided into two separate gardens by a little creek making out from the river.

They are open all day, and foreigners are permitted to visit them at any moment.

The gardens are owned by a number of the rich natives of Canton, are of great extent, and filled with rare and beautiful plants, and at certain seasons the eye may be gratified with the magnificent display of ten thousand japonicas in bloom at one time.

A very excellent and pretty collection of plants in flower may be made in Canton, by obtaining a man from these gardens, who brings any that you want, attends to them as long as they remain fresh, and then changes them for others, and all for a trifling consideration.

When you visit the gardens you may bring away with you japonicas, and any other flowers not considered very rare, for the mere asking, and any of the plants will be furnished at reasonable prices.

If to go on shipboard, orange or japonica trees are in small size put into boxes filled with rich earth, and the top of the box is made of roof shape, and to open and shut at pleasure. In this lid are inserted the thin laminæ of pearl oyster shells used in China so extensively in lieu of glass, in order to afford light to the plants even when they are obliged to be closed in stormy weather.

You enter the garden through a sort of lodge for the gardeners, and which serves also as a storehouse for every thing necessary connected with their vocation; there were thousands of flower pots plain and ornamented, glasses for delicate young plants, and for others covers pierced through with holes to allow the young green shoots to spring out and curl all over the form. There were also porcelain seats and chairs for gardens, though these might be had cheap in the city.

The plants were arranged in long rows on benches, on the ground, or planted against the brick wall, and every one in the vast number looked vigorous and healthy.

The orange trees were loaded with golden rich-

ness, and bore a different look from the sickly absentees in our hot-houses; and here were the little cumquat oranges of blood red color, and used only in preserving.

The Chinese are so fond of the queer and fantastic as to carry their taste even into nature, and not contented with bringing plants and flowers to the highest state of perfection, they must torture them into singular shapes and dwarf them, as they do the feet of their women.

In this manner one will often see in small pots plants that, left to their natural growth, would require wide space, yet are in full leaf and fruit. The stems of orange trees, for instance, are very thick, the leaves abundant, the fruit sound, and the whole will not be more than a foot in height.

No other people have succeeded in forcing nature out of its own way so completely, and it is the result of long study and practice, just as fruits that, in a wild state are unfit to eat, are rendered delicious by culture.

The Chinese gardeners effect this dwarfing by commencing with the plant very young, cutting off some shoots, and bending others, and preventing the sap from spreading, by fixing ligatures around the branches.

Thus the animus of the plant is confined to one small portion of it, and after a while, art overcomes the natural disposition of the tree, and it bears and thrives in its contracted state.

The horticulturists are also very fond of training shrubs into the shape of birds, men, or animals, and often effect a surprising resemblance to the object

they imitate. Their work of this kind in roots has been already noticed.

The Chinese devote a great deal of attention to horticulture, and, as usual with them, have succeeded.

They have great fondness for flowers, and display much taste in their manner of arranging them with dishes for the table in feasts.

I have often seen baskets of beautiful shape entirely composed of natural flowers, and I am sure that no European gardener could equal them. Those in scarce full bloom are selected, and put together like wicker work, delighting the eye, and at the same time giving forth an acceptable fragrance.

The botanist will find much to repay his curiosity in the Fah-tee gardens, and they offer the best opportunity to him, in a country where he cannot wander as he pleases.

Very few, if any, good collections of Chinese plants have been made; many thousands of specimens have left the country, and a small number comparatively have crossed the ocean in safety. The length of the voyage, unpleasant weather, and want of proper care and room have proved great obstacles to the successful introduction of them into England and America.

They could best be transported in some government vessel, where there would be plenty of air, room, and at the same time, good shelter; but until a ship is dispatched especially, our naturalists may despair of having a good collection.

We brought home in our vessel safely, two trees, an orange and japonica, several Baltimore florists

obtained cuttings of them, which grew very well in their green-houses, and on which' they bestowed unqualified approbation.

The Fah-tee gardens, as I have observed, are divided by the little creek which our boat sails up so gaily, and which forms a snug harbor for vessels bound down to Canton, and suddenly met by a heavy head wind.

The inclosures, especially on the side of the creek that strangers do not visit, (for most of them are quite content with seeing one side of the Chinese in all respects,) are shaded with lofty trees, and it is pleasant to hear the winds murmur among their lofty branches, after being shut up for weeks in Canton, with scarce a blade of grass in sight.

These gardens are not like the private grounds of the rich, but are mere receptacles for plants, and in consequence, display none of the decoration and curious embellishment that attaches to Chinese landscape gardening in general. There were several bridges and summer-houses placed amidst pools of water, but these frog ponds were used chiefly for watering the plants.

The gardeners were evidently men who thoroughly understood their vocation, and were stimulated by enthusiasm at the same time. They were polite and anxious to show us their plants, and did not withhold any information we asked for. They were different from the generality of the people, who are very shy in their answers, as they imagine that foreigners are always trying to get the upper hand of them.

In truth, men accustomed to spend their days in

studying the works of nature are apt to bear a natural and simple demeanor.

Very different from the Fah-tee are the gardens and villa of Pontinqua, the most considerable mandarin about Canton, and who was connected in the tea business with the chatterbox Shingqua.

It was intimated to him that we desired to visit his country residence, and he very politely offered to send a boat for us on the following morning at nine o'clock.

The morning came, and with it his hong-boat, very beautifully fitted up with several compartments, and with gauze so placed that one at will could be completely shielded from view, and at the same time enjoy the prospect.

The boat had six rowers attached to it, besides the man at the scull, and they were all dressed alike, and wore conical red hats, so we started on our expedition in some degree of style. In the interior of the boat we found a gentleman very elegantly dressed in fine silk and spotless grasscloth, whom we at first imagined to be Pontinqua himself, but found that he was only his linguist, who was to show us all due honor, and translate for us to the best of his ability.

We set out, and the tide was strongly adverse to us, and we could not, without much delay, take to the open river, and approach the villa by the broad liquid highway. We were obliged to keep closer in shore, and push slowly along the vast area of crowded boats, and make a channel for ourselves that at once closed behind us as the boats came together.

I had never really known before the vast number of floating dwellings that found position on the Canton river; the stream, a short distance above the American garden, becomes very wide, and from its middle to the city shore, were myriads of the boats packed as close together as eggs in a basket.

In many of these boats we saw dogs keeping guard; these creatures seem to be of mongrel breed, they have long hair, bushy tails, and pert pricked ears like a fox.

After we had rubbed through this tier, this pit of the floating theatre, we rowed along through long streets of gaudy flower-boats of immense size, finely decorated, and tenanted for the most part with the gay Cyprians of the city.

A perfect town seemed to be built in the water, a Venice in miniature; there were houses, bridges, and winding canals among them, and all between the outer edge of boats and the shore; this was the Shaneem quarter, and the linguist seemed to be as much interested as any of the party, and said that he had never been there before.

We pulled close in under the fort that looks over this section of the river, and finally entered a long canal on the edge of the city. This, like all the others, was densely built on either side, and filled with human beings. There were immense store-houses for goods of all kinds, and some houses that looked as if they belonged to wealthy people.

The children that saw us, ran to the edge of the canal, and I noticed that those having small feet were able to run with ease, which induces me to believe that when the small shoes are put on at a

very early age, the cramping is attended with much less pain than when attempted later in life.

In due course of time we emerged from the boats and crowded suburb, and the canal led into the open country.

There are no tow-paths to Chinese canals, unless in the great ones of the north, and then men are employed instead of horses. The fields on either side were planted with rice, and the crop was being gathered by a multitude of laborers, male and female, and the prospect stretching across verdant meadows, was bounded on one side by hills, and on the other by the river.

In a short time we passed the meadows; the grounds on each side were protected by a neat fence, and on the left hand side we saw a flight of stone steps towards which our boat was directed.

This was the entrance to Pontinqua's property, and we were admitted to the garden through a perfectly circular portal. A little lodge stood on one side of the gate occupied by a servant, who bowed obsequiously as we entered.

A curious scene presented itself, the whole garden was irrigated and planted with the *Nymphaea Nelumbo*, (sacred lotus,) which grew as pond lilies do, and spread their broad leaves over the surface of the water.

In some seasons this plant is in bloom, and then the gardens look like one flower-bed, and present a beautiful appearance.

The house stood in the midst of the water, and was approached by bridges winding about in various directions, and guarded by balustrades as

intricate and fantastic as the ivory carvings. There were bridges beginning every where, and ending in nothing at all; some with covers, some without, some high in the air, and some almost under water. Every thing was queer, different from any thing we had ever before seen, and perfectly Chinese.

We thus learned that the extraordinary representation on porcelain and lac ware were not fictitious creations, but faithful realities.

The bridge shaped like a truncated triangle on Chinese plates we actually saw, one large middle arch and two small ones.

The garden of Pontinqua's is a real curiosity, and he has gone to enormous expense in decorating it.

The house is of two stories, the lower appropriated to guests, has a large suite of beautiful rooms filled with costly furniture and objects of vertu.

One room was used for visitors of ceremony; there was an enormous chair for the host, and two parallel lines of chairs on either side for his guests. The furniture was the native rosewood, richly carved, and the backs and seats were formed of elegant marbles, or the curious stained stones which represent animals and human figures, each one of which cost no inconsiderable sum.

The rooms were separated from each other by lattice work of the most intricate patterns, or fine silk gauze, or a sort of net-work formed of the fibres of the bamboo, and which is very costly. Another apartment on the outer side was entirely glass, and just opposite to this room, but across the water, at a distance of ten feet, was a covered stage for theatri-

cal representations. Thus the inmates of the house could behold the show through the glass, and were protected in case of cold winds or rainy weather. Behind the stage were several shelves, on which were little clay figures, dressed appropriately, and representing personages and scenes in Chinese life.

There were in and about the house several stone tablets, which bore witness to the friendship which Pontinqua had formed with illustrious persons. There was also an aviary filled with rare birds. The second story was devoted to sleeping apartments, which were all placed, as it were, in the middle of the house, and a gallery surrounded them, lighted by the outer windows.

In this gallery were pictures, arms, several models of foreign ships, and an English steamboat.

Pontinqua's portrait was conspicuous; he was adorned with the peacock's feather, though his worship was drawn without shade or back-ground.

In one part of the grounds was a paddock for deer, in another part an artificial hermitage, with a bench, a pair of sandals, and a staff.

The master had pierced through a mound on his estate for a labyrinth, and the whole place gave evidence that money had been squandered on it in limitless profusion.

It is said that on one occasion, his own marriage or his mother's birth-day, that Pontinqua entertained his friends at his villa for three days, in so splendid and costly a manner, that his expenditures amounted to ten thousand dollars a day.

CHAPTER IX.

THE OPIUM SMOKERS.

THE opium trade bears some resemblance to the cotton speculations of our southern states. It is essentially a gambling business. Fortunes are made and lost in both every day, almost every hour, but a distinction must be made between the reckless hazard of the cotton business and the cool, calculating, systematic iniquity of the opium trade. Men who engage in selling opium, sell their own souls at the same time; they are of the kith and kin of those who deal out rum to drunkards, and seduce away their last farthing. Worse than these, they regard the unfortunate Chinese as fair game, and are resolved that, willing or not, they shall receive and pay — give for the alluring poison the precious pure sycee silver.

Opium is prohibited by the Chinese government; it is a contraband article; such natives as are found smuggling it, are in short order decapitated, and the drug is forbidden to be cultivated by the people.

Nevertheless, some quantity of it is grown in China, but the greater part of it comes from Hindostan.

There are four kinds of opium, three of which are from India, the other is from Smyrna, and known as the Turkey opium.

This is the lowest in price and the least esteemed.

The Malwa opium belongs exclusively to some of the native governments in India, and pays a large annual revenue to the British government. The Patna and Benares opium are the kinds that are most usually employed in trade, and are brought to China in fast sailing clippers.

The opium is collected from the seed vessel of the poppy ; this is cut at a certain season, and the juice which exudes is scraped up, and the process repeated as long as the plant has any liquid to spare.

It soon dries, and is then rolled into balls, covered each one with dry poppy leaves, and packed in mango wood boxes, containing thirty or forty balls each.

In this state it is brought to China, and we may, in connection with the subject, refer to the opium clippers that dart about the coasts of the Celestial empire, and are as beautiful a class of vessels as ever skimmed the seas.

They are built for speed, and at the same time are very strong to bear their heavy armament. They are generally brigs or fore-top-sail schooners, and employ double or treble the number of men required in a licensed trader.

As we anchored in Macao roads, we saw a heavy armed brig going about two knots to our one. She overhauled us, and went past like a flash, dropped her anchor, rounded to, and fired her guns.

She had no name on her stern, and we concluded that she was an American government brig. In an instant her yards were swarming with men, and the sails were furled in man-of-war time and precision.

We soon learned that she was an opium clipper, carrying twenty heavy guns, and a crew to match.

Besides the men and officers, the smuggler employs a "schroff" or assayer, a native whose music has been the jingle of dollars, and whose sight is so keen that he can look further into a lump of sycee silver than any ordinary gazer.

The vessel makes sail with a freight of the "pernicious drug," and wherever an opportunity presents along the line of coast, she anchors, and a trade is at once begun with the Chinese, who are always ready for the bait.

The chests are brought up on deck, the opium examined, and paid for in the unalloyed metal, the schroff turns over every piece, and hammers into it with an iron spike, and having thoroughly tested and valued it, the bargain is made, the opium sent over the ship's side, and the vessel proceeds on her errand. If the location is a good one, and the flats bite fast, the clipper remains several days dodging about the same spot, and if the government junks are disposed to meddle and look too curiously into her affairs, the ports are thrown wide open just to show her spunk.

Vessels will thus sometimes make very successful voyages, remaining some months on the coast, and returning with a valuable ballast of the best silver.

Lintin, an island in the Canton river, below the Bocca Tigris, is, or rather has been, a most incorrigible nest of opium smugglers; there were there a set of fellows, who did not care whether they were detected and sent to heaven or somewhere else, so that they had the fun, the excitement of cheating

their own government. But most of the opium storeships now anchor at Whampoa, and no longer hang stationary at Lintin.

Several of these vessels are handsomely fitted up, and keep large cargoes of the drug on board. They are, of course, heavily armed, and clippers are freighted from them whenever they sail on an exploring expedition.

It is useless to tell an Englishman that the Chinese war grew out of the opium question, but that was the principal cause of it without doubt. There were many grievances, the Chinese were exacting, jealous and capricious to the last degree; their policy was becoming more and more narrow; each year they were drawing a cord around the neck of the foreigner, that threatened to strangle him altogether. They were, no doubt, anxious to go back to old days, to do without foreign trade, and to shut tight the front door of their country. Had they succeeded in their designs, I do not believe that at this day there would be an European in China, excepting, perhaps, a few beggarly Portuguese at Macao.

But the government prohibited opium, the people had a relish for it, and the English determined that they should buy it.

In 1839, upwards of twenty thousand chests of opium, valued at ten or twelve million of dollars, were, through the efforts of Commissioner Lin, sent to the Bogue and destroyed.

During the war, the price of the article became very much depressed, and afforded one of the most remarkable opportunities for speculation that trade has ever known.

The members of one English house made, just after the war, from four to eight hundred thousand pounds sterling apiece.

They had purchased opium in vast quantities at about one hundred and fifty dollars a chest. The average price of the drug is about five to seven hundred dollars.

This stock they stored away, and when the sun of peace shone again, they sold it at an enormous advance; they obtained sixteen hundred dollars a chest.

The hazard of the business is fearful; its fluctuations are like the rise and fall of the tides, and one does not lose or gain two or three cents per pound, as in a great deal of other kinds of merchandise, but sinks a hundred dollars a chest in the wink of an eye.

The large speculators in the article are like so many vultures; they hover over the market, and when a chance offers, they pounce upon their prey, and carry off their booty.

Suppose the market, at a medium rate, neither too high nor too low, one of these operators suddenly offers a vast quantity of opium, which at once depresses its value.

The trusty, though secret agents of the house, buy up all the quantity offered, and as much more as they can lay their hands on.

In this way much is obtained from persons of small means, who are forced to sell, and when the supply is greatly reduced, and little can be had for love or money, the stock is sold in lots at a remunerating price.

Those who have ample funds, and who watch the speculators carefully, can most always make money, or at least need not lose much. As an instance of the sudden advance and decline of this mercurial commodity, a dealer was asked by a native the price of it. He was informed, and he then inquired if the owner could wait twenty minutes before he closed the bargain.

The English are not the only people who deal in opium; the Parsees and Arab merchants are very fond of dabbling in it, and the model republicans, the universal Yankees, are by no means to be held blameless. Many of the fastest vessels that scour the coast, and prove so instrumental in filtering the poison through the reservoirs of the empire, sail under the American flag, and their owners would be very indignant if they were supposed to belong to any other nation.

But it is time that we passed from the drug to its uses and effects, and from the smugglers whom it enriches, to the smokers whom it impoverishes and destroys.

The color of opium is a dark opaque brown when it is first in market, and before it is prepared for use. It is boiled down until it becomes about the consistency of current jelly, and when carried about the person it is put into little horn boxes, and kept perfectly tight. Those who smoke it are very guarded and careful as far as lies in their power, not to let it be known, as it might subject them to disgrace and punishment.

The pipe used in smoking opium is of peculiar construction, differing entirely from the common

tobacco pipes. It is formed of a straight, round piece of bamboo or ivory perforated through its length, till about two or three inches from the end, there is inserted the bowl which is in itself singular.

It is shaped like a covered cup, and has a very small hole in the centre of its top. The smoker, either to be as luxurious as possible, or knowing that he will not wish to move after inhaling the magic flavor of the drug, adopts a recumbent posture. His attendant is beside him with a little box of the "forbidden fruit," a lamp burning, and a needle about four inches long, terminating in a sharp point at one end, and at the other in a little flattened spatula.

The head of the debauchee is supported by a pillow, he puts the pipe to his mouth, and his attendant takes upon the flat end of the needle a modicum of opium about the size of a large pin's head. This he places upon the orifice of the bowl, fires it with the lamp, pushes it in with the sharp end of the needle, and the smoker inhales it all in one whiff, as it burns and changes into vapor. Old hands at the business retain the smoke, and let it slowly disperse and escape finally through the nostrils or swallow it. The effect is soon perceptible, but the victim takes six to twelve pipes, according to the length that he has gone in this fascinating dissipation. The small quantity given each time proves how powerful it is, and probably no one can take over twelve doses in succession. After each one the smoker pauses for some time, that the drug may have due effect before another is attempted. At first trial it produces nausea like tobacco, and causes vomiting. Probably

if the pupil at this stage of affairs became disgusted, as he might easily, all his subsequent wretchedness would be avoided. But, like the devotee to tobacco, he may consider it manly and fashionable to persevere until he is completely enchained, and cannot, with all his resolutions, leave off the habit that has proved his utter ruin. The first opportunity that I had of seeing opium smoking was in a fancy shop near the factories. It was broad day, and my companion, who spoke Chinese fluently, said a few words to the owner of the store, who changed color a little, and evidently objected to the proposal to smoke for our curiosity. He looked suspiciously at me, and as I afterwards learned, asked if I was a spy. Being assured that I was only a "Fanqui," in search of information, he beckoned us to come with him to an upper room. We ascended the stairs, and after he had carefully fastened the door and pulled to the latticed window-shutters, he called to an attendant in an adjoining room, who brought the seducing pipe, the lamp, and a little cup of the drug. He proceeded exactly as has been detailed, lying at full length, &c., but he would only smoke one pipe, as he wished us to understand that he was quite unaccustomed to the luxury. It did not make him sick, however, and he no doubt thanked us in his heart for the pleasure we had given him.

But the acutal scene of unbridled dissipation that I witnessed at another period, in the dead of night, when the victims put off the mask of self-respect, I shall never forget, and trust never to see its parallel. In passing along New China street, I had often noticed a shop which presented a contrast in its gloom

and dullness to the lively bustle of the others. Its occupants seemed to have little to sell, nor to care whether the visitor bought or not; they maintained a surly demeanor, showed their goods with reluctant hands, and never urged the casual stranger to repeat his call.

But the scene was changed, when in company with the same acquaintance, I sallied forth to see smoking in earnest. It was between twelve and one at night; it was dark and perfectly still, not a human being to be seen. We approached the door, and no light was visible about the building, its inmates apparently were wrapped in the deepest slumbers. My friend told me to keep still, and then tapped gently on the door. This he repeated two or three times, and at length we heard a faint sound within, a muffled knock answering to our summons. My guide then spoke a word or two in a low tone in Chinese, and we presently heard the bolts slide, and the door was opened about wide enough to edge a piece of paper in. As soon as the fellow inside saw who had spoken to him we were admitted, and the door instantly bolted. The shop had quite a number of persons in it, and we were soon ushered up stairs. Here, as a matter of curiosity, I tried a pipe myself, but from ignorance of the *modus operandi*, or some other cause, it produced no effect. We then stepped into the gallery of the shop adjoining, the two being thrown together, and looking over the railing saw the effects of opium. Some half dozen or ten men were stretched out at length in various stages of intoxication, their clothes were loosened and tumbled, the small space reeked with the fumes

of the drug, and the scene was miserable in the extreme.

We went down among them; here was one just commencing his debauch, with face flushed with excitement, his eyes flashing, his tongue loose, and uttering rapid sentences of bravado and obscenity.

There were others powerless, extended dead to appearance, deserted by their attendants, with faces upturned, white, ghastly, and idiotic, and with mind and body gone to ruin.

By the dim light that shed a sickly gleam on the figures of these wretches, they looked as horrible as the dead of the Morgue. But it is not in the creatures in this state that opium displays its chiefest work,—it is in the rhapsodies of its dreamers.

The victim inhales his allotted quantity, and his senses swim around him, he feels of subtle nature, he floats from earth as if on pinions.

He would leave his humble station, his honest toil, his comfortable home; he would be great. He runs with ease the paths of distinction; he distances rivals; wealth and power wait upon him, the mighty take him by the hand. His dress is sumptuous, his fare costly, his home a palace, and he revels in the pleasures he has read of and believed to be fiction.

Music sounds through his lofty halls, sages assemble to do him honor, women of the brightest beauty throng around him, he is no longer poor, lowly, and despised, but a demigod.

The feast is spread, the sparkling cup filled to the brim with hot wine, and he rises to welcome one whom he has left far behind in the path of glory, to tender to him triumphant courtesy.

And as he advances a step he reels and staggers wildly, and competitor, guests, minstrels, magnificence, all fade from his vision, and the gray, cold reality of dawn breaks upon his heated brain, and he knows that all was naught, and that he is the same nameless creature that he has ever been. A cold shudder agitates his frame, weak and worthless he seeks the air, but finds no relief.

He cannot turn his thoughts to his calling, he is unfit for exertion, his days pass in sloth and in bitter remorse. And when night comes in gloom, he seeks again the sorceress into whose power he has sunk, and whose finger mocks while it beckons him on.

CHAPTER X.

• THE BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

THE visitor to China, who has been taught to look upon the Sabbath as a day of rest, will be less astonished at the bustle and life of week-day toil in Canton than at the same restless energy which is not quieted on Sunday. He sees no churches, he hears no bell, there is not the slightest appearance of the day remembered to be kept holy, and he very naturally begins to inquire into the religion and sacred customs of the people among whom he is thrown.

To a casual observer, the Chinese are a people without religion, so perfectly indifferent to it that it never makes part of their discourse; and the only professors of the sacred calling he finds in Buddhist priests, so dirty, debased, and worthless, as to be the objects of scorn to the mass of the people.

But in every house, boat, street, and garden the traveller, after a little observation, beholds signs of religious import, principally in the innumerable joss sticks that are forever smoking. These sticks are so named in honor of Joss, the common Chinese name for God, and have the same relation in China to the Deity, as the incense burned in swinging censers in Catholic cathedrals.

The most ordinary joss sticks are about as large

as macaroni stems; they are made of saw dust and a kind of gum mixed together, and run in moulds.

Some are perfumed and colored, and their various sizes are suited to different tastes. They burn slowly, like pastiles, being ignited at one end, and continue lighted down to the last shred of saw dust. They are manufactured so cheaply, that a handful may be had without asking, and a heavy load for a few cents, yet so vast is the consumption, that millions upon millions of dollars are expended annually for their purchase. Throughout the length and breadth of the vast empire; through cities and villages; in enormous temples, and solitary roadside shrines; in districts where the eye can reach over leagues of green culture, and on barren crags by the salt sea; in the labyrinthine palace of the monarch, and in the hut of the beggar; in the tenements of the living, and by the tombs of the dead, appear the silent but everlasting signs of adoration.

Every human being, in crawling infancy or decrepit age, or full developed strength, does not forget from day to day to pay the tribute of respect; and it is not confined to hours of morning or evening, but every moment kindles the devotional fires.

This mode of worship is nearly all that one sees of the devotion of the Chinese, but they have many superstitions, and several forms of worship. Of these the two principal are Confucianism and Buddhism, the others are confined to small tribes of votaries, interesting only to the missionary or the historian, and not suited to treatment at length in a work of this character. In truth, it has not been my wish or intention to say aught of missionary labors; simply

because they have little or no importance in my view of the Celestial Empire. I would not be understood as endeavoring to undervalue and deride the efforts of zealous men, but I cannot believe that missionaries in China have been at all successful. Their efforts at turning the tide of paganism have been like dipping a few handfuls of water from the broad rushing river, and however much we may wish to see Christianity spreading among the intelligent Chinese, I believe that they will never be changed in faith except by their own people.

A few native apostles will do more in the good work than a legion of foreign missionaries.

It is not necessary to enter into a detailed account of even the two religions that I have named, and for this reason : all that I could say about them may be found in books far better than mine, and the reader, curious in such matters, can consult the very authorities that I should have been obliged to resort to in order to palm off as my own, descriptions of mythological personages, superstitions, dreams, and absurdities.

I learned from actual observation little or nothing of the Chinese religions, and it is a vain attempt to glean such information without thorough and exclusive devotion to the subject. Confucianism seems to be an easy garment; any body can wear it, and feel perfectly comfortable under the burthen. You will not find a man in China with a long, sanctimonious face—he worships his God cheerfully; he does not perplex himself with creeds and passages and canons of the church. He lights his joss sticks, and if he is on the river, bangs his gong joyfully at sundown.

Even Catholicism, so well adapted for all degrees of latitude and longitude, is not sufficiently alluring to the Confucian. His creed is more convenient than that of St. Peter. He has no idea of penance for peccadilloes, and as he is frequently poor, and confined to fish and vegetables, cannot understand the attractions of Lent. His emperor is high priest of his established faith, and so he is invincible.

And Confucius was really great. Born more than two thousand years ago, he grew great in religion, great in law, and gave to his nation faith and precepts, which they have never forgotten. Living to extreme age, seeing the doctrines that he had taught, at times scorned, but finally espoused, temples arose to his memory, which now number more than two thousand. In the very district in which he was born, his descendants to this day enjoy peculiar honors and distinctions. And more singular than all, he, like a lone gigantic pyramid in the desert, stands forth to the world as the only native whose fame has so resounded through the whole earth as to be familiar to unlettered minds.

The religion, or rather the philosophy which was taught by Confucius, is the established creed of the empire, and stands preëminent, though all sects are tolerated. Buddhism, or the religion of Fo, is not fashionable, it is the "low church" of China.

Its dogmas are abstruse, and at the same time absurd; its votaries ignorant and superstitious, and the priests of the order without a ray of piety, intellect or decency.

I do not know if the Buddhist worshippers in common have any distinguishing marks in their apparel,

probably not; but their faces are so stolid and brutish, that the good observer can easily know them. But the priests can be told at a glance; they dress like the people in general; but the upper garment has wide sleeves, growing larger at the wrist, and their heads are shaved close, like some orders of European monks.

Buddhism has "fallen from its high estate" in former centuries, and the officials of the sect have descended with it. From the pride of place they held in former ages, they have come to be despised, and consequently men of talent no longer seek the profession. The priests to be seen in the cities are only such beings as are too lazy and ignorant to succeed at an honest calling, and they endeavor to pick up a miserable subsistence by preying on the credulous multitude. They resort to tricks, pretend to look into futurity, and write sentences and charms on the houses of those who will pay them a few cash for their trouble. They may be seen at any time in China street looking out for flats, circulating about the cat market, and gaping at street quacks and gamblers. And yet many of these creatures are attached to the great Buddhist temple across the river, and which is, of its kind, one of the most extraordinary in the world.

Few persons who visit Canton miss an opportunity of seeing the mighty temple and gardens on the island of Honam, and directly opposite to the foreign factories. This establishment is one of the largest in the empire, second only, perhaps, to the great Pootala.

It is of very ancient date, and was richly endowed

about a century and a half ago by a Prince of the Manchou Tartar dynasty.

Eight or ten acres of ground are attached to it; securely walled in, and highly cultivated.

The monastery, for so it is, was intended by its great benefactor to accommodate upwards of three hundred priests in comfort and luxury, but at the present time, owing to depressed circumstances, or some other cause, it maintains only about one hundred and seventy. These are generally a low set of thieves, many of them having escaped justice, and here they pass their time in vicious idleness, under the sway of an abbot, who is chosen once in three or four years.

To approach the temple, we must cross the river in the obedient sampan, and mounting up the bank of Honam, turn to the left by some carpenters' shops in a camphorated alley, and we are at the entrance of the grounds of the temple. Fenced in from the street we observe a very wide, long parallelogram of ground grown with grass, planted with many enormous and beautiful trees, and ascending gently to the threshold of the first building. A broad walk of smooth, tessellated stones, which are swept very clean, is laid through the centre of the ground, and leads to the door of the great gateway. I saw in this inclosure a number of old gun carriages, and other articles not connected with holy things, and learned that they had been placed there during the war, and had been left to rot since the cessation of hostilities. The courts of the temple formed a convenient place of deposit.

Through the wide green court we advanced, and

came to the first gateway. It was a temple in itself. It was raised a little from the ground, and two or three steps led into it. Like all large buildings in China, its roof resembled the curve of a tent with overhanging eaves, and supported by columns of wood painted red, with inscriptions in gaudy colors. This building was little used, and forms only a grand portal to the monastery. On the top of it, as was the case in all the temples, were figures of dragons and demons in hard painted plaster, placed in their airy positions by the superstitions of the priests, in order to ward off evils which hostile spirits might be supposed to engender.

The dragons were sacred animals, and instrumental in swallowing the "ngo-ki," impure atmosphere or sulphureous breathings of his satanic majesty. Close to the gateway were a number of carpenters engaged at work, evidently not intended for the temple, and they looked like interlopers. There were one or two images in this gateway of large size, which were the statues of heroes celebrated in Chinese history long ages since. We left this hall, and passed into a second of larger size; a court-yard similar to the first, but smaller, led to it, and from the height of the roof the echoing footfalls sounded with hollow reverberations. Here we beheld four enormous idols, each about twenty feet high, representing some heavenly monarch. They were habited in Chinese costume, and were of savage and terrible aspect. One of them held a serpent and a ball, and it was said, truly or not, that when that ball fell and that serpent picked it up, something awful would happen. What this "deed without a

name" was I could not exactly determine, and asked one of the priests, who spoke a little English, but he never had bothered his head about the matter. He ate a good dinner, and humbugged a devotee whenever he was able, and the big snake in the giant's paw was as much of a mystery as the brazen serpent of the Old Testament. Through a third court we passed like the first and second, shaded with noble trees, and enriched with a temple. In this hall, which was of larger size than either of the others, we saw the priests at their devotions. The time of their worship corresponded to the Catholic vespers, being near the hour of sunset, and this was not the only circumstance that corresponded to the religion of Papal Rome. The resemblance in many particulars was startling, too singular to be the result of accident.

Catholicism originated in Asia, and Buddhism is evidently the same form of faith with an infusion of low, Asiatic superstitions, which the Roman religion, moving westward, has seen fit to discard.

This temple was of large size, with no intermediate story between the ground floor and the roof, with elaborate pillars on all the four sides, and a walk beneath the eaves.

Doors on every face led into the building, and approaching one of them we saw a crowd of priests about the three enormous shrines dedicated to Buddha, and two or three other imaginary numskulls.

The priests were dressed very much like Catholic clergymen, in long cassocks, and some with a surplice of yellow silk. Their heads were all shaved,

and they stood ranged on each side of the altar. Their voices were united in a sort of chaunt, and they consider it of the utmost importance to repeat words of mystical meaning, and to which they do not themselves attach the slightest interpretation. These sentences they sing over hundreds and thousands of times, and consider them peculiarly acceptable to the Deity. The devotions of the priests occupied some considerable time, as some of the party ranged on either side of the altars, others prostrated themselves on the stone floor, and bowed their heads to the pavement as many as nine times in succession, three to each idol, "thrice to thine and thrice to mine, and thrice again to make up nine." This was the first time that I had seen the Kotow performed; it is exacted by the emperor, and so humiliating, that no wonder English ambassadors refused to submit to it. The idols which seemed to be the subjects of adoration stood in highly decorated niches, and while the priests went through with their mummary they occasionally struck consecrated gongs.

When the services were over, we remarked on several points of resemblance between the Buddhist and Catholic ceremonies. We saw the priests burning incense and counting beads, and chaunting like the monks of Europe. They also shave their heads, wear garments of much the same form, gird their waists with knotted cords, and are vowed to perpetual celibacy. Their prayers are muttered in an unknown tongue, like the Latin to the mass of ignorant Romish worshippers. They also singularly address prayers to deities, resembling the saints of the church; among others, a virgin mother and

miraculously born child, all of which close parallels cannot be the result of mere accident.

The services were no doubt lengthy, but the troupe hurried through them with telegraphic speed, and as soon as they were completed we entered the temple, and the worthy members at once crowded around for cigars and tobacco. In a spirit of reverence we took off our hats, and the jolly fellows set up a roar at our closely cut hair. We could obtain no information from them as to the shrines, images, altars, &c. of the temple, but they showed us some of the sacred books laid on holy tables, and out of which they chaunted. The idols were of heavy metal, elaborately worked, and gave evidence of considerable skill in moulding.

After we had examined this temple at our leisure, we wished to walk about the grounds and see the remainder of the vast establishment. It was suggested that the abbot had better be consulted, and we filed off to the left and knocked at the gate of his holiness' palace, which was no small abode. Permission was readily granted, and a priest deputized to guide us. We went through a fourth large court yard, with magnificent trees as in all the others, and traversed by the broad stone path to a fourth temple.

This was a parallelogram in shape, inclosing a garden carefully kept, and gay with gorgeous flowers. The upper story only was used for religious purposes, and the piazzas around the gardens were guarded by the most intricate and beautiful lattice work, which looked more appropriate for a Turkish seraglio than for a Buddhist temple. In one of the

upper rooms we saw a number of deities about six feet high, in bronze of the finest workmanship. Some looked like gods of war, from their aspect and martial weapons, and others seemed to protect the peaceful arts. There were in one apartment twelve gods, corresponding in number, if not in spirit, to the apostles, and before all these figures were enormous vases and tripods of metal filled with earth, into which were run smoking joss sticks. From the window of one of these rooms, which were decorated with all the odd conceits of Chinese taste, a broad prospect was commanded of the island and its rural scenery. We could enjoy it the more undisturbed by the clamors of the mob, and not obliged to look out for beauties and a shower of brick at the same moment.

In another building of vast size was the refectory, an ample kitchen of these fine fellows, and the worn looks of the dressers gave evidence of having groaned under good cheer many a time. Every thing about the whole vast establishment betokened the power of its resources, and its magnitude was on a par with some of the old English abbeys.

The culinary departments having been inspected, we next visited the live stock of the monastery; we paid a visit to the sacred pigs of Buddha. These animals, four or six in number, are presented by pious Chinamen, and are held holy according to the tenets of the founder of the sect.

They are kept in a stone pen, roofed in, and as clean as the temples. And such hogs, they would have thrown a Cincinnati pork packer into ecstasies; they were of so portentous a girth, that they could

neither walk, stand, or see. They could only grunt, and that with difficulty.

We insisted upon the biggest of our party getting into the pen, and stirring the monsters with his cane. He could not produce the slightest effect; they bore his attacks with perfect composure. At certain times in the day two or three of the most enthusiastic of the priests are wont to enter the sacred abode, brush the porkers with peacocks' feathers, and treat them like princes.

As we again entered one of the court-yards, we saw a few old priests sitting quietly under the trees without moving or speaking; it is one of the happiest moods of Buddhism to be able to exist in mental quiescence, to exert not the slightest thought on any subject, and to suffer the mind to slumber in utter vacancy.

To finish our journey over this vast monastery, we threaded a long succession of intricate passages leading into the gardens and fields attached to the temples, and which were in the best state of cultivation and fertility. There were several neat little houses for the gardeners, and all the laborers seemed to have caught a good spirit from the sacred edifice, and behaved very decently.

At the further end of the immense inclosure, was a stone furnace for burning the bodies of the deceased priests. This was inscribed with sacred characters, cut deep into the hard granite. The ashes of the dead are gathered into cinerary urns, and when the sacred day arrives on which the tomb is opened, they are deposited with all those of earlier date in one silent mausoleum.

CHAPTER XI.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

I HAVE mentioned the fact of there being no seventh day in China, when the worn out laborer and jaded scholar may alike rest from their tasks, but the transient visitor also can see no days set apart for amusement in a more worldly point of view. It would seem to the hard working American, just from the land where toil and the search for wealth is the one object from the cradle to the grave, that the spirit of his nation was transcended in the Celestial Empire, and that no such trivial desire as recreation ever entered the mind of one of its inhabitants. He sees the streets thronged with busy coolies, hurrying with bundles and boxes of merchandise, sees the occupants of the shops as keen on Sundays as on other days, as watchful for customers at sundown as when the morning lights their narrow apartments, and he believes before ten days are over that life in China is one perpetual treadmill motion. There is not a café that he can lounge into to play dominoes and read the papers; there is not a gallery of paintings or a public library; and if he stops a native in the street, instead of an acceptable invitation to dine and sail on the river, he is questioned as to how many shawls he wants, what ivory carvings he

intends to take home, and how long he is going to stay, or rather how soon he is going to be off after making his purchases. If in despair he turns from the natives, and into the factories, he finds no one in the counting-rooms at leisure to talk to him, but master and clerks are all alike engaged, and immersed in mighty folios, becoming more interesting every day. He believes firmly that Canton is a workshop inscribed with "no admittance except on business," and unless he wishes a clerkship, thinks he had better depart and be forgotten.

But in a while he finds out that the natives are not such dull boys after all, that they can laugh as well as chaffer, and that they enjoy themselves in their own way on many occasions. The stranger wonders at the gravity of the children; they are all precocious in sobriety; they seem to understand bargains, and look out for number one, and be aware of the great maxim of Franklin, business before pleasure.

The Chinese boys seem to think that they will have time to amuse themselves in the future, so the sooner they are men the better. One little boy of my acquaintance was quite remarkable for his matter-of-fact views; he had a little shop in China street, and I never saw any one else in it. He employed himself in making paper blank books, and ruling them very neatly for the foreign merchants. He also made envelopes of approved form, and frequently came to the hong for orders. It was never necessary to tell him more than once, he recollected perfectly, and sometimes suggested plans of improvement with the gravity of a senator. Once having

his orders, he could not be prevailed upon to remain and enter into friendly conversation, and though I several times uttered, as I thought, very good things, the little boy's stoical composure was not rippled by a smile.

But the stranger has little opportunity of seeing real Chinese life, without some expense of time and trouble; the factories where he lives, are in the suburbs far from the city proper; in the daytime the people are generally at work, and at night the streets are shut to him.

A great deal of the amusement of the Chinese consists in dissipation in the midst of carefully selected circles of friends, and at times when no stranger could possibly be admitted. Feasts, entertainments, marriage ceremonies, gambling, and lower scenes of vice, occupy the native very often; and stated holidays and festivals at established periods, also claim his attention. There are also out-of-door amusements, such as flying kites, kicking shuttle-cocks, &c., in which all classes occasionally participate, and if firing crackers, which is so common, be also styled a recreation, it is one that lasts all the year round, and not neglected by a human being in the empire.

There is no moment, probably, in the round of the twenty-four hours, in which thousands of crackers are not exploded in some part of the country. As the flag of England is never furled, so with as much truth may be asserted, that the Chinese crackers are never silent.

No one takes the trouble to light one at a time; a pack entire is always fired, and one to five hundred

burned whenever a building is finished, as a sort of dedication, or when there is the least call for any expression of joy or content.

They are extremely cheap; they retail for about two cents a pack, and in large quantities can be had at some reduction.

Foreign ships often bring home fifty or one hundred boxes as small stowage.

Kite flying has been already spoken of; it is practised by old and young alike, which is not singular; it is a pleasant pastime with us, but when there is no trouble in running a long distance before the plaything is sufficiently elevated, to remain suspended in the blue element, the excitement is of a less perspiring nature.

Shuttlecock is practised to some extent, but the battledoors are employed by the feet, and not by the arms; in other words, the Chinese keep the "bird" flying through the air by means of dexterous kicks. Their broad, thick, smooth shoe soles, turning up at the toes, present nearly as great a surface as the common instruments of volition, and practice enables the performers to dispense with them entirely.

Gambling, I am sorry to say, occupies much of the time that the people devote to amusements; there are hundreds of modes of gaming, and sums are staked from a few cash up to large amounts of money. The boys learn gambling as soon as they can talk, and pursue it through life.

But the evil, in a manner, corrects itself, so universal is the practice that it is looked upon as a mere every-day business, and thus fewer perhaps are completely deranged and ruined by it than in other

countries, where it is condemned from the pulpit and punished by the law.

There are cards of many kinds, and games of chess and draught, differing from those familiar to us. It is no uncommon sight to see a boat-load of people, after their work is over, quietly sit down with well thumbed cards, and as they always play for something real, though it be of little value, their excitement and anxiety is real also. Boys and idle young men gamble a great deal for confectionary, which never, to me, presented a very inviting appearance; it always seemed to be of the coarsest brown sugar and dirty water.

A very common way of gaming is with crickets, which rascally boys put into a pan and irritate almost to madness by teasing them with straws, and when they are roused up to the highest pitch of fury, they fall upon each other with venomous hate, and fight till one or both are killed. The kind-hearted youngsters, meanwhile, bet on the result like old hands at the business. Rats and quails are employed by those better off in the world, for the same purposes, and the contest is proportionably more interesting.

A great deal of this gaming is carried on in the open air, in the streets, in bye-places, and vacant lots, or in the boats when their occupants are at leisure; but the fashionable world, who stake heavier sums, play surrounded by the luxury of brilliant saloons, in their own houses, or when night comes, sally forth to stylish and exclusive resorts, to the Crockfords and Frescatis of Canton. There, with companions of their own rank and feather, they spend

their hours without the risk of intruding wives, or the dread of meeting them when they return home.

Gaming is carried on perhaps as much within the domestic circle as abroad, and this is easily done when the females of the family have little or no influence, as in China. Where women are slighted, men seldom take pains to disguise their vicious propensities.

There is much amusement found and to be found in Chinese visiting. Calls of ceremony are such in the extreme; there is then no lively bustling manner in guest or host, but each strives to outdo the other in civility.

There are many rules laid down in the Chinese code of etiquette, which the would-be fashionable man studies attentively, as to receiving company, entertaining and dismissing it, and the learner must practise great patience, and cultivate his memory to become an accomplished gentleman.

A single misstep would be fatal to his character as a man of ton; should he bow too high or too low, or shake hands once too often, he is lost; but the best rule seems to be, that superabundance of form and show is impossible.

There are rules by which a gentleman goes to meet another so far from his house, and when he gets him into it, the great struggle begins. He must not sit down before his guest, and the visitor is equally precise, if he is a polite man, and so in every action it is a contest for superior breeding.

The visiting card is huge, it is about the size of the "small bills" of particulars at a theatre, and its color is a glaring crimson, the hue of congratulation.

At the season of New Year, the Chinese merchants send in their cards in such quantities, that they resemble a shower of lava from Vesuvius, more especially as the foreigners sweep them off their desks, and cover the floor with their blushing contributions. Every merchant sends his card to every one in every hong that he is acquainted with, a system of international exchanges adopted without the suggestion of M. Vattermere. These love tokens are stamped with the name of the visitor in English, and in Chinese, and are followed up in due time by more substantial offerings of teas and sweatmeats, which are not swept out quite as unceremoniously. In return for these civilities, the Europeans make presents, such as they think will prove acceptable to the Chinese at their own new year, which comes about one month later than the European.

In feasts the Chinese delight, and a great deal of their spare time is dedicated to the pleasures of the table.

It has been elsewhere observed, that the taste of the upper ranks is as fastidious as that of the lower is omnivorous.

The rich people expend vast sums in the production of rare dishes, tasted perhaps but once at an entertainment, and the number of eccentricities of genius in shape of food is quite equal to the catalogue of the *Trois Freres Provinceaux* in the *Palais Royal*.

The celebrated bird-nest soup forms a standing dish, and costs enormously. These nests are principally brought from Java, are the work of a kind of swallow, and are obtained with difficulty.

They consist of a glutinous substance, formed by the bird itself, and after being properly cleansed, are packed in boxes and sent to Canton, where they are often worth more than their weight in gold. They can be only purchased by the rich, and the small quantity remaining after the greater part of a shipment, is sent to Peking for the emperor and high officers of government, is eagerly seized by the wealthy merchants and mandarins of Canton.

The nests are boiled, and form a kind of soup about the consistency of gruel, and with very little taste. The Chinese have great faith in its medicinal qualities, and use it for the same purpose as they do ginseng, for its supposed efficacy in promoting the birth and vigor of children. There are also the eatables which they prize highly — the shark's fins, which are very delicate, and the bicho de mar, a species of tender sea-grass.

The tables, in entertainments, present a very beautiful appearance; the dishes, indescribable as they are, look very nice, and are generally dressed with natural flowers, and follow each other in the most rapid succession. One is not obliged to complain of scarcity as in some of our steamboats, where you put your finger on a dish and it is not there; but if the boy serving you should happen to say "all gone, sir," (if he knew English enough,) when you ask for a particular dish, he can bring you another instantly so much like it, only so much prettier in appearance than the last, that you are perfectly satisfied with the change.

The jolly guests at feasts do not confine themselves to solids. They wash down the thousand and one

productions of the kitchen with tremendous rivers of warm wine, which however has very little strength, and which is poured into the throat from silver cups with two handles, and when the very last drop is drained, the beaker is placed mouth down on the table, to show that all honor has been paid to the toast. With so much hard drinking it is rather singular that no more disappear beneath the table, but the wine seems to have little power of ascension, and goes into the head less than into the stomach. There are more forms and ceremonies connected with feasts than I have paper to spare for them ; but I think no enthusiast would care to go through two Chinese dinners. The dishes, palatable as they look, have a very strong smack of castor oil, and you can scarcely find one that has not some repulsive taste. I was once tempted by a plate of exquisite looking eggs and vegetables, and oh, — that rash swallow, — I feel faint as I write this paragraph.

The hong merchants frequently send to the foreign factories great numbers of dishes as a compliment, and if one wishes to be still more polite, gives an entertainment at his own establishment. To show his national taste, he begins with fruit and ends with soup, the world being turned upside down in China. Cheers, toasts, and sentiments abound as at convivial scenes in Europe, and most of the company go home not fuddled but waterlogged.

While the old hong system was in full glory, and such choice spirits as Houqua, Minqua and Linchong were in their prime, many were the entertainments, and splendid too, which Chinese hospitality

offered to the European. In Minqua's hong, just in the midst of the foreign factories, and at the corner of old China street, are some magnificent rooms that formerly resounded to the mirth of hundreds, but are now deserted, or only occupied by sordid, nameless adventurers.

There are several annual festivals, to which the greatest importance is attached by the people, and they are looked for with eagerness by old and young. Though not exactly a joyous ceremonial, the custom of visiting the tombs of ancestors is kept up from year to year, and as long as the Chinese continue a nation will, probably, never go out of fashion. It is in the spring that the myriads of the cities and villages repair to the cemeteries, sweep the tombs, see that due repairs are effected, and by their universal good conduct testify their regard for their ancestors. It is a period of leisure and is an amusement, inasmuch as a change of scene is necessarily included.

The dragon festival is a very pretty one, and highly interesting. It is a sort of regatta, and is in honor of some famous sage who was drowned long ago. The boats are shaped like Indian canoes, with the figure of a dragon at the prow, and are otherwise highly ornamented and gilded. They are immensely long, and the rowers sit one on each bench, and use short sculls in propelling. They dart up and down the river in vast numbers, and with fearful speed, for the long, narrow boats, as sharp as razors, cut through the water like a bird in the air. The boatmen in the mean time shout, and the people on the shore beat gongs, wave flags, and fire crackers to inspire the rowers to redoubled exertions, and the

sport is attended with no little danger in the midst of the crowded river, with the boat-crews so excited that they cannot avoid hazard as in their every-day craft. Some of the boats contain more than sixty rowers, and the sport sometimes continues two or three days. Occasionally it has been prohibited by the government, on account of the many accidents which generally happen. The boatmen dart about as if searching for some lost object, and this commemorates the efforts to discover the old gentleman when he happened to tumble overboard.

The boats would vie with our own prize-racing barges, and eclipse the beautiful wherries in possession of the foreigners, who spend a great deal of their leisure in pulling on the river.

We shall have occasion to speak of this amusement in the succeeding chapter, devoted to the life of the foreigner in China.

But New Year is the great season of rejoicing — leisure, visiting, drinking, feasting, forming good resolutions, and last, though not least, paying debts.

There may have been a dull November and December, trade may have been slack, and foreign arrivals infrequent; sickness may have prevailed, or a son been strangled for smuggling opium, but the balsam for all evils lurks in the coming season, and old men feel young again, and small boys forget to look sober at the prospect of the approaching jubilee. The shops, narrow and dingy, as many of them are, look gay and lively; the traders seem to weigh more and more every day; the bundles that the coolies carry become lighter; the clerks write so fast, that quills are exhausted in scores; and even the gloomy

clouded skies seem less forbidding, though they do not permit the sun to look on the busy world.

Men are seen hurrying to and fro, making purchases for presents, and congratulating each other; tables are set in the streets, covered with all sorts of knick-knacks, and the goods in the shops are carried near to the door, and displayed in tempting splendor. Long rolls of silk that, like dreamers, have been wrapt up in themselves for months, suddenly unroll, and dazzle beholders with their richness. Costume shops bring forth all their finest dresses, glittering with shining embroidery as if there were no poor people in the world, and all were mandarins.

The porcelain stores are crammed with brittle magnificence, the largest vases are polished with silk handkerchiefs, and the painting on them seems to be newly varnished.

The ivory work is most abundant, and the intricate twistings of the carver's skill seem trying to twist themselves inside out in the ecstasy of the moment. All the people are abroad; the horticulturists carry superb boquets and baskets of flowers hither and thither; the carpenters put an extra polish on their furniture; the cooks ponder over new creations in sauces; the beggars leave off banging their gongs, for they get plenty of money without the nuisance; the well to do in the world chuckle over acquisitions, and the needy wonder what they can sell to the best advantage.

And the first of the New Year is an excellent season for settling bills; would that the same good custom existed in this country; it does in a certain measure, but one cannot compel the debtor to pay

up, as he does in China; there the poor fellow must dole forth his pittance, and no excuses or prayers avail him. If he does not, his goods may be seized, he may be considered a slippery fellow, and have the police after him with a hue and cry, and if he does not look out, have his front door sold off its hinges to diminish his liabilities. There is no benefit of the bankrupt laws in China, and though credit may be very good eleven months out of the twelve, when the New Year draws nigh, shopkeepers dive into long accounts, and look serious when the customer comes to lengthen his bill.

And if he does not take the hint, he congratulates him slyly on the coming season, and advises him to buy no more just now, as prices will be lower then. Finding that no one will trust him further, the luckless customer, after vainly endeavoring to beg, borrow, or steal, determines to pay, and if he is fortunate enough to escape with a whole skin, finds the world very easy to live in after the inexorable New Year is over.

The visitor who has some time to remain, may as well button up his pockets, and only inquire values, until the great season arrives when goods come down twenty-five per cent. in cost, and every one is anxious to raise money. I thought before the end of the year that there was no variation in the Canton prices, and that money was never "tight." What the rate of discount was I cannot say, but I had the satisfaction of taking several friends to the shops that I had dealt in, and of learning that the very articles I had heard time and again estimated as dog cheap, until I really believed so, were knocked down at the

first bid without hesitation. And the self-denying dealer, putting on a face as long as his accounts, would say, "no kin buy so cheap agin." For the honor of foreigners, I must say, that few in China are mean enough to contract debts that they do not mean to pay, though the bargain is always a verbal one, admitting of dispute.

I once bought a pair of vases of old Ushing in New China street for eighteen dollars, and when I went to pay for them, the absent-minded man said they were only "six i teen."

He was no doubt amply paid even at that price, and he complimented me with his heart full for my good memory.

All the houses, streets, public places, and boats are thoroughly cleaned, even the people are scrubbed beyond the extent of the twelve months preceding in honor of the first day in the year. Up to the last hour of the last day of the old year, persons are seen hurrying to and fro, making purchases, and buying long scrolls of scarlet paper covered with sentences in honor of the season. These they paste upon their doors, or hang them up in their houses, and this duty being accomplished, give themselves up to feasting and merriment of all kinds.

On New Year's morning, wonderful to relate, the shops are all closed, the streets look as if universal emigration had taken place, and are more completely deserted than our own on the Sabbath. All the little boys are snug at home, peeping into their stockings to see what they have got, and do not show their noses till long after breakfast.

But after a while the streets begin to swarm with

gay persons, hurrying in sedan chairs to call upon their friends, and leave cards for formal acquaintances, and in places where they are well acquainted ask for the children.

Then the dinners and suppers are of the best ; every one puts care completely aside, even the servants buy new costumes, or hire second-hand to wait in, and the hot wine sparkles in the brimming silver cups. And with a love of noise, the half frantic people bang the poor gongs unmercifully, and the louder they complain of such harsh treatment the more the maniacs beat them. Crackers, too, are fired in unnumbered millions, and saltpetre rises fifty per cent. ; a thousand packs are let off in succession, and painters have a continual opportunity for copying the smoke they cause for pictures of battle-fields, and farmers gather the torn shreds of paper, which, decomposed, aid in manuring their broad acres.

The festivities of New Year last three days with deafening hubbub, and the world in China then sinks quietly down to its old way of doing things, and business is resumed for another twelve-month.

The feast of the lanterns comes later in the spring than the dragon festival, but this has been already spoken of, and it is not an object of such enthusiasm as the New Year jubilee. In broad streets like those of a European city, it might be very splendid, but the lanterns can hardly show to advantage in the narrow, stifled streets of Canton.

The great amusement of the people of all ranks is the theatre, and plays are performed at any season of the year, and the population flock eagerly to the show.

The actors are formed into strolling companies, and travel all over China. They perform their parts admirably, and excel in pantomime. The hong merchants sometimes engage a company for several days, and throw open their hong to the foreigners as well as the rabble. I accepted an invitation to attend one of these exhibitions, and the tea merchant at whose establishment the show took place, politely expressed his desire that all should come.

Two or three of us went together to the hong, and were ushered into an apartment in the second story looking out on to the court yard, and furnished with seats ascending as they retreated, so that the hindmost spectators could see as well as those in front. These benches, with the exception of a few reserved seats, were densely occupied by the respectable and well dressed friends of the hongist.

We were politely ushered into the first seats looking immediately on the stage opposite. As soon as we were comfortably seated, a boy brought to us very nice tea and fans, as the weather was warm. Below us in the open yard were the closely packed hundreds admitted to the exhibition without charge, but obliged to stand, and with the sun beating down on their unprotected heads. They were very orderly and quiet, however, and watched every change of scene with intense interest. The stage was formed of bamboo poles, strongly tied together, and the floor was of boards resting on the horizontal reeds, and covered with a carpet. The ceiling was of a piece with the splendor of the theatre, and composed of rather dingy matting. There was no drop or green curtain, no footlights or scenery of any description,

and the orchestra was behind the performers. There was a retiring room at the back of the stage, whither the actors resorted to change their dresses. The beauty of the establishment was much improved by a number of half naked cooleys, who had climbed up the bamboo poles to have a better view of the scene, where they clung like apes, and one or two more fortunate than the rest, had actually managed to get on top of the frame, and sat with their dusky legs dangling through holes in the matting. The performance was ludicrous, and yet very good in its way; in pantomime the actors were masters, and the expressions of their countenances admirably suited to the feelings they meant to express. The dresses were truly gorgeous; it is in costume not in scenery that great sums are expended, and that of actors is always a representation of the ancient dresses of China, before the Manchou Tartar conquest.

They were of the richest silks and satins, stiff with gold thread and gay embroidery, and well put on.

The actors screamed and bawled at the top of their voices, and seemed to lash themselves into the most furious excitement. There was a vast deal of fighting, and on the least pretence, the heroes of the piece drew their swords and hacked at each other without mercy; and every moment the orchestra would come in with an awful crash, and nearly drive one frantic by the din of gongs, the squeak of stringed instruments, and the shrill shrieks of fifes. I soon became aware that I could not appreciate the performance; for when I laughed at the apparent absurdities, all the Chinese looked on with breathless

interest, and sometimes during a part that I considered particularly stupid, I would hear loud explosions of delight, and a contagious chuckle would animate the whole assembly.

There were no women to be seen either as spectators or actors, though the impersonation of feminine character was so admirable, and the dress so perfectly worn, that I came away at first under the belief that I had seen females acting. Delicate looking lads of seventeen or nineteen are selected to personate the softer sex; and when the dress is put on, the false head-gear assumed, the feet squeezed into the smallest of shoes, and the voice mimics the high shrill tones of womanhood, the disguise is complete.

The faces of the boys are painted, as is usual with the females in China, and the womanly way of moving, talking, and even thinking seems to be adopted. They make love in the most natural and sentimental manner, assume airs of coquetry and raillery with equal ease, and play the belle and the mother much better than nine tenths of the European actresses. In truth, they sometimes personate the wife in her several capacities, and in one instance, a stage lady began to pant, and groan, and give indications of increasing her family, and when she had retired, a rag baby of the most natural order was brought in, very shortly followed by the mother, who had rapidly recovered from her confinement.

There is, however, no indecency ever committed.

To the bamboo poles in front are attached boards, with the name of the play represented inscribed on them, and are changed with the drama. A play will frequently last two or three days; the one I saw

occupied nearly twelve hours, and when I returned in the afternoon the boards were unchanged, and the same old fellows that were wrapped up in the story I had seen all eyes and ears in the morning.

When it is time to go to dinner the orchestra suddenly ceases to emit its deafening clangor, the actors roll up the stage carpet, and adjourn to some eating house, the audience disperse till the meal is over, when the actors come back as violent as ever. The crowd will stand patiently for hours under the hot sun to enjoy a performance which depends more on the excellence of the actors than on the merits of the play.

The actors vary their exhibitions by gymnastic exercises, some of which are very remarkable. In one that I saw, a number of men formed a circle joining hands, and on the shoulders of these stood another tier, and a third group of three or four persons stood on the top of the pyramid. Those beneath then commenced dancing, and finally went whirling round like a top, until they attained a fearful velocity. I expected to see some of the fellows go off in a tangent, but they all managed to retain their hold, those above jumping and kicking as they revolved.

As there is no scenery, of course the audience have to imagine it, and transport the players in their fancy from point to point, but the actors have a very cheap and ingenious method of locomotion. If they wish to mount on horseback, they bestride a chair and crack a whip, and if the hero of the piece desires to go to Peking, he skips across the stage, claps his hands, bawls with joy, and informs the

hearers that he has arrived. The fashionable world at once believe him, and go to court without presentations. There are hundreds of dramatic authors in China, their name is legion, and their productions seem to be the most popular reading of the Chinese. A few plays have been translated into English, but are hardly adapted for the European stage.

Books are extremely cheap in China, and the "sing song" books, as they are called, are more lively and entertaining than most others. All the plays represented can be found in print, and a complete collection would outnumber the British drama.

The same company do not visit a city more than once in three or four years, and each troupe have a number of performances in which they are particularly skilled.

The only harm likely to result from theatrical exhibitions arises from the narrow and densely crowded streets; if a panic ensues, many are trampled to death, and a short time after I left Canton a lamentable tragedy occurred. A fire took place during a performance, and upwards of two thousand persons lost their lives by the flames and by their frantic efforts to escape destruction.

CHAPTER XII.

EUROPEAN LIFE IN CHINA.

It has seemed to me that a book on the inhabitants of the Quantung province should have one chapter in it devoted to the foreign residents, inasmuch as they are so intimately connected with the native population, and the mode of life among them is rather different from that practised in their own beloved countries.

Suppose the visitor to have merged into the settler, the man who complained of dull times to have sought excitement in trade, and entered one of the counting rooms of the factories. Many a young man has gone out to China with no definite purpose but that of seeing a little of the world, without knowing how to begin, and from a mere sight-seer has concluded to take a hand at the game of life in the Celestial Empire. He finds no idle time, when he once begins to square accounts with himself and with his employers, and does not think much more of peeping into the manners and customs of the people. He finds indeed that the manners of the community are generally of the trading order, and for customs determines to cling to his own. The young man has but one profession to choose, that of the merchant; of lawyers there are fortunately none, physicians are

already thick as locusts, and as for a minister, he knows no one would listen to him. He must study the hieroglyphics of the ledger, and realize vast sums on paper. He is soon indoctrinated, he learns to measure a box of China ware, including rattans, to make out a linguist's report, and go down to the hongs on business when a ship is departing. He learns to judge of a bale of India cotton, or a chest of opium, to taste tea, and to drive sharp bargains with all sorts of Chinamen.

He has few newspapers to look into for local information; a straggling copy of the Bombay Times comes along now and then, and he finds nothing in the Hong Kong Gazette except advertisements, and the fact that another ship has come into harbor.

Canton, indeed, is the most stupid place in the East Indies; a stranger can only be interested in the native population, and the foreign resident only in business.

But hitherto the stranger has found something to reward him for burying himself in China for years, in the splendid fortunes which many have made in a very short time. Men who had landed with scarce a dollar, by enterprise, industry, and patience have in a few years been enabled to carry home sufficient to enable them to live in luxury all the rest of their lives, to build palaces, and astonish their old friends, and to take with them vast camphor trunks, and cargoes of curiosities, and copper colored complexions; and though dull as Canton may generally seem in point of amusement, we shall show that the foreigners manage to have a little recreation among themselves, and to enliven their leisure hours.

Speaking of complexions, I would wish to do away with the idea, that Canton is a sickly place; I am convinced that there is little sickness there compared with its dense population, and there are few bodies of men more generally healthy than the foreign merchants. Those who carry home sallow countenances may thank themselves for them, and with the life that many pursue, it is strange how they survive at all. The limited space that foreigners have for exercise, and the deep shaded hongts that they pass their days under, unexposed to the sun, contribute to make their faces as pale as their jackets.

To begin at the alpha of the foreign residents' life, we must describe the places in which they live—the factories.

These are all close together, occupying perhaps a thousand square yards of space, mostly fronting on the river, and running back several hundred feet. Some of these dwelling-places are in lengthened narrow courts, between Old and New China streets, but the most eligible face the American garden, and boast of some architectural embellishments. There is usually a basement, and above it an entresol, and then the principal apartments. In front of the upper rooms in several of the hongts, is a marble paved verandah with green blinds, which can be opened or shut at pleasure. The hongts are entered by means of a wide passage-way running the whole length of the building, and are each composed of numbers of houses detached from each other, yet all serving their turn like the distinct glasses in a telescope.

No attempt at Chinese style is introduced in any

of these buildings. They consist of counting-rooms, an establishment for the tea tasters, of dining and sleeping rooms, and in some are nicely furnished parlors.

The housekeeping is entirely under the charge of a compradore, and he is a very important functionary. He is paid nothing for his services, but manages amply to pay himself.

He has under his thumb, the cooks and the cool-eyes, the purveyors and the servant boys. He cannot make much from the foreigners directly, but manages in a roundabout way, and scrapes his earnings from his own countrymen. If a Chinaman brings any thing to the hong to sell, he never lets him go away without squeezing him, he is in fact a broker, and earns a fat commission for every transaction. He acts as the banker of the establishment, strangers deposit with him their specie, and check on him when they want money. Every time that he pays one a handful of dollars, he lays them flat on the stones, and stamps each one with his own mark, which is cut on the end of an iron chisel, and hammered into the Spaniard. So every dealer inflicts his brand on every piece that passes through his hands, until the silver is frittered into bits. The compradore must look out for honest men and rogues at the same time; he is responsible for all the moveables in the house, and is obliged to replace the plate of the establishment if lost. Once the table silver happened to be stolen from the side-board after dinner was over, and new glittering substitutes were in use at tea time. The compradore has to bear the loss himself, and say nothing, but he

gives an extra twist to the screw press, and forces the loss out of his grumbling countrymen. He pays it the more readily, as it would go hard with him if his apparent neglect of care should come to the ears of his government officers. Next to the compradore in dignity and self-importance, are the native boys who wait on the table, and attend to the rooms. Every person in the establishment, from the partners down to the miserable Portuguese clerks, (who seem real objects of pity from their forlorn situations,) has one of these saucy, puffed up youngsters to attend his pleasure. They have a horror of offending the compradore, who could cut them off with a wink of his eye, but they fear no one else. They are tolerably obedient to the person employing them, and as supercilious as possible to other people.

At the table the "marvellous boy," just as his master is going to sit down, pulls out one chair, and is not aware of the existence of the other four-and-twenty, nor does he keep his eye on more than one plate, and a stranger close at hand without an attendant, might request him for half an hour to hand him the bread, and only be answered by a vacant stare.

The varlet thinks it no degradation to bring fresh water and make up your bed, but he would consider it humiliating in the last degree to be forced to sweep the room out. He is a gentleman, and has a cooley under him to do the dirty work; and though he will go on errands, he would scorn to carry a bundle.

Between the servant boys and the cooleys the usual work of a chambermaid is performed, for be it

known that there is no such character in all Canton. Men, strong backed, nimble men, perform every office connected with the hong.

Of cooleys, the most faithful and deserving of them all, attached to Russell & Co.'s establishment, Old Qui is really entitled to a special paragraph. Qui, a man of sixty, which some call the prime of life, is so identified with the interests of Europeans, and has lived so long in the same hong, that he seems to be part and parcel of it. When strangers come or depart, he hurries with or for baggage to the square, counts each piece, is sure that it is right, and takes a fatherly interest in every portmanteau.

If visitors come to stay a while, he makes himself known, and his short name is never forgotten; he keeps a sharp eye on every one, and now and then ventures an opinion on the weather, saying, "He more colo to-day, sir." He wears a large slouched hat, and usually introduces his bare feet, surmounted by trouserless calves, into very roomy shoes, and when it rains, into wooden slippers, that clatter musically as he moves. He has on more than one occasion proved his zeal in the cause of the foreigners, and once displayed considerable coolness and bravery during a riot. Before I reached China a disturbance had occurred, which rose from a very singular circumstance.

A new flagstaff of immense length had been brought out in a United States man-of-war, and planted in the centre of the American garden. At the end of this mast, the pole was affixed, which was smaller, of course, and could, if necessary, be lowered through the cross-trees. On the top of this staff, a neat vane

had been affixed but a short time, when the wind happened to blow from the north, and of course the vane pointed its arrowy dart directly towards the city. The superstitious Chinese, of the lower order, at once conceived that evil was designed by the mysterious indicator, as if this airy demon was in the act of pointing invisible fiends to their devoted city, and they rose *en masse*.

The Europeans decided that it would be as well to yield to the deep-rooted fears and terrors of the populace, and the upper staff was ordered to be lowered for the purpose of removing the vane. While this was being performed, a rope parted, and the tall pole came down by the run. The rabble growing with each instant more excited and insolent, filled the square, and burst into a perfect storm of fury. The vane struck against something and flew off, and the crowd made a rush for it. But Old Qui, who had all the while been watching the proceedings intently, now flew among the brawlers, knocked some half dozen over, grabbed the cause of all the mischief, and waving it over his head, while shouting in triumph, dashed with it into the hong, leaving the baffled scoundrels speechless with rage. For this act he was liberally rewarded, made the pet of the establishment, and if not "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," was for a while at least "the observed of all observers." He kept pretty close for some time, and did not venture into the streets until the affair had well blown over, as he might have found his neck in an uncomfortable collar, had he been recognized.

There are several other functionaries connected

with the hong, among these are watchmen and gate-keepers. The "Charleys" go up and down the length of the hong every half hour, and bang monotonously on a wooden gong to indicate that all is safe, and it is by no means unpleasant just at bedtime, to hear the friendly intimation, surrounded as you are by thousands of fellows outside the small foothold allotted to the stranger, who would cut your throat more readily than you would cut your corns.

The gate-keepers sit in grim majesty in a little pigeon hole, just within the entrance door, and only wide enough to turn round in and accommodate a bed. Changes of clothing being accomplished about once in six months, no heavy mahogany wardrobe or bright mirror is to be seen. The only draperies of the apartment are the blue gauze hangings of the mosquito net, the only decoration of the hard wall is the nail on which the custode hangs his hat.

He keeps, like an old fashioned schoolmaster, a stout rattan in the corner, and which he flourishes with unflinching effect over the backs of vagrant boys who may chance to wander into the hong.

There are also herds of cooleys and understrappers of all sorts connected with each establishment, but not worthy of particular introduction. Some of the hong contain a number of establishments belonging to different firms, and as no names are visible, it is at first a matter of some difficulty to find persons one may be in search of.

The East India Company's hong, destroyed a few years since by the incendiaries of Canton, were the finest ever built in China, and have since I left been

replaced by others of substantial elegance. These factories were separated from those where Americans usually reside, by the narrow and filthy Hog Lane, but were rendered more pleasant by a garden similar to the square which lay between them and the river.

Such are the buildings, and such the officials, high and low, associated with them, which come under the notice of foreigners, and of which I have endeavored to sketch an outline.

To begin at breakfast time, or rather a little before it, the officious boy whom you have engaged to pay for boring you, thunders into your own room half an hour before the morning meal, and tugs at your mosquito netting, and finally rouses you into a knowledge of the fatal fact that your hour has come.

If he is a shrewd boy, he manages to lift a corner of the gauze, and permit some dozen lively and hungry mosquitoes to come near your face, after having "all night long their amorous descant sung" on the outside of the curtain. Being put in a passion by the buzzing of the perverse insects, you finally make a desperate effort, and present yourself to the world in a tumbled toga.

As you have finished ablutions, and deposited in the usual spot the piece of soap, which the daring rats, as thick as the winged bloodsuckers, have the night previous carried off your washstand, and have arranged the tie of your cravat in a sufficiently careful manner for Canton, in pops the boy again, perspiring with importance.

He says, "Breakfast hab got laly," meaning ready; you ask, "Hab sit down," and he answers, "Hab

catchee chow chow," (food of any kind,) or "no hab sit down," as may be the case. You leave your room to the mercy of the cooley, and descend to the first work of the day. At breakfast, the gorgeous youth places himself behind your chair, and certainly is very exclusive in his attentions. He brings you coffee or the most fragrant tea, delicious as the odor of new mown hay, and which luckless mortals across the water can never buy of all the Pekin Tea companies in the country.

Then the bread, as white and delicate as that of Paris, the fresh fish, and the snowy rice he introduces to your notice. The crisped perch, victims of the net, he insists on calling "feasy," the nearest approach that he can make to the proper name, rice he blunders still worse upon substituting the eighteenth letter in the alphabet for the twelfth, and transposing the article from the vegetable to the animal kingdom. He does not mean to be uncivil or gross, but his tongue cannot express every barbarian sound.

Oysters, sometimes seen in Canton, he calls "icy," but schrimps are utterly beyond him. He could no more utter them intelligibly, than he could pronounce the name of a Russian ending in scowski.

The Chinese show their imitative powers in nothing more than in the ease with which they emulate European dishes, and every meal could not have been more completely like home had it been transported by lightning line.

Breakfast over, the clerks move off to the counting room, shortly followed by the partners, and the visitor is left to the even tenor of his way, to make purchases in the shops, or startle the tea merchants

at the hong into the hope that he is going to buy, or wander idly among the streets which I have already sufficiently explored.

If he has nothing particular to do, he perhaps visits the tailoring establishment of Mr. Quenchong Pody in New China street, and orders a dozen, never less at a time, of pantaloons and jackets. These garments are expressly intended for comfort and economy, for the lightest of American summer clothing is enormous in weight, compared with these, and being universal in their adaptation to all forms, they may be sold as bran new to the next visitor. They are certainly exceedingly cheap, the pantaloons and jackets costing only a little over a dollar each.

Or if the solitary is in a stay-at-home humor, he probably overhauls his wardrobe, and overhauls his boy at the same time for not keeping it in better order. He may dive into his clothes basket, and make up his immense bundle for the wash, and he puts down the pieces in English, while the boy puts them down also in ragged Chinese. If the visitor has just arrived, he is for a while in happy ignorance of the fate that awaits his unfortunate clothes, nor can picture to himself the look of horror with which he will survey them after they have been immersed in and fished from the turbid river. They are brought home, looking as if they had been nearly drowned, and only half resuscitated by some humane society.

The washers put a mark on each person's clothes, some few have the wit to place this out of sight, but a friend of mine received it in Chinese ink on the front of his waistcoat.

The clerk's life is very different from that of the visitor; he has no time to run about the shops and stare at curiosities, but he betakes himself to the counting rooms, and diminishes pens all day long. The immense amount of work performed in one of the large Canton houses is indescribable, and the clerks are occupied on an average of from twelve to fifteen hours a day. They seldom quit the desks before midnight, being all the time occupied in the various processes of receiving and dispatching cargoes, of making out sales and interest calculations, copying letters, filing away papers, and the perpetual round of business employments.

This of course is during the most busy season, when ships are pouring in, each one requiring several hundred thousand dollars' worth of care. One of the head clerks of an American factory, to whom I was speaking of my wandering about the city, told me he had not been in China street, (only about fifty yards off,) for nine years. Absurd as such a statement may seem, it was nevertheless true, for his work, he being book-keeper, kept him busy from seven in the morning to somewhere about the small hours. His labor was never varied, except by his meals, a hurried trot around the square, and an occasional pull on the river, and a summer trip to Macao. One of the pleasures of the counting-room is smoking; the clouds of vapor that float around one, put him in mind of the German merchants and meerschaums. Instead of fragrant Havanas, the Manilla cheroots are smoked in China, and there is as great choice in them as in the darlings of Cuba. They are cut square at both ends, draw freely, and

the best have no infusion of opium, as is generally believed in this country.

The second delight of the morning is the lunch about twelve o'clock ; some of the delicious bread, a few plantains, and a bottle of the capital Calcutta beer, form the entertainment.

The Chinese boy answers the call without a bell, and draws the cork of the bottle, which pops as clearly as Burton ale, and the generous liquor exhilarates without stupifying.

Some idea of the magnitude of the establishments in Canton may be formed from the fact, that shortly before my arrival, one house had purchased for its own consumption, two hundred dozen of this India ale, which supply was utterly exhausted in about three months.

But dinner is the great event of the day, and very pleasant always. It is an agreeable custom in Canton for partners and clerks to have their meals together, thus producing a confidence and a respectful familiarity between all parties. At dinner, especially, reserve seems to be thrown off, and the assemblage is like a large social dinner party between relatives, without restraint of an embarrassing nature. The dinner hour is three or four in the afternoon, and the usual number of fifteen or twenty persons is often enlarged without notice, by the arrival of half a dozen ship captains, and occasionally a stray lady. Up to the period of the Chinese war, foreign women were not allowed to go to Canton, but the restriction has since been removed, and a few, prompted by a curiosity which can scarcely be gratified, find their way there.

They might as well remain at Hong Kong or Macao, where they would have much better opportunities of seeing Chinese life than they possibly can in the great city. If they should enter a street they would be mobbed; if they look out of a window, they attract the gaze of five hundred idlers, and their walks are confined to the square, into which none but the most respectable natives are allowed. Every thing they wish to purchase must be brought to them, and, in short, they are as uncomfortable in Canton as a Chinese woman would be in New York.

The dinner ready, the boy calls us, and we see that he has taken pains to put on a fine garment, and make himself look like an exquisite. He still can see but one chair and one plate, and the old sea captain close at hand, accustomed to order the servant with a wink, may call to him louder and louder, but until we compel his attendance, he does not hear him.

The boy is told to "catchee" every thing, catchee soup, meat, fruit, &c., which means simply bring the article asked for; if desired to move quickly, he is told to go "chop chop," he obeys, and so the dinner progresses. It would be like violating the sacredness of a family to detail any account of the pleasant and luxurious entertainments, the conversation and fun of the dinners, the sentiments proposed, and the bumpers drained; but one may, without scruple, revel in the recollection of the delicacies of the animal and vegetable kingdoms daily served at Canton.

There is delicious mutton brought down from the mountains, like the Southdown of England in flavor

and tenderness, and game in the greatest abundance, and of the finest quality.

Teal or wild ducks of several varieties, and little pets, like the reed birds of the middle states, that can be devoured flesh and bones, are plenty as blackberries, and found in millions about the Bogue, frequenting the lonely islands at the mouth of the river. The sportsmen are almost exclusively Chinese, from the want of accommodation and the difficulty attending the visit of the foreigner. Very few Europeans are successful; the birds do not seem to care much for the double barrellled gun of barbarian manufacture, and only come down in numbers at the request of a native.

You will often see a ragged hunter enter the hong with his enormous gun, twelve or fifteen feet long, over his shoulder, balanced by the bunch of birds that he offers to the compradore in exchange for chop dollars. The gun is a genuine curiosity, worthy of a place in a museum of artillery. It is shaped something like a musket, but distinguished by its immense length and its old fashioned constructed fire-lock. The birds are knocked down with iron shot, and the tattered sportsman places the breech to his side instead of his shoulder. How he takes aim is a mystery, but he very seldom misses.

Towards sunset, one in the neighborhood of the Bogue will often see myriads of teal flying over and settling on the barren rocks of Tiger Island, and among the paddy fields of Whampoa are found, in their proper season, vast flocks of the rice birds. The captains of vessels sometimes exercise their ingenuity in endeavoring to procure game for their

cabins, but if they even happen to kill the birds, which is not often, they are very difficult to be found in the tall thick grass and bogs of the muddy meadows.

It is extremely difficult in Canton to procure tolerable butter; if a lot arrives, which is a little more decent than the ancient article in use, it is eagerly seized; so it is with milk and cream, China not being a grazing country.

But in all other good things the hong of Canton offer as great a variety as an epicure can desire, and the varieties and excellence of vegetables and fruit are unsurpassed.

The potato we have already spoken of, which is grown near Macao, of a kind equalling the best in America. In fact, China combines within its broad territory, all the productions of a temperate as well as a tropical clime.

Their fruits are brought to a high degree of perfection by the skilful gardeners, and differ from the hard, ill-natured rarities grown under glass in European hot-houses.

There are several varieties of oranges; the first in rank is the mandarin. This is often seen growing on the dwarf trees, and is of a deep color, approaching crimson on the outside.

This orange is rather small, and the thin skin peels completely off with ease, leaving the fruit in its underdress. Within it is of a blood-red hue, very sweet and juicy. The sections of the fruit are so protected, that no juice escapes. Ranks of every thing in China are, in a great degree, distinguished by the name of mandarin and cooley; there is the

mandarin proper, and every object, animate or inanimate, if good, is mandarin, also; so every thing common and unclean is cooley.

The mandarin-cooley orange is the second in favor; this resembles the first, except being of a lighter color, and with a flavor perhaps not quite as fine. The third class is the cooley, and known among us as the China orange; this is larger than either of the others, perfectly round, and of a bright yellow color. It has a close, hard skin, requiring to be cut with a knife, full of juice, and, to my taste, far superior to its more ambitious kindred. The fourth class is a dwarf orange called cumquat, looking like a mandarin in miniature, and only used or fit for preserving. The pumelo is a very fine fruit; it grows to near the size of a man's head, and when on its bush, before being plucked, has to be supported by a rest, the weight being likely to break down the tender shrub. It is shaped like a pear, and seems to resemble the shaddock, having a juicy pulp within, no more substantial than whip syllabub, and is of a pale, yellow hue. There is another fruit, the proper name of which I do not remember, but it is called by Europeans the Chinese gooseberry. It is a little larger than a hen's egg, singularly ribbed from end to end, and has precisely the taste of a fine ripe gooseberry. In the raging heat of Canton nothing so effectually quenches the thirst as the juice of this delicious fruit. The lichi is an excellent fruit; it looks on the outside like an English walnut, and beneath the paper shell crushed with two fingers, and entirely detached from it, excepting at one end, is a soft pulpy substance, inclosing a stone, which looks

much like a raisin. It has an acid sweetness, and the fruit can be kept a great length of time. There are many other fruits, the pomegranate, the magus-teen, not so fine, however, as that of Java, plantains that peel and offer a melting richness, walnuts, groundnuts, and chestnuts, quite as large and good as those of Europe. While the fruits are being discussed, and the wine is passing around the table, a little tray, shaped like a dragon boat, with wire seats, and a lighted joss-stick lying at full length upon them, is placed on the board, and presently flies up and down the mahogany, as the gentlemen select their cheroots, and darken the air with rolling clouds of smoke. Then each one making himself as comfortable as the thermometer at 95° will permit him to be, indulges in a luxurious whiff, fanned all the while by the swinging punka.

This is an immense fan suspended by the two ends to the ceiling, and kept in motion by means of a rope alternately pulled and slackened by a machine in shape of a cooley, who stands outside of the dining room, and who never thinks of stopping until he is told to, should the dinner continue six hours. A cooley is so accustomed to obey, that he seldom has the wit to form and carry out an idea, and should he leave off jerking the rope, he would be sharply reprimanded by the boys, and annihilated by the compradore.

The important meal over, unless the business is very pressing, the partners, and clerks too, usually take leisure for an hour or so, and repair to the water. Some pass through the square and ground beyond it, and betake themselves to a little mud

bank, which is, or was during my visit, decorated with a consoo house, and styled Jackass Point. On the verandah are a number of seats, some composed of large stones set upon three legs, and forming cool resting places. From this point an excellent view of the river is obtained, and it is always a lively sight to see the varying craft flit by, some gay as banners, green paint, carving and gilding can make them, and others stout, sober, and business like, working slowly past. On the bank are groups of clerks playing leap-frog and hop-sotch, if the day is sufficiently cool, and if very hot, standing still looking at the vessels, and talking to the boat girls. The more sober partners order the hong boat, which is precisely like the dollar boat already described, and go up the river. They sit down and look out of the windows until all the boats are passed, and when they come to the Macao passage they anchor for half an hour, and have a comfortable snooze. Many of the young men go out on the river every evening in their own boats, either sailing or pulling. There are several classes, and no one need send to England or America for them; once give the Chinese builder his model, and he forthwith goes to work. In a very short time he has a beautiful boat, equal, from stem to stern, to the best European cutters or wherries, and so light, that he can almost take it up and bear it to the water. There are several builders close to the factories, who are employed nearly all the time in filling orders for the foreigners. They display the most admirable judgment in uniting strength and speed; one sailing vessel, built on the model of the Newport sail-boats, eclipsed any one

there, and would have done honor to Narragansett Bay. Of cutters the American Fah-kee (nation of the flowery flag, as the Chinese call us,) bore away the bell. She was an eight-oared boat of remarkable beauty, the pet of the hong, and had been victorious in several closely contested races. With the American ensign waving in the wind, she would cut through the water with such ease and lightness, that she seemed as if endowed with life, and tripping joyfully.

The boat races always took place above the city in the Macao passage, from near its entrance down to the old fort on the little island in the middle of the stream. The hour chosen was just at sunset, when the latest hues of the day threw a glorious light upon the scene, and numbers of the foreigners and Chinese came to witness the contest. The umpires' boats were placed at proper stations, the emulous racers came to the tow line minus suspenders, straps, standing collars, and check reins of every sort, and arrayed in neat flannel jackets, which, however, they dispensed with at the last moment.

They are ready, with mouths shut tight and backs bent over, a pistol is fired and off they go, straining every nerve. The foreigners' friends on either side encourage them by loud shouts, the boat rounds the turning point of the race, the interest never flags, (as reviewers say,) the goal is reached, and one comes in a winner. Then the pistols go off in dozens, and, perhaps, a Chinaman on the stern of a cargo boat, who had forgotten his devotions for the moment, bangs upon his gong with tremendous force, as a salvo shot and a chin chin joss at the same time.

Then the flannel jackets are put on again, and all set their faces towards home, the winners in excellent humor with themselves and every body else, and the losers as happy as they can be under the hard fate they suffered. But they console themselves by saying, if so and so had happened, the result would have been the other way, and firmly making up their minds that they were going to gain the victory next time. Back they all go, and then comes the uncorking of beer, followed at night by a cosy supper, during which the unfortunates continue to forget their troubles, and become so exhilarated that they are convinced that they are as good as the victors at any moment. Thus with an abundance of wine, fun, songs, toasts, and speeches, all of course unrivalled, several hours pass by, during which time they all become such good friends, that they come to a unanimous determination, namely, to see each other home, which proves to be a matter of some trouble. And the next morning two or three of the losers, with bad headaches, (from the fatigues of rowing,) slink into China street to the smith's to buy the silver cup they were so sure of winning, that they had never thought of the pattern.

The boats, after coming in from the river, are hoisted into houses on the banks by means of pulleys, and kept constantly under cover. The cutters, gigs, and wherries, are under the immediate charge of an ancient Chinaman, who has no name known to barbarians but that of Old Head. He is a fine old fellow, and it is extremely gratifying, among a vast population hostile to foreigners, to find some few

who appreciate Europeans, and are thoroughly devoted to them. Such a one is Old Head; he is respected, and though he lives in a worn out boat of the larger size, which has been drawn upon shore, he seems to be perfectly comfortable and happy. He has two or three assistants who look upon him with profound veneration, and listen to his remarks as to the teachings of a sage. One of his underlings is Si, who evidently aspires to Head's place, after he shall have quit the scene, and he is very useful in procuring boats for the foreigners, and often takes it upon himself to accompany them in their hong boats, and, perched on the bow, he watches over them while they indulge in a nap. Si has one peculiarity, which has distinguished Julius Cæsar, and other remarkable individuals, that of remembering any body and every body. He always recollects having seen you before, though you cannot divine where, and he usually appeals to Old Head, who, too polite to dissent from either one, nods ambiguously.

The boat race over, and the pleasure barges of the hong being returned dripping from the river, as the day melts into evening, the parties enter the hong and saunter into the dining room, where tea is soon served. A new kind is tried every day; the tea taster being master of ceremonies at this meal, and he gathers opinions and pronounces his sentence on the delicious drink. There is so little of good cream to be had in Canton, (I do not think there were more than one or two lean cows attached to the hong,) that every one learns to drink tea without that mixture, which does in a great degree impair

the delicate flavor. It is brought in hot, and sparkling with its own life, and if the foreigner still clings to his sweet taste, he precipitates a spoonfull of crushed rock candy. This makes a fine white sugar, of which a good deal has to be used, however, to produce the necessary sweetness. The cooleys are called into exercise to prepare this saccharine infusion. A great stone vessel is filled with the crystalline mass, and two of the laborers stand over it and beat it alternately with heavy wooden instruments, like pavours pounding stones, until the whole quantity is reduced to the white powder used at the tea table.

While we sit at the board, and delight in the excellence of the tea, a further supply of cheroots, accompanied by the watchful dragon boat, is placed on the table, and the rising vapor is whirled about by the swinging punka.

After tea the busy bees of the establishment go to their cells again and resume the honey making operation, and the drones, or to drop a figurative style, the visitors amuse themselves as they best can. This is easily done, when the weather is tolerably cool, as it becomes in the last of November; but when the thermometer is a fraction above ninety, and continues so all night without a breath of air, amusement becomes a serious task.

The only occupation for one whose mind is not interested in business matters, consists in sitting down in an India cane chair in a verandah with all the blinds open. He then tries hard to slap mosquitoes out of existence by means of his dripping handkerchief, and failing to do so, and finding the

operation rather more heating than satisfactory, endeavors to keep cool by means of his fan. I never can forget the awful heat of the day that I first passed in Canton. It was about the last of September, and I was dressed in the thinnest clothing that I had, such as I had often worn in our hot summer days. I felt as if I had been thrown into the fiery furnace; it seemed as if we were directly over fearful flames, the air dead and only stirred by occasional blasts as red as the hot savage sun. I could not feel in the least degree in the humor of sight seeing, until I had visited the knight of the shears, who relieved me from my woollen fetters. The clerks are usually prepared with an abundance of clothing adapted to the season, and it is a great aid in bearing the intense heat to have the thoughts fully occupied.

But when the season becomes a little cool, the clerks dive to the bottom of capacious camphor trunks, and fish up garments of antiquated cut, and creased in many ways from the folds in which they have long lain, and they deliver these over to the servant boys, with instruction to have them flattened out and kept in good order; the boys obey slowly, as brushing clothes is an operation they are quite unaccustomed to, and considered only worthy of the care of a cooley. The dress of the gentlemen in Canton, who have been some years away from the annual attentions of a stylish tailor is interesting, as illustrating the manners and customs of a bygone age, and in strange contrast to the invariable costume of the Chinese; probably only slightly differing from that in vogue in the time of Confucius.

As the climate changes from red hot to temperate, and finally to chilly, so the opportunity for enjoyment also increases, and the stranger who in August and September made up his mind to melt away, thinks by December that there may be some comfort left to life. He perhaps begins to brush his hat and make calls in the evening. In Canton and Macao the visitor introduces himself; few call upon him until he is made known; he straggles round, and as soon as his name is heard and his face is seen, he feels like one of the flock, and visits at any time without ceremony. In Canton there are no ladies to call upon, unless a few missionaries' doleful wives are the objects of attraction; but at Hong Kong and Macao too, are some of superior manners and refinement.

In Canton, however, one does not stay in his room for want of female society; it is very pleasant to drop into neighboring hong's, where some few persons are usually disengaged, and if nothing worth mentioning has occurred within the narrow space covered by the factories, there is always ample field for conversation when it turns on home topics. There are many who would prefer to return to their own land, and live almost in poverty rather than remain in China, even were they sure of heaping gold all their own by staying; and the thoughts of the absentee often turn to the far distant home of his youth, and which is the home of his affections still.

Should a visitor go into a clerk's room, he perhaps finds him enveloped in an easy dressing gown, and reclining in an easy chair. Some of the

Chinese furniture seems to be exactly made for lazy people, and the big arm-chairs in some cases, have pieces of broad, smooth wood which turn on hinges, and can be either folded under the seat or stretched out at will, to accommodate the extended limbs.

An extra chair of the same kind usually stands in a corner, and which is wheeled out at your entrance, and, being fairly introduced, you make yourself at home. Any manifestation of awkwardness or embarrassment would be considered an unpardonable offence, and set the host to wondering how he could have displeased you. You are not long alone; in come one by one, half a dozen, with as much leisure as you have, and where the chairs and bed are fully occupied, the corners of the table come into play. The host orders tea, and if that meal has already been dispatched, the boy is forced to descend again, and not make his appearance without several bottles of beer under each arm.

The ale is pronounced of the finest, far better than the limestone water, which is so much of a medicine that few attempt it, and I imagine that not a clerk in Canton ever drank half a dozen glasses of it in its limpid state. It looks so much more inviting, and tastes so much better when mingled with something stronger, that foreigners, after the first three days, never punish themselves by drinking it pure.

The party assembled, they regale themselves with the beer to the tune of a dozen bottles to begin with, and then insist on having a little music. The talents of the company are fully tested, and those having any voices are extremely popular, and are called on

for songs, tragic, sentimental, and comic, whenever any one of the guests wishes to hear his favorite. There may be a piano, but there is surely a guitar or a flute, somewhat impaired by the climate, but capable of giving exquisite pleasure to the company. The songs are usually encored with vociferous applause, and the echoes are startled when the ravings of some moonstruck clerk have been set to music, and given to the world. A social concert in which all take part, unembarrassed by criticism, is thus performed all the evening, after which the boy, who never dares to go to bed until his master has been snoring for an hour, is called upon for a further dozen of the pale East India, and then the company separate.

There is a great eagerness for raffling and for betting among the foreign clerks, though this propensity is not developed to any alarming extent. It extends to silver snuff-boxes, and a few chop dollars, and the winner of the bets receives an order on the compradore, who, in his turn, checks on the other compradores who belong to the same hong as the losers. There are many nice little entertainments, dinners and suppers interchanged between the foreigners, and these feasts only need the presence of woman to be perfectly enchanting.

Often, when a captain who has kept all hands busy, for a day or two previous to his sailing, with running down to the tea hong and measuring goods, when he has sent off the last lighters from his ship's side, and has come up to Canton to sign his bills of lading and get his letter bag, has a friendly hand laid on his shoulder and is told to let the hong boat,

which is to convey him to the ship, wait for a few moments.

He is led up into the dining room once more, soon to be exchanged for a more uneasy place of feasting, and he finds to his gratification that the board is well spread with substantial fare. As a chosen few sit down, the boys come in bearing on high the delicate roasted teal, smoking hot, and so tender that a sharp knife goes directly through them, followed, as it is drawn out, by the savory juice in abundance. The boy brings a little jar of the wampee jelly, which melts into the meat, and when the captain has eaten a whole bird he feels exceedingly refreshed from the labor of signing dozens of bills of lading, and still further exhilarated when the champagne streams foaming into his glass. Then he takes a reluctant leave, and those left behind turn in and forget him all night, and after they hear that he has sailed from Macao forget him also all day.

A favorite amusement is a scamper to Whampoa. You bid a man good morning, and the next day fail to do so, and almost before you have time to ask where he has gone he reappears looking as if he had been dragged through a horsepond, with the muddy water not quite dry on him. He quits the factory, and by the time he has reached the anchorage, feels so lively that he keeps the captains of the ships in a hubbub; induces some to sit up all night with him, though he is not unwell, and after his spree returns to Canton completely subdued. His especial friend is Bob Riverman, a commander of a fast vessel, and a fast man who has made some rapid passages with little head wind, and bumped over shoals in the

China sea, that every one else has foundered on. Bob is a favorite; impudence and success have made him popular as they have made many others; every thing he says, is of course inimitable, as is also every thing that he does.

Once I happened to be quartered near him, and as I was about to go to bed I heard the wicker fastenings of a champaign basket, in which I had some choice madeira intended as a present to the house, whirl asunder with a loud noise. It seemed that this free and easy gentleman, coming in very late, felt thirsty; as soon as he saw the basket, in a moment the cork of one of the bottles was snapped off even with the glass, and the lower part forced down, and after a tumbler had been drained, the wine exposed to cobwebs and dust, was left upright on the washstand. I mentioned the circumstance next day, and all the thanks I got for it was the remark elicited from one of the clerks, "That was just Bob Riverman."

There is sometimes trouble in the camp, and foreigners, for fear of riot, keep a sharp lookout, and do not go far into the back streets, as the Chinese, in such a time, would seize upon any little pretext for causing trouble, which they would otherwise avoid.

The narrow space occupied by the factories is constantly exposed to the danger of fires, and the great English honges were found in flames in a dozen places when once the Chinese had made up their minds to burn them. A narrow street, filled with worthless and inflammable shops, runs back of the boundary of the foreign factories, and the despera-

does of the city can easily scale the wall to execute their nefarious purposes. The tocsin sometimes sounds in the dead of night, and at periods which occur at intervals, the writer may wield the pen in one hand, but he must grasp the pistol with the other. In a dense population the gates at either end of the square swarm in an instant with ruthless foes, who can only be quieted by leaden bullets or by being tickled in the ribs by fixed bayonets. It is for this reason as much as for any other, that ladies should not reside in Canton; there is constant danger, and no strong hold to which they can retire in case of emergency.

One of the saddest scenes that I remember was connected with the death of an American lady, who had lived but a short time in Canton, and who died of Asiatic cholera. It was not an epidemic, and as she was the first foreign female who had died in the great city, her death produced a profound sensation.

It was difficult to find a workman willing to make a coffin in the European shape, and several had to be sought. One was only finally induced to make it under the threat, that he should lose the whole work of the foreigners if he failed to comply.

There were not more than one or two foreign ladies in Canton at the time, and the funeral obsequies, in a gloomy December day, were more than usually solemn. Without a relative, save the husband, the body was borne in procession to the fast-boat, which conveyed it to the Portuguese burial-ground in Macao, and accompanied by another, in which were a number of gentlemen anxious to pay a last tribute of respect to one who had, while living,

irradiated the small world in which they dwelt. So far from the scene of youth and happiness the exile sunk into her grave, and nothing could have been more melancholy than the boisterous curiosity of the teeming myriads on the river, as the coffin was carried to the boat. They had perhaps seen a funeral train of such a character for the first time in their lives, and they were not to be branded as destitute of feeling, when they looked upon the narrow shell of one who was to them but a nameless stranger.

It had become quite a favorite excursion before I left, to go up the northern coast to visit several of the four ports open to adventure since the war. There had not been much done there in the way of business, and one or two of the ports, Amoy, for instance, was dreadfully unhealthy.

But one could see a different phase of Chinese life from that of Canton; there was more freedom allowed at the north, and the salt air was invigorating after long confinement in a dense city. When the wanderer returns to his quarters, he, of course, has a good deal to learn, for events which seem trivial to the resident acquire importance in the estimation of the absentee. News from America is looked for with intense interest; a dull sailing vessel attracts little notice, because her dates cannot be much later than those already on hand, but when a quick sailer arrives, the hong's are all in a ferment, until her letter bag is opened, and disgorges its precious contents.

A sensation was produced when daguerreotypes were first introduced, and an apparatus in working order was placed in a room over a Chinese shop, at the corner of New China street. Some of the stolid,

old Chinamen were puzzled almost out of their wits, and induced to believe that the operator was a wizzard, when they first saw their own ugly mugs depicted without flattery, and Washing, one of the best of the shopmen, who had been in America many years previous, acknowledged that the foreigners knew some things that he was not quite up to.

He had seen steam engines, and could therefore believe in railroads, but when the electric telegraph was descibed in glowing colors by an enthusiastic Fanqui, Washing looked indignant, knowing that he was humbugged, and thundered, "Oh no is possible."

A never failing amusement, or rather pilgrimage, for the sake of exercise, is performed daily, and consists in walking violently around the square in front of the factories. The inclosure is neatly laid out into walks and plats of grass, and great efforts have been made to induce the trees to grow, but they have hitherto obstinately resisted the most assiduous nursing, and have come to a decided stand-still.

• The walks are nicely laid in chunam, a kind of hard, bluish plaster, which is greatly used for covering houses, and is waterproof. In the middle of the square the great mast is planted, with the American flag flying from its top. When this tall stick was being properly adjusted, one of the foreigners, who has taken the square under his special protection, was very anxious to have it exactly in the centre of the garden, and exactly upright. He would take sight in several directions at the bounds of the inclosure, and the natives thought he was performing homage, and asked, "What for Mr. — chin chin (worship)

the flagstaff?" Around this square about sunset, or before breakfast, if they are adventurous enough to sally forth, the porters and clerks walk violently, in squads of half a dozen, and when some of them become fatigued they sit down on the stone seats, and look at the others as they continue to revolve.

The English and Americans are not the only representatives of foreign nations to be seen in that little oasis. There are Turks, Arabs, Jews and Parsees. The Arabs and Jews are from ports in the Red Sea, or on other parts of the Arabian coast, and the latter race certainly bear favorable comparison with the unwashed Israelites that haunt frightful dens in European cities and deal in ancient garments. Some of these original Hebrews were the finest looking men I ever saw, with their large eyes and black beard, and clean flowing oriental dresses. One old man, a Bombay Moslem, would have made a noble subject for the artist who desired to paint his holy prophet. He was very tall, including his turban nearly seven feet in height, and of corresponding breadth. His limbs, unfettered by his robes, gave full play to his majestic stature, and his costume of spotless white was relieved by a cashmere shawl wound and worn around his waist. Another of smaller size was wreathed into his turban, and his whole appearance was rendered more dignified by the big fiery orbs that flashed under his forehead, and by the immense snowy beard, that had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, until it descended almost to his cummer band.

But the Parsees are the most remarkable of any of the races to be seen in Canton. They are as sin-

gular as the Chinese themselves, and as exclusive. Lineal descendants of the ancient Persians who succumbed to the Greeks at Marathon, and descendants of the old fire worshippers, the most rational of all idolators, they have brought down to the present time their faith, manners, customs, and probably their appearance. They worship the sun, not as an object of adoration, but as the representative of a deity.

Driven finally out of Persia by the persecutions of the Mahometans, they have mostly settled in India, and are not a numerous people. They have made Bombay their especial residence, and carry on a great deal of intercourse with China and other parts of the East, and are acknowledged to be the most accomplished merchants in Asia. They preserve little of the romance that the fascinating poetry of Moore has clothed them with; and in this matter-of-fact age, the people who swarmed in myriads at the nod of Xerxes, who fought almost to annihilation for the faith of Zoroaster, and who sparkled in the splendor of the Arabian tales, have sunk into traders, opulent but prosaic; and the minds that pondered on the mysterious subtleties of a beautiful but erroneous faith are now content to speculate on the merits of a bale of Bombay cotton, or a chest of Patna opium.

The Parsees display the same jealousy in regard to their women as all other orientals, and bring none of their own race with them to China. But they have no idea of devoting themselves to business so keenly as they do without some amusement. They give feasts and drink wine, and cheer vociferously,

and are a jolly set. Their dress is peculiar, in summer a white robe fitting closely to the back and arms, with wide pantaloons of the same, or of red or blue. In the cold season they have dark colored coats cut in the same fashion, and edged with red cord. Their hair is shaved in part, leaving it growing at the temples, and all wear the most enormous moustaches, which may often be seen as one walks behind them. Every thing connected with their domestic life is performed by servants of their own faith. Many of them speak English well, and all are very courteous in their manners.

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Such are some of the scenes in the life of the European in China. His dwelling place is not a paradise, but he seems to become accustomed to it. Whether he succeeds in making a fortune or not, he returns home quite satisfied with what he has seen of the Celestial Empire, and seldom desires to return to it after passing to the westward of the Cape of Good Hope.

CHAPTER XIII.

HONG KONG AND MACAO.

HAVING seen the lions of Canton pretty thoroughly, it behooved to visit the new British settlement at Hong Kong.

As soon as an Anglo-Saxon king dies, he goes entirely out of fashion. William the Fourth was decidedly at a discount not only with English tradesmen, but with English capitalists and lot holders. The same spirit that prompts the names of the Victoria gaiters, and the Albert cravats, induced the John Bulls in China to call the new town in Hong Kong after her gracious majesty.

The preparations that we made were somewhat of the old Scripture order; we literally obeyed the mandate, "Take up thy bed and walk," for we transferred our mattresses, pillows, &c. to the boat which was to convey us nearly a hundred miles. We also engaged a boy to cook for us, and were furnished by the compradore with a sufficiency of provisions to last three hungry men for a day or two.

We paid for the use of the boat and provender fifteen dollars, and the price would not have been increased had our party been doubled. Though not a very extravagant charge, yet it was much more than natives would have paid under similar circum-

stances, and served to illustrate how much more is expected from foreigners.

The fast-boat, for so it is called, is of all others in China the most inaptly named, for unless the wind blows strong and steady it is a very unwieldy craft. It is of various sizes, from forty to ninety tons, and capable of accommodating a great many people. It has a large house built on the deck, and can be thrown open in front, and is well lighted by windows on either side.

Behind the main room are usually two small apartments, divided by a narrow passage opening on to the stern of the boat. These little cabins may be used as sleeping rooms, but are generally devoted to the especial accommodation of the ubiquitous boy, and the good things he has with him.

The crew number sometimes as many as twenty men, and they manage to settle down in the stern of the boat in a marvellous manner; they must sleep six in a berth. Superfluous clothing they have none, no patent portmanteaus are to be stowed away, but in the mornings bright and early they may be seen beautifying; washing their faces, scraping their tongues, and even brushing their teeth in a very civilized manner. The pilot is an old fellow of sixty; he wears a Rembrandt-like hat, and a long beard; he stands by the rudder, and manages the tiller by a rope passed twice around it and knotted into a ring to windward.

In the bow of the boat is a tank for water, and the floor of the cabin is movable for the accommodation of luggage. The boat is propelled by two enormous mat sails, and when the wind does blow hard

they almost lift her out of water and urge her on with furious speed.

We dropped down below the city, saw that our baggage was all safe, examined the boy with awful gravity as to the supplies of fowls and the baskets of ale, and stopped a few moments, at our ship at Whampoa for a supply of arms.

Our instruments of war were two or three old muskets, stamped "Tower," and seemed as if they belonged to the reign of George the Second. They looked of very doubtful veracity, and as we had no occasion to use them in earnest, concluded it was wise not to fire them for pastime.

My companions were two Austrian gentlemen, who had visited the country for the purpose of gathering information of importance relating to commercial intercourse with the Chinese and other nations. They had come through Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, and the Red Sea to India, and finally to Canton. Their researches were intended for the benefit of a company in Prussia, and they had undergone tremendous hardship in Africa.

We had left Canton about two o'clock, and all the remainder of the day the wind was light, and we glided along gently, enjoying the prospect; but as night approached the breeze died away, and we did not reach the Bogue until near midnight.

There were two American men-of-war at anchor there, and we wished to go on board one of them in the morning, having friends among her officers.

The crew, always glad of an excuse for anchoring, made the fast boat snug and themselves comfortable. Though the month was November, it was

(some part of the time against the tide,) all the way to Hong Kong.

Our speed could not have been much over three miles an hour. The big sweeps were thrown out, and the crew seemed to think they did their duty, by merely dipping them into the water, and not working with tremendous effect like the galley slaves of old. We kept up this sort of snail speed all day, and had nothing to vary the monotony of the motion, but sitting upon the deck house looking at the prospect, which was far from being tame, and making little sketches of bits of the scenery.

Sometimes we passed close in along shore, and even in the barren crags and promontories saw villages swarming with people, and their boats lay at anchor in every sheltered nook. At times we went through narrow passages just wide enough for the boat, with high cliffs rising abruptly out of the water, and could hear the noise of the dipping oars echo among the rocks. After a dinner more extraordinary, if possible, than the morning meal, we read until night fall, and then anchored again not far from Hong Kong. Before the first hint of dawn our crew were up, and it being still calm, resumed their oars, and after an hour's paddling, emerging from a narrow passage, we suddenly beheld the crags on either side stretch into deeper gloom, and disappear in total darkness.

We were on the lip of Hong Kong harbor, but could behold nothing. Under us was the tossing surge, above us the starry heavens, and we floated on, as it seemed, into a universe of blackness.

The veil of night gradually lifted from the waters,

and so, without accident, we were in sight of the goal.

The apprehensions of pirates were not altogether unfounded; there are a savage set of villains cruising about the mouth of the river, who will plunder, if not murder, any one at the first opportunity. They often go in fast boats with their crews concealed, run alongside of unwary craft, and board them in a moment.

We saw no pirates, though during the second anchoring we were prepared for them, and slept with one eye open.

Our nervous Hindoo who had waked us up the night before, when there was not the slightest danger, took occasion to snore comfortably when we might reasonably expect visitors. The crew went to sleep as usual, and the next morning assured us with significant shakes of the head, that they were perfectly prepared for any intruders, and had been on the lookout, and that they would have stood by us most unflinchingly, in case of need. We, of course, believed them, as every man is supposed to speak truth until he is detected in a lie.

As we had moved about half way across the harbor we saw a long dark object looming up, and which presently assumed the shape of an English steamer. It was a government vessel, drawing only a few feet of water, and very serviceable for river navigation. With two little masts and a red smoke-pipe, she literally "astonished the natives," whenever she steamed up the Pekiang, and looked more familiar in her ugliness and her John Bullism than any object we had seen for a long time.

The view of Hong Kong from the harbor is certainly imposing. Several little islands lay their heads together at just such distances, that a beautiful bay, sheltered in all winds, lies between them. From the centre of it the land seems heaped around in upstarting hills and barren rocks, and the entrance and exit can neither be perceived.

On one side of this bay is built the town of Victoria. The hill on which it is placed is of enormous height and very steep, so that the bank was dug into for hundreds of yards to form streets, and to rear houses upon. There is but one street properly fit for horses and carriages, and it stretches for several miles along the bend of the island. There is just sufficient room for building between this road and the water, and those dwellings which are placed further inland, have to be perched on terraces more artfully contrived than those of the Chinese gardens. The mighty mound back of the town rose into one or two sharp peaks of barren soil, on which neither tree nor shrub, nor grass can be grown, but which supply the inhabitants with abundance of cold water, when the heavy rains pour down a deluge. The line of road along the compass of the town was dotted with houses, magazines, batteries, and godowns, and though the time was short since Hong Kong became a British possession, the town bore evidence of the enduring spirit of the Englishmen. When the sovereigns of Spain resolved to drive the Moors utterly from their soil, they reared a substantial dwelling-place before the gates of Grenada. So the Englishman quits not his hold of China, and along the edge of a bay capable of harboring a fleet of his

armed ships, builds a city to stand the test of time, and which may last for centuries.

The buildings are almost all of substantial stone or brick, and considerable taste has been displayed in the architecture and internal arrangement of the dwellings. But we are getting on most too fast, and must not describe Hong Kong before we arrive there. As we neared the town it became light, and we skirted along the hill, looking out for a convenient place to land. The crew became remarkably industrious, and all took hold of the oars, and were so very much occupied, that they did not look out for breakers ahead, and bumped us high and dry on a rock with stunning force, just as we were creeping in shore. The fast boat's bottom grazed the rock, and her bow went high in the air, and so disturbed the equilibrium of the pirate haunted Hindoo, that he vanished head foremost into the water tank in the bow, and received a washing that he never would have volunteered to undergo.

We could not get ashore, and as it was very early, let the crew employ themselves in running out a kedge and tugging at it, until we went souse into deep water. This operation occupied near an hour, and we philosophically ordered breakfast. To our dismay we learned that every thing was gone, nothing could be shown but some crockery, and a corkscrew. The boy who had catered for us was as hungry as we were, and when we finally pushed up to the stone steps of a pier, he immediately volunteered to lead us to the hotel. One of the Austrian gentlemen, armed with his letters of introduction, stepped ashore, found out the "Astor House" of Hong Kong,

reported that its boarders in large proportion were cockroaches, drew one of his letters, brought down his man, and then sent to us to quarter on the same individual.

The boy who professed absolute knowledge of Hong Kong, undertook to guide us remaining two, while the damp Hindoo brought up the rear. The boy did admirably, only he led us to the wrong end of the town first, and the tramp without breakfast, and with the thermometer at 90°, was thoroughly invigorating. As we went along we saw pasted on the fences genuine English handbills, and delighted ourselves, while the boy was looking around for the right house, with reading them. Among others were placards of the Haymarket, Drury Lane, and Her Majesty's theatre.

After five hundred inquiries, the meandering youth found the house, and we were glad to take shelter from the burning sun in the hospitable mansion of Capt. ———. We were soon enjoying a capital meal, attended by several Malay servants, who are more docile and plastic than Chinese.

The furniture was European; there were several English prints on the wall, and, what was still more like home, we found a Yankee clerk in the office, one of the sharpest of the sharp, with a nasal twang like a violin string near the bridge, and who had "come to Chiny all the way from Barnstable."

We soon found the cause of what had arrested our attention in the street, viz. the number of idlers who were congregated there, and the general dullness of the town. We learned that a rebellion had taken place among the Chinese. Their new masters, carry-

ing out the soundest principles of government, had attempted to impose a tax upon them in the kindness of their hearts, and the ungrateful fellows had actually kicked at it. They refused, with the most heathenish audacity, to go on with their work, and had abandoned the unfinished buildings. The John Bulls called a town meeting, and, to say the truth, the English residents took the side of the Chinese against their own government, and petitioned the viceroy. His excellency refused to receive any communication not couched in respectful language, stopped the military band from playing in the evenings, and the residents gave in. One of the Chinese had struck or stuck an officer, and a party of five or six had prevented the bakers from delivering bread at the doors of the Europeans. The rebellion was quelled in a day or two, the tax was reconsidered but not withdrawn, and all trouble ended when the one Chinaman was hung and the half dozen flogged.

The Chinese suffered many indignities at Hong Kong; no doubt the rascally natives deserved punishment often, and were only kept in check by the strong arm of power; but the worthless adventurers of the town took every occasion to disgust the Chinese, and did not even spare any portion of the better inhabitants.

Scapegoats and scoundrels from the purlieus of London, creatures that only missed Botany Bay by good fortune, were to be found in the town of Victoria, lording it over the natives, many of whom were more respectable and respected than they had ever been or ever could be.

were in danger of sparks of stone at every corner. The buildings were run up and finished with magic ease; one day the cellar would be dug, and the next the roof was being chunamed.

It was not that the houses were hurried and slighted, but that such numbers of the Chinese were at work, that, like bees, the hive was soon ready for honey. The intense power of the sun drives all the workmen to shelter, and before a house is commenced a staging of bamboo is erected and covered with matting. As the building rises the bamboo poles are run up story by story, the matting elevated, and the whole house completely protected from the glare of day until the last nail is driven.

Many of the buildings are of a kind of sandstone easily worked when first quarried, but becoming harder the longer it is exposed to the weather.

The English have made, as is usual with them, most excellent roads around the island, and have also introduced a strong police force. At night one always walks attended by a cooley carrying a lantern, and at the distance of every ten paces a policeman is stationed, and the light of the lantern shows him armed to the teeth.

The shops in Hong Kong are of the most wretched order, there being no rich natives on the island, and the Europeans being supplied from several shops kept by English, and in which the wares of London are retailed at enormous profits. But the ravening wolves most successful in Hong Kong are the hotel keepers. Their houses are of the first order, overrun with rats and musquitoes, and they manage to charge more and give less than any other "publicans

and sinners." They go upon the Grahamite principle of buttering bread, they put as little as they can on, and scrape as much as they can off.

Hong Kong for some years to come is likely to be the centre of British trade; it is eligibly situated, and easily defended. Ships can get into harbor, or out again, with almost any wind, and the passages are so narrow that a vessel could be riddled with balls and sunk in the water at a moment's warning.

The British have also been wise enough to adopt the liberal policy and make Hong Kong a free port. Quite different are the Portuguese at Macao; in order to balance the power of the English, while duties are taken off in one spot they are increased in another, and of course the scale of opinion weighs in favor of the British settlement.

Across the broad sheet of water that forms the mouth of the Pekiang River, lies the old city of Macao. Enter a ship, and spreading sail, dash out of the harbor of Hong Kong, and a few hours' run brings you within hailing distance of the old Portuguese city.

There is nothing Chinese in its appearance; it bears a striking resemblance to Naples in its curving beach and hills, and its buildings. Around the beach is a stone pier, wide and level, the resort of the inhabitants at the hour of sunset, when the sea breeze comes gently over the waves. The quiet of the place is also soothing after the close reeking Canton and the upstart Hong Kong. The residents enjoy perfect freedom from the curiosity or ill will of the natives, and one may live in complete European style.

The houses are in many instances large, with vast rooms, palatial staircases, and mysterious verandahs, behind which a great deal of fun is often going on. Along the pier the garden gates of these old residences warily open and disclose the gay parterres, the solitary courts and green lattices. Macao is one of the most romantic looking cities that imagination can picture; probably the illusion is increased after a sojourn among the matter-of-fact Chinese, but its air of loneliness and antiquity is always interesting.

Every thing in China is old, so old as to run back into dim ages, but in Macao the time-worn buildings date only a few centuries prior to our own being.

The inhabitants look as secluded and as singular as the houses; in the broad day few are seen, but in the evening they saunter along the beach, and the women, in the garb of old Portugal, turn a dark eye on the stranger. Few of the residents are of consequence, they are of old decayed families, as proud as Lucifer, the men lazy and the women mischievous, and they doze away the days, and only appear as the night approaches. A man sick of the world, worn out and disgusted with himself and every one else, would find Macao a home more suited to his palled tastes and jaded spirit than any other spot that I could name.

Around the city are good roads, and one may pass the barrier, enjoy a gallop along the sands, wind around by the native fort, and look far over the bay from the green eminence.

The cave of Camoens is a shrine for all who ever heard the name of the first, I might almost say the only poet that Portugal can claim. Here in sight

of the rolling wave it is said he wrote his *Lusiad*, and the old residents would utter a curse on him who dared to doubt the story. Be that as it may, he was banished to this spot, and if it bore its present look in his time, his feelings might have flowed in poetry.

The Chinese town, back of the city, is a hole of filth and wretchedness which few persons find worth visiting. Along the brow of the hill are scattered mansions surrounded with high walls, and in the midst of large cultivated inclosures. Pleasure grounds with bright grass and luxuriant trees, houses with vast airy apartments, and the perfect seclusion of these chosen spots make Macao beautiful. It was my good fortune to be domiciled in one of these for the little time I spent in the old city. The house was an ancient family property, with a hall wide and lofty enough for a palace in Lisbon. It was placed on the summit of the hill, and from its deep shaded verandah, the eye could through the waving trees, catch glimpses of the city below, and of the broad blue flashing bay. Above the garden, on a precipitous crag, an old deserted convent rose high into air. Throughout the day the breeze blew through the halls, and the sun's fierceness was tempered by the leafy shade. And when the luminary sunk in his splendor, and twilight stillness brooded over the scene, the ear drank in the music, that arose where the curving beach bent in pity to the moan of the waters.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHINESE AS A NATION.

THAT the Chinese have never been appreciated as a great nation should be, for great they undoubtedly are, is somewhat remarkable. Their history may be accurately traced to a period of time coeval with the mighty builders of the Egyptian pyramids, and for ages anterior, until it is lost in the dawn of creation.

They have always been an unique people; they have been the same, yesterday and to-day, and though they have several times been overrun with Asiatic hordes, and now obey the will of a mere handful of Tartars, they have never changed. Their masters have adopted their manners and customs in a great degree, and their hardy conquerors have from emperor to emperor sunk deeper into the enervating luxury of their subjects.

It is not my place to dwell on the antiquity of the nation, but to illustrate by a few examples its present greatness. Suffice it to say, that its language to-day is the same as in the age of Confucius, that its great wall has been built two thousand years, and that its greater work, its mighty canal, has been traversed by its barges for more than six centuries.

In the first place, and it at once impresses the

beholder with a feeling akin to awe, it is mighty in its population. There is no parallel to it in all the earth. There is not room enough in the habitable parts of that vast empire for all those millions to dwell upon the hard soil, but of necessity enough to people a mighty state have been driven to its rivers and bays, where they live forever.

That spectacle of the Canton river, which is but one in the great account, covered with countless habitations, and dark with human beings, could be seen only in an immense and powerful kingdom.

Go where you will, you are in the midst of myriads, active, peacefully industrious, cheerful and obedient. The causes of their vast population are numerous. The climate is generally healthy, the people, excepting the rich, temperate, abstaining in a great degree from animal food, of a cheerful disposition, all of which causes tend to make the people long lived. Another cause is the universality of marriage; celibacy is hooted at. Another still, is the veto on emigration; and yet another, two centuries of profound peace. The country has not been exhausted by bloody wars and crushing tyranny, but much has been done for the happiness of the people even by their Tartar rulers.

The Chinese are great in their peaceful government; there is no show of military authority, learning always takes precedence of valor, and the mandarins govern by the power of law, and not by an appeal to the sword.

The Chinese are great in their general diffusion of education; scarce a cooley in the empire but that he can read and write at least his name. Erudition is

a passport to the highest offices of the state; the lowest schoolboy may in time arrive at enormous power.

And are not the Chinese great in their industrial arts? They have been celebrated throughout all the world for their rare and curious fabrics, and European skill has in vain endeavored to equal many of them.

They have been forever accused of being mere imitators, and I ask again, From whom have they borrowed their models? Printing, gunpowder, the mariner's compass, are all their own. They have been accused of remaining stationary. Undoubtedly they have for centuries, but they are not responsible for the sins of their masters, who have compelled them to move in a beaten track. They had far advanced before they came to a halt, and were civilized when Cæsar invaded savage Britain. They have been accused of being cowardly; but can peaceful people, with imperfect arms, loose discipline and imbecile leaders, withstand the shock of armies trained on the battle-fields of Europe? Even as they are, the annals of the British invasion can tell of some conflicts in the north of China when the people fought till the streets were filled with their dead.

Their manners, their habits, language, dress, and sentiments, have all been made the butt of witless ridicule too long.

They need a wiser government, a holier religion, in short, Christianity, to entitle them to foremost rank with the most exalted nations of the earth.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FAREWELL TO CHINA.

FOR more than four weary months our bark had lain supine amidst the mud banks of Whampoa, the crew had one by one been visited with the fevers of that delightful spot; the captain had become so impatient, that we thought he would leave the command of the vessel to the first mate, and vanish, when all at once we put in cargo, and made haste to depart.

I had pretty thoroughly examined the wonders of Canton, and having received no letters for some time (our friends, no doubt, thinking it was high time for us to return home,) was very glad to make preparations for a return sea voyage. The crew of the vessel looked more smart than they had for months past, whenever they came up to Canton for odds and ends of small stowage, and told that the sails were bent, and the rigging tarred, if not feathered, and the chaffing gear all put on. The captain had frequent discussions with Boston Jack, and replenished his stock of ale and porter, as we had made way with some thirty dozen on the outward passage. The clerks in the square looked at us in the most significant manner; they seemed determined that we should know that they did know that we were very

shortly to shove off and leave one ship load less on their hands. The partners would look up to the sky and observe it was fine weather for getting under weigh, and more significant than all these signs of absolute exile, the Chinese shopkeepers, whom we had principally dealt with, old Washing, the scornful skeptic on telegraphs among the number, came to bid us good bye, and hinted that next time they should look out for "ploffits," having traded in this instance without the slightest remuneration. Even the boy whom we had frowned into tolerable obedience, came into our room, lugging with him two enormous piles of paper boxes, containing artificial flowers, of which he begged our acceptance, and expressed his thanks, in broken English, for the kindness we had shown towards him. After this we gave in we had held out, in the belief that we might stay a little longer, but we now prepared in real earnest for a speedy exit.

We notified the captain to come and sign his bills of lading, and then kept him three days on pins, because they were not quite ready.

At the season of our departure, a little before the Chinese New Year, the presents or cumchaus, as they are called, pour in on the partners from the Chinese merchants. The clerks also come in for a good share of dividends, consisting principally of tea and fireworks. The various kinds of fragrant tea are put up in fancy boxes, painted grotesquely, and covered with fine paper, and in some cases inlaid with mother of pearl set in lacquered ware. The whole side of a room, from floor to ceiling, is often thus plastered with presents, and for our especial

benefit, a number of boxes were seized, and smothered in tight matting covers, for a sea voyage. As our presents bundled in, our friends did also, and we bid adieu to many with heartfelt regrets. It has been my happy fortune to meet a number of friends in this country who were sociable in China, and we have always talked over the good old times, and looked back with pleasure to the sojourn in that land. The last day of our stay arrived, our trunks were packed, and our travelling clothes put on, and we went to take a final look at the swarming streets. They were the same as ever, and we were not of that mighty throng. At the dinner that day the boy endeavored to outdo himself, and even condescended to help persons beyond the pale of the circle that he moved in. Old Qui came up to strap our trunks, and *mirabile dictu*, the grave old gate-keeper broke a long silence, and "chin chinned us good voyagee." About twelve o'clock at night, or perhaps a little after, for we had determined not to leave on Friday, having such bad luck on the outward passage, all was ready for our departure. The Portuguese clerks had sloped without warning, the other clerks gave us to understand that they had seen enough of us by a convulsive squeeze of the hand at ten o'clock, and "few in numbers," we assembled in the counting room, where we found a pair of superfine teal, and a baker's dozen of rice birds in a salver, reposing on the broad surface of an antediluvian leger. We made mince-meat of them in less than no time, and drank farewell in tall foaming champagne glasses.

We were accompanied to the pier by the partners and the faithful page, who would have had no ob-

jection to go to America, if we had encouraged him. In front of the fast-boat we found Old Head and Si. They bid us good bye, and grinned wildly with delight at the *douceur* in hard cash put into their hands; and when the boy, as a most eloquent farewell, received the same, he burst into rapturous thanksgiving and praise, and then departed to look out for another master.

The boat shoved off, and the captain for the first time really believed that we were going, he grew sociable, and dilated on the magnificent set of new China he had bought for the vessel, and which would look so stylish next morning at breakfast time.

It was the dead of a moonless night, and we saw nothing of the teeming boats, except those nearest us, as they floated past, and the lanterns that sparkled in the dark waters. The tide was against us, and we swept slowly past the sleeping thousands of that floating city. We had cleared all the boats, the captain could almost smell the hot breakfast that the steward was to display on the shining dishes, when we bumped hard on a shoal with such force that the whole set of crockery ware was shattered to atoms in the brain of the impatient sailing master. But at length we reached the barque, with sails loosed and ready to weigh anchor, and hoisted some hundred packages of tea, silks, and clothing into the vessel. We were chin chinned by Boston Jack, in the most approved fashion, and, under the guidance of our Chinese pilot, began our homeward voyage.

The town of Whampoa, and finally the shipping faded from our view, and I could not behold, without regret, the ancient pagoda, on the high hill over-

looking Blenheim Reach. It was the last object of Chinese antiquity that I beheld. The next day we reached Macao, and then left the Celestial Empire as I suppose for ever.

* * * * *

In the Arabian Tales the central flowery kingdom is considered the land of enchantments; and though I did not fall in love with a princess of China, yet to my vision there were as many wonders displayed as were unveiled by the genii of the lamp of Aladdin.

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